June 23, 1934

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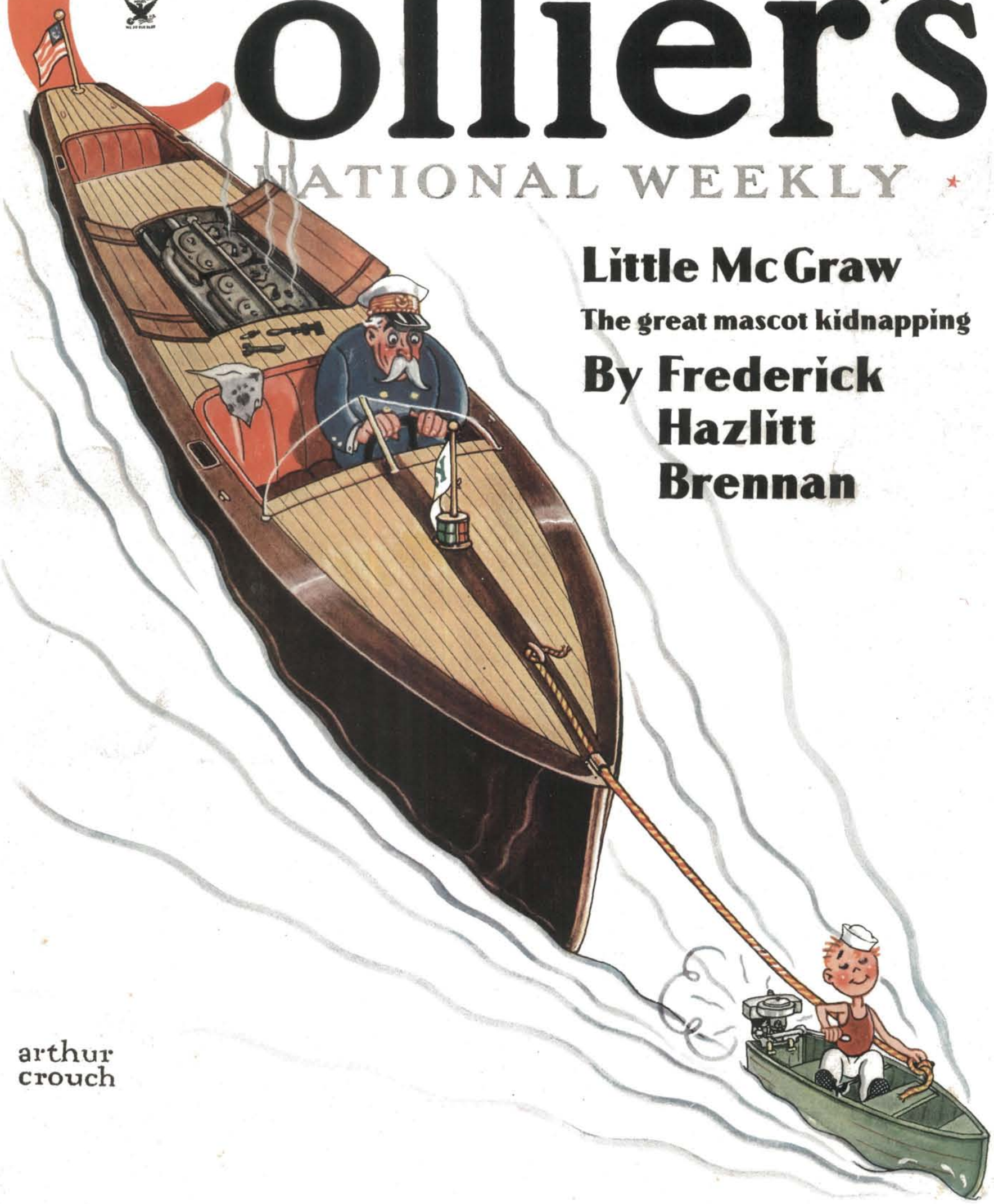
Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY



Little McGraw

The great mascot kidnapping

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

arthur crouch

JUNE 23, 1934

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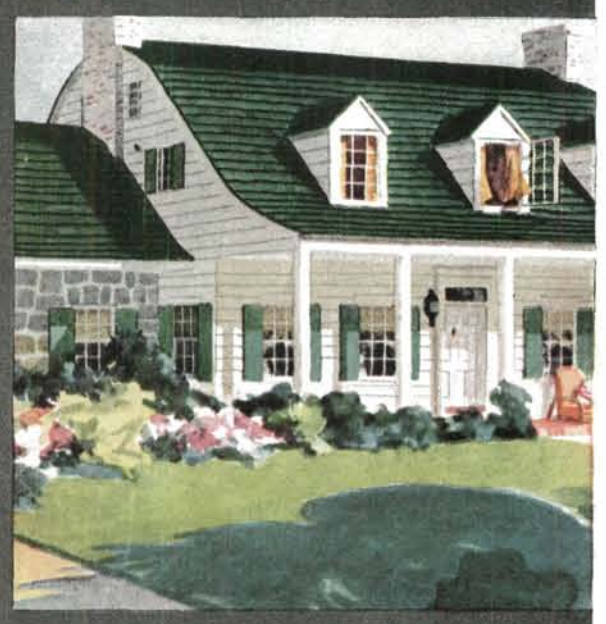
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN'T FOOL THE WEATHER

...with a 'CHEAP' paint!

RAIN: Moisture, as everyone knows, means destruction to exposed wood. Dutch Boy White-Lead paint keeps rain and dampness out.

SNOW: When the winter's snow settles in crevices and corners, moisture preys on wood. Keep out damp and wet with Dutch Boy.



SUN: The beating rays of the summer's sun dry and warp unprotected wood. Dutch Boy shields the wood from the sun's attack.

...why spend your money to PROVE it can't be done?

LOOK AHEAD to months of sun, rain and snow and you'll never decide on a "cheap" paint job... it's far too costly in the end. You can't afford the extra dollars it will take out of your pocket. And you don't need to pay good money to find that such a job doesn't stand up.

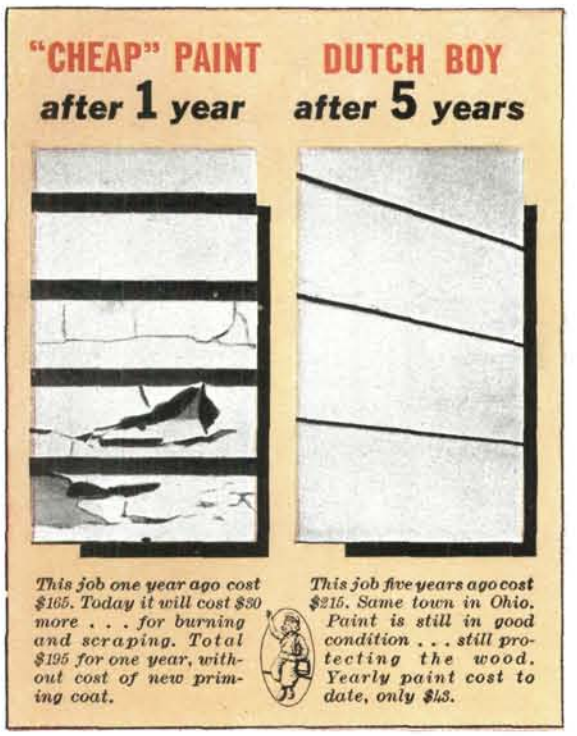
Look at the examples shown at the right, *actual photographs*. See how one house-owner made an *apparent* saving of $50 at the start . . . and how within a year that saving turned into a $195 loss.

See how "cheap" paint quickly cracks and scales...how it peels away and lays bare surfaces it was meant to protect. Such a job must be burned and scraped before it can be repainted. And it will also require a new priming coat before the finish coats are spread.

Contrast that performance with the Dutch Boy White-Lead job. Paint made with Dutch Boy doesn't crack or scale, but wears down by gradual chalking and leaves a perfect foundation for the new coats. There is no costly burning off . . . and consequently no extra coat . . . to pay for.

Does money-saving appeal to you? Call in an experienced painter and when he says "Dutch Boy, of course?" answer him "You bet!" Then stand back and watch the custom-made job he gives you. Watch him mix the paint until its composition is just right for your particular house. And watch him tint it to the exact color you've specified. No one knows paint like a painter.

You'll find the free booklet below at left mighty helpful in showing what points to check on *before* you paint . . . while you're planning the job. Send for it.



This job one year ago cost $165. Today it will cost $30 more . . . for burning and scraping. Total $195 for one year, without cost of new priming coat.

This job five years ago cost $215. Same town in Ohio. Paint is still in good condition . . . still protecting the wood. Yearly paint cost to date, only $43.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Phila.

"The House We Live In" *shows painting mistakes and how to avoid them. Helps you save money. Sent free on request to Dept. 110, care of nearest branch.*

NRA WE DO OUR PART

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

"Save the surface and you save all" – Dutch Boy

Good Paint's Other Name

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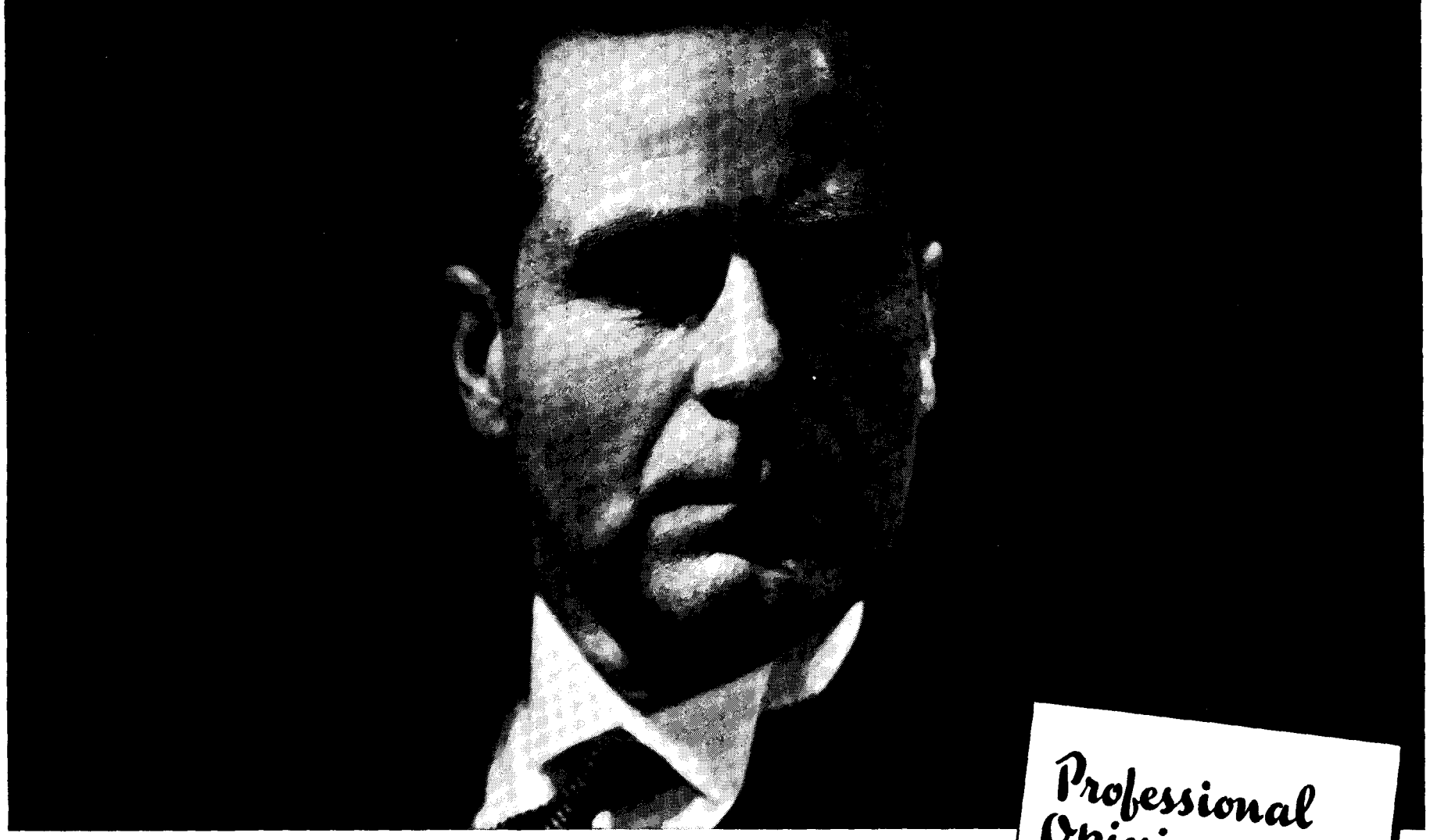
His ships girdle the Globe but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" STARTED IT ALL

The house flag of his fleet is known to all the seven seas—his name is recognized in a thousand ports as a synonym for ruthless drive and force. And yet that determined jaw hides a tragedy.

This man is a "dental cripple." His dentist warned him that tender, ailing gums menaced the health of his entire mouth. His own common sense told him that the daily recurring "tinge of pink" on his tooth brush meant danger ahead.

Today, he knows that soft, modern foods permit the gums to become sluggish and weakened. He knows about gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. He knows what it is to have "pink tooth brush" open the way for the loss of sound teeth.

Today he cleans his teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and massages Ipana into his gums. Now that the horse has been stolen, he locks the barn door! But even Ipana and massage can't perform miracles.

If you are wise, you will begin at once to care for your gums when you clean your teeth. Brush your teeth with Ipana, and each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your inactive gums. As healthy firmness returns to the gum walls, your teeth will look brighter—and you won't need to give a thought to "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- *From a work on dental health*
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- *By a director of a dental clinic*
"A vigorous circulation is one of the greatest aids in combating disease in the mouth. Probably the best way of obtaining this is to massage the gums."
- *From a dental authority*
"Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

NRA

AT "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH

See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Bldg. No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THERE'S drama in any boat race but especially in the Poughkeepsie regatta. You can feel it from where you sit. The best crews in the country, trained to their peak. Long, thin shells gliding down the river with a machine-like perfection that belies the aching muscles and the bursting lungs. Yes, the fighting drama of the race.

There was drama of another sort in the shell Bart Justin stroked. He was fighting the crew—one man against seven, hating them, pushing them to the breaking point, trying to row them off their slides.

And back of that was the story of Joe Armstrong's girl and "The Hard Guy," who had no friends, who needed neither praise nor love. You couldn't understand it unless you'd been in the boat house before the race. Edward Shenton takes you there.

ABOUT a year ago two schoolteachers and a lawyer shook hands with President Roosevelt, told him how much they had enjoyed the luncheon, and took the next train for Knoxville, Tennessee, armed with utopian dreams and fifty million dollars. Since then the dreams have met reality and it is theirs.

The Valley of the Tennessee has been transformed into a laboratory where the essence of the New Deal, stripped of its emergency trimmings, is being tested under conditions of perfect control. Walter Davenport invites you to watch the experiment.

WHEN Olga Saratov and Sugi Matsuta began bidding against each other for the control of Cinnabar Limited there was more at stake than an industrial enterprise. Cinnabar Limited controlled half the quicksilver in the world—and a war cannot be fought without quicksilver. The strange conclusion of their secret struggle came "In Chinatown." Hugh Wiley writes the story.

WITH every other newspaper reporting the appearance of a new sea monster or the reappearance of an old one, the time has come when the average citizen is afraid to pick up a glass of water. Our sanity and our very lives are menaced. Luckily Corey Ford has done something about it. In "Sea-Serpent Control," with the able help of Walt Disney, he tells you about it.

FREDERICK NEBEL writes the love story of "The Man Who Couldn't Spell." James Warner Bellah and Sax Rohmer continue the serials. Kyle Crichton, Quentin Reynolds, Marie Beynon Ray, Freling Foster and others make direct contributions to your happiness. Look pleasant, please.

This Week

June 23, 1934

Cover by Arthur Crouch

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Little McGraw. **Big-league baseball, as manipulated by a very small mascot. Page 7**

T. R. YBARRA
Out of the Red. **The United States stands up and cheers. Here's why. Page 10**

HARLAN WARE
The Big Softie. **True love—in Hollywood. Page 12**

KYLE CRICHTON
Queen of Parts. **Aline McMahon takes her characters as they come. Page 13**

LUCIAN CARY
The Pride of Gamma Gamma. **And that's a sorority that always gets its men. Page 14**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The Old Gentleman. **Man o' War has callers. Page 16**

WILLIAM MacHARG
Best Clue Missing. **Detective O'Malley couldn't be stopped by that. Page 17**

SAX ROHMER
The Trail of Fu Manchu, Part IX. **Under the Thames. Page 18**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
For a Sailor, **by Edward L. McKenna and Georges Surdez. Page 20**

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
Woman of Honor, Part IV. **Philip fights for his life. Page 21**

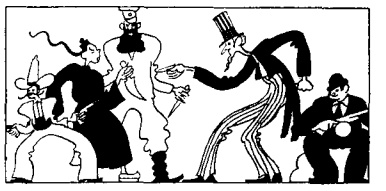
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Facts, caught on the wing. Page 22**

DR. RUTH F. WADSWORTH
Stop Counting Sheep. **The low-down on insomnia. Page 24**

EDITORIAL
Don't Play Cards with Strangers. **Page 50**

Any Week

MR. JEROME WOODRUFF of Crockett, California, has been giving the relatively recent past a thorough going-over lately. We too have been browsing back through the news files. Mr. Woodruff arrives at the same place we do. He recalls the smug superiority with which America was wont to deliver pious homilies about banditry in China, Mexico, the Balkans and the Near East. Remember? Washington used to write shocked representations, or whatever they are, to the bandit-badgered nations and we all said that countries like that weren't civilized or something. Suddenly Mr. Woodruff and we come upon the current American scene. Pretty Boy Floyd, Johnny Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson. Kidnappers, cop-killers, arson racketeers and so on. And how indignant we used to be if others did not punish their bandits forthwith!

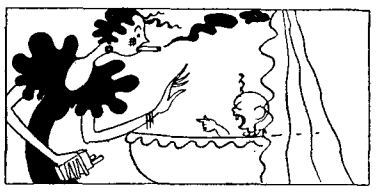


AND Mr. Lester J. Hillman of Boston, Massachusetts, asks us whether we remember the days when England, France, Germany, Italy and the rest of our nation debtors used to demand that we collect their bills from "little South American governments or step aside and let them do their own collecting with battleships." Indeed we do. "Of course," says Mr. Hillman, "I am not advocating any such measures. I'd rather give them the dough than fight for it. Besides, if all the navy propaganda I read is so, we haven't got a battleship that could make the trip. But it is funny when you think of the indignation Europe used to work up because some little busted guy in South America owed them a couple of dollars and was holding out."

EVERY now and then somebody reminds us that there is a Nineteenth Amendment to our Constitution. Now Captain G. Lauriston Benn of Miami, Florida, tells us what it is all about and adds: "I stand ready to prove by fact and figure that the crime waves beating upon our beloved country are not and never have been inspired by liquor, legal or bootleg. When we admitted women to the vote we dynamited the very cornerstone of the home. When our womenfolk remained in the home guiding the religious training and moral upbringing of our sons we—." But there is a page missing and we can't go on. The Captain was under quite an emotional strain.

THREE correspondents, including Mr. E. B. Overshiner of Louisville, Kentucky, chided us for our Sam Insull editorial. Mr. Overshiner says that if we had known Sam Insull "as long and as well as I and thousands of other loyal friends" we would have known that "his sins were of the head and not the heart." Contrariwise, as Tweedledee had it, Miss Laura Steinberger of Los Angeles tells us of two unmarried sisters, one 78 and the other 80, who lost every penny through Insull pyramids and are now being fed with public relief funds. "Well," said one of the sisters, "when he comes to pay his lawyers it will be a great comfort to him to remember that so many thousands of us gave him all we had."

"I WONDER," writes Mr. R. Ross Riley of Oberlin, Kansas, "whether your worthy magazine has fallen into the hands of the tobacco interests." (We pause to inform Mr. Riley that a quick survey of the situation this morning assures us it hasn't.) "The heroine of practically every story lights her fag and inhales, oh, so gracefully. I never have seen a woman smoke gracefully. If these so-called sophisticated gals knew what real he-men thought of them they would not be so much inclined to show their ability as smokers. Imagine one of these fag-sucking specimens bending over the crib of her baby—and I suppose these creatures still have babies—and dropping the hot ash on the tender cheek of the little fellow!"



THERE is entirely too much snapping by Inspector Nayland Smith in Sax Rohmer's latest Fu Manchu. This is the mature opinion of Mr. W. H. Reed of the Tacoma, Washington, Police Department. "Can't you," asks Mr. Reed, "cause Inspector Smith to say the wholly commonplace without snapping it? It is getting on my nerves. I read: 'Get out your pipe,' snapped Inspector Smith. 'Take the phone,' snapped Inspector Smith. I think Inspector Smith would do well to snap out of it. Speak to him, won't you?" We did. "See here, Smith," we snapped, "can't you do something about all this snapping? For one thing, it drowns out our radio and—" "Certainly," snapped Inspector Smith.

AND there you are.

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NEW SAVINGS as DODGE ADDS 3 CARS AT LOWER PRICES

32 extra advantages! All the famous Dodge features! Think of the big extra value for only a few dollars more than you'd pay for the lowest-priced cars.

AT LAST in these 3 new Dodge cars, you can now have all the fine things you have wanted in a motor car—yet pay but little more than for lowest-priced cars!

Never for a moment will you confuse this big rugged Dodge with ordinary low-priced cars. These are real Dodge cars—with all the famous Dodge features. Long 117-inch wheelbase. Hydraulic brakes. All-Steel Body. Patented Floating Power Engine Mountings. "Floating-Cushion" front-wheel suspension. Perfected Ventilation. Valve Seat Inserts. Shockless Cross Steering.

Judge For Yourself!

Try to duplicate these features in any other car and you will know why Dodge, on an actual point-for-point comparison, easily proves its superiority to many cars costing many dollars more.

Won't you come and prove for yourself all these vital advantages by which Dodge excels the "low price class," to which it now closely compares in price? If you have not yet investigated the "Show-Down" Plan, your nearest Dodge dealer will be glad to show you this new easy way to compare cars. It permits you to judge car values on a fair, impartial basis.

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Division of CHRYSLER MOTORS

Long 117-inch wheelbase of the rugged Dodge chassis makes this stunning coupe a marvel of riding ease and value. Lists at
$650*

Its long 117-inch wheelbase, with all Dodge famous features, mean big-car appearance and prestige in this luxurious Dodge Sedan, priced at
$745*

DODGE NOW $650*

*Big DeLuxe Dodge 117-inch wheelbase: Coupe $690; Coupe with rumble seat $740; Sedan $740; Sedan $790; Convertible Coupe $790. On the 121-inch wheelbase: Brougham $880; Convertible Sedan $920. *F. O. B. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. No extra charge for wire wheels. Special equipment, at slight extra cost. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

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EVERY CAR SHOULD BE SIMONIZED

SIMONIZ YOUR CAR...THEN YOU KNOW IT WILL STAY BEAUTIFUL

Millions of motorists will tell you, "Every car needs Simoniz to keep it beautiful!" They know that weather and dirt soon dull and eventually destroy the finish. Simoniz positively stops them! It protects the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps colors from fading. So Simoniz your car, and it will stay new-looking for years.

New or old, the sooner your car is Simonized, the more money you'll save! Simonizing is easy, safe . . . and gives lasting beauty. What's more, a Simonized car seldom needs washing. Just wiping off the finish with a dry cloth keeps it clean and beautiful.

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Get these famous products for your car today. Remember, they are never sold under any other name . . . so refuse substitutes.

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Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Leading hardware, auto accessory stores and garages everywhere have them.

You'll enjoy Simonizing your car. A few strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener make the finish sparkle like new. Simoniz is also quick and easy to apply. It protects the finish and keeps it beautiful.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SIMONIZ AND SIMONIZ KLEENER

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Little McGraw

A baseball story with two heroes who never got a hand from the crowd. "You got to have fight to be a mascot," says Willie Procheski. Right you are, Willie

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

I GUESS I am Willie Procheski's best friend, and I will tell you about his career. The fans think a mascot is just a bat boy. They never give a mascot enough credit. I know how it is because I'm studying to be a mascot. Willie Procheski is teaching me. He is the best mascot in the business. You know what the team calls Willie? They call him Little McGraw.

That's no lie, either. When a big-league team calls you Little McGraw, it means you've got the stuff. Fans should not pay so much attention to the newspapers. Willie says: "They pan you one day and pat you on the back the next, and both days they're wrong!" That's right too. Willie ought to know. Look at the way the newspapers treated him the time he got snatched. It was a big hurrah on account of Willie being so famous, but a lot of sports writers Willie thought were his buddies didn't give him a break.

Some of them said Willie's strange disappearance wasn't on the up-and-up. Some of them said the team would have beat out the Cubs, anyway. About the only one who got it right was Mr. Stockton in the Post and he said: "No matter what happened, Willie Procheski deserves his title of Little McGraw. His was an epic adventure of the spirit." But most of them got sore because they had to do a little work for once, instead of just sitting up in the press box and second-guessing, and playing bridge and golf.

I will tell you, first, how Willie and I got acquainted. Since I was twelve years old, I had the ambition to be a mascot. Sister Mary Martha and Sister Theresa at the Home tried to talk me out of it. They are awful good to me, but nuns do not go to baseball games much. I went every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon after school, because Mr. Hambridge, who owns the team, passed a rule that school kids could get in free if they were of good moral character and joined the Cheering Gang.

IT TOOK me almost two years to get up the courage to try to make friends with Willie Procheski. I guess that was because I did not have guts yet and I let Sam Stallone and Bud Heinschmidt and the other fellows kid me out of it. They put us boys in the Cheering Gang in the far corner of the left-field pavilion. It was pretty hard to watch Willie work from 'way out there. But I watched him as good as I could, and one day when I was going on fourteen I made up my mind it was now or never. Willie always says: "You do not get nothing in this life unless you step up to the plate and swing."

I sneaked under the stands during the last of the ninth and hung around the dugout tunnel. Pretty soon Willie hobbled out. He was lugging a big roll of bats.

So I said: "Want a lift with those bats?"

It was the wrong crack to make. You

Springate acted like he didn't want it, but Willie patted the bat and waved his hands and talked him into using it

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see, Willie had a crippled foot and was small for his age and I guess he thought I was trying to make out like he couldn't lug the bats.

He said: "Naw, Redhead. When I need help, I'll ask for it."

A lot of players were walking all around Willie on their way to the dressing-room. Willie turned to Dutch Heiser and said: "Good going in there, Dutch. I said you'd beat the Giants today, *didn't I?*" And Dutch grinned, and said: "You sure called it, McGraw. Thanks!" I took it big. I just stood there and thought: "Gee, *Dutch Heiser!*" Some fans bumped into me and a cop said: "You don't belong down here, son. Beat it."

BUT I run after Willie, pretending I was a pal of his. He had a regular kind of shoe on one foot, and on the other foot he had a shoe with a sole eight inches high. His back was kind of crooked.

I said: "I don't want to bother you or anything, Mr. Procheski, but I got an ambition to be a famous mascot like you are. How does a kid get to be a mascot?"

It was the right crack to make. Willie looked at me real serious, like he knew I wasn't just stalling around to beg a ball off of him or something.

"Are your eyes crossed natural?" he said.

"Sure," I said, "and they cross worse if I take off my glasses." I took off my glasses and showed him.

"Are you lucky?" Willie said.

"I sure am," I said; "I'm awful lucky. Last week I fell out of a second-story window just when the awning was being let down. It was a true miracle."

Somebody yelled from inside the dressing-room to tell Willie to find his sun spectacles.

"See me some other time," Willie said.

"I'll get his specs. Where'd he leave 'em?" I said.

Willie looked at me scornful.

"That's Bromkovic," he said, "and I got his specs in my pocket. See me some other time."

He limped into the dressing-room, unwrapping the sun specs from a handkerchief. A cop chased me outside the gate. Sam and Bud yelled at me to come on. We were due back at the Home. But I shook my head and turned to the grandstand wall and asked Our Lady to help me make friends with Willie Procheski.

Finally he came out of the players' gate. He had on long pants, though he wasn't much bigger than me. He was carrying a bat, wrapped in an old uniform shirt. He was not dressed very rich for such a famous mascot.

"Hello, Mr. Procheski," I said. "What other time can I see you? You said I could see you some other time."

I was awful afraid it was the wrong crack to make, but he stopped. He had a kind of old-looking face, sort of twisted up like his back hurt him, and he had real fierce black eyes. He was sixteen and was starting a beard.

"YOU must be lucky," he said all of a sudden. "I haven't used this gate since Hubbell shut us out. How did you figure it?"

"I told you I was lucky," I said.

"What's your name?"

"Clarence O'Smith."

"O'Smith? What kind of a name is that?"

I told him they had christened me Smith at the City Hospital when I was a week old and explained how I had put on the "O" because I am red-headed and Irish and wanted an Irish name.

"The Irish are a good race," Willie said, "but the Poles are smarter."

I let that pass.

"Sure," I said, "I admit you're smarter than me. That's why I want to learn from you how to be a mascot."

"You ain't so dumb at that," Willie said.

I sure felt good. Willie was kind of smiling.

"Is that your bat?" I said.

"Naw," he said, "it's the one Springate tripled with in the seventh. I'm keeping it warm for him. We're going against Parmelee tomorrow."

"Gee, Springate," I said. "That .750 he hit today will put him up to .337, won't it, Mr. Procheski?"

Willie acted queer when I said that. He shut his eyes and it seemed like he was saying a "Hail, Mary." Then he grabbed me by the arm.

"Don't ever mention Springate's average," he said. "You've probably jinxed him by that crack."

He started limping up the street toward the car line. I kept after him saying I was sorry I said the batting average and how was I to know? I said that was why I wanted to make friends with him, so I wouldn't go around putting jinxes on the team.

A big car stopped at the curb, and it was full of players. Lefty Hannegan stuck his head out and said: "Come on, Willie. We'll ride you home."

Willie shook his head.

"Thanks, fellows. I got me a ride."

THEY drove off and we walked to the car line. Willie looked awful hot and tired.

"I thought you had a ride," I said. I was awful disappointed because I thought maybe they would of let me ride a couple of blocks too. Riding with Lefty Hannegan and Pudge Bromkovic and Pete Screwball McGeeheney was my ambition. Pete had won eleven and lost three at that time.

Willie kind of snorted, disgusted.

"The fellows are tired and hungry. They should go a mile out of their way for me!"

"That's right," I said. "You sure are smart, Mr. Procheski."

"It's my Polish blood," Willie said.

I decided I would put it up to him cold turkey.

"Say, how about you teaching me to be a mascot, Mr. Procheski? You're the best mascot in the U. S. and I want to learn from the best one."

It didn't get over.

"Aw, you don't want to be a mascot," Willie said. "You just want to brag around how you know our players."

I talked fast. I was almost bawling.

I told him he didn't need to give me a knockdown to a single man on the team or one throw-out baseball or anything. I just wanted to learn mascotting because it was my ambition.

"I got too much on my mind just now to bother with goofy kids," Willie said. "We ain't passed the Pirates yet like I figured. Lawton's in a slump and Big Swede's got family trouble." Then I guess he kind of felt sorry for being so hard, because he said: "I like to see a kid with a big ambition, though. But being a mascot is more'n just packing bats. You got to have *fight*. You got to love baseball and love the team. And a lot more besides that."

"I got fight," I said.

His street car was coming.

"You better change your ambition and be a player, Clarence," Willie said. "The mascot profession is overcrowded."

I said: "I'm too nearsighted to play ball."

He slapped me on the back.

"You're lucky at that," he said. "Take a look at me." He started to climb on the car. "See me after we're in first place."

I was late for vespers and had to do penance.

Every afternoon I could get out of chores, I hung around the ball park to say "Hello" to Willie Procheski. Parmelee held us to three hits and Schumacher got all the breaks and beat us and Willie looked awful worried. He wouldn't talk to me, except once he said: "Can you pray, Redhead? Put in a couple for us. We ain't hitting." I said I would.

I'M LUCKY, though. The first game of the Boston series, we hopped onto Brandt and knocked him out in five innings. I waited a long time to be sure of seeing Willie. He came out the press gate.

Two tough kids that seemed to know Willie were hanging around, and one of them asked him for a ball. Willie said he couldn't do it, and the biggest kid called him a runt, and the other kid laughed. So I went right up and socked the biggest one. Willie said: "I'll take him, you take the other one." They both piled into us while we were arguing which was to scrap which, but a grounds keeper and a concession peddler broke it up.

"You got fight," Willie said. "I thought you'd pick the littlest one. It's

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He said: "How about a little handshaking up and down the line? You can do that much for Little McGraw"

a wonder you didn't get those goggles knocked into your eyes."

"I told you I was lucky," I said.

Willie took it big.

"Come around Saturday morning," he said. "I'll get you onto the field for batting practice!"

It cost me two of my best flints and seven baseball picture cards to get out of my turn in the laundry. But it sure was worth it.

WILLIE sure was aces with the team. He took me right out onto the diamond and introduced me to Mr. Gilligan, the manager. Mr. Gilligan said: "I get it. He's your understudy, hunh, Willie?" And Willie said: "I dunno yet, Mr. Gilligan. It's a tight race and I might get sick or something. The kid is lucky. I'll say that much for him."

Mr. Gilligan said to me: "If you ever get to know as much baseball as Willie, you'll be lucky, real lucky." He and Willie kidded back and forth. Willie sure knew all the answers.

I took it big. I was right close up to Big Swede and Bromkovic and Springate instead of being 'way out in the left-field pavilion. Their faces sure looked different, close up. They all grinned at Willie. They did not talk much and Willie did not talk much. I was too scared they would kick me out to say anything. Willie introduced me to Pete Screwball McGeeheney. He had been spitting tobacco cud in his hand. I thought: "Gee, I'll let Sam and Bud smell my hand and then I'll say, 'That come from a cud chewed by Pete Screwball McGeeheney.' "

Pete Screwball McGeeheney said: "Gosh, a cross-eyed redhead. You sure he ain't a jinx, McGraw?"

"He's lucky, Pete," Willie said. "I'll stake my reputation on it."

Willie was awful busy keeping the bats straight. Each player had a pet bat and sometimes two or three pet bats. Willie knew every one by heart. I got to thinking: "Gee, this ain't so hard, being a mascot. All you got to do is learn the bats by heart." Willie must have read my mind, because when they started infield practice he came over. He was sweating awful and his eyes were real bright like they were polished.

"I guess you think it's simple, O'Smith," he said.

"Oh, no, I don't," I said.

"What bat does Rocky Stemm use against Meine?"

"I don't know," I said.

"How do we lick the jinx Guy Bush has on Springate?"

"I don't know," I said.

"How do I talk it up to Lefty Hannegan when he's wild?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Who was the greatest baseball man that ever lived, do you know that?"

"John McGraw," I said.

Willie nodded like he was in church.

"Why was he great, O'Smith?"

"I don't know, exactly," I said.

"Get this," Willie said, "he had *fight*. That's what makes or breaks a ball team. *Fight*. Look—see Lawton? He's in a slump. He can't get sore. It don't mean enough to him. He's a college guy and he don't believe in scrapping. He don't believe in hunches or jinxes. He's hitting .226 and the Boss is gonna bench him. Get it?"

THAT was pretty deep stuff and I didn't know a sixteen-year-old kid was supposed to go in for such deep stuff. I was surprised and I said: "Do you mean you talk to the players about all that stuff?"

Willie reached around and rubbed his back and rolled over on the grass a minute. Then he sat up.

"Some I do and some I don't. Righthanders like Jugs Jorgenson, why it don't do any good. But Lefty Hannegan—say, when that guy's fast one ain't hopping into the corner, he's ripe for a build-up. The Boss always sends me over to talk to Lefty. Baseball players are funny guys, O'Smith. Some will believe they can steady down if *you* believe it. Others say 'Nuts.' You got to know 'em."

It kind of made me feel low to talk to Willie. I could see he was a lot smarter than me. He had something. I didn't know what it was. But that kid sure had something.

When practice was over, Willie let me help him roll up the bats and dump the balls into the satchel.

"You got by all right with the team, O'Smith," he said. "You kept your mouth shut and didn't bother nobody. They could tell you ain't a barber."

I said what was that?

"A guy that's always shooting off his mouth in the dugout," Willie said.

I cheered up. I asked Willie if he thought I had the makings of a mascot.

Willie said: "I dunno yet, O'Smith. You got fight and you're lucky. But can you take it? Supposing you got to be mascot of a big-league team, could you stand the worry of a losing streak or clubhouse trouble?"

"I can take it," I said.

"Even then," he said, "you might not make a *big-league* mascot. You got to love and eat and think baseball and nothing else." He saw I was getting kind of discouraged again and he sort of grinned. "I like you, O'Smith. I like the way you handle yourself. I'm gonna ask the Boss to let you watch me work. He'll get you a ticket to a balcony chair right above the dugout."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Procheski," I said.

IT CERTAINLY burned up Sam and Bud and the other kids when I told them I was studying to be a mascot under Willie Procheski. They wouldn't believe that Mr. Gilligan was going to let me into the grandstand balcony.

But he did. I saw the first game with Pittsburgh from a real chair in the very first row of the balcony. I could look right down and watch Willie work. He looked up twice and waved at me once and the other time winked and pulled at his uniform cap. I was that close.

I could see right off why Willie was such a good mascot. He did not just strut around and pick up bats and copycat players chewing grass like the Pirates' mascot did. He took it awful serious. He took it more serious than the team did even.

Larry French was pitching for Pittsburgh and he was extra hot. Lefty Hannegan pitched for us and he was wild. He walked two men in the third inning and Paul Waner sacrificed one to third and the next batter hit a lucky fly and one run came in. I could see Willie talking it up to Lefty. I guess about ten thousand fans were talking it up, too, but I could tell Lefty wasn't paying them no attention. He was listening to Willie talk it up. Lefty got right and fanned the next two batters.

WILLIE hopped out to meet Lefty, doing a jig that looked funny on account of his being crippled. A lot of fans laughed but Lefty didn't. He bent his head to listen to what Willie had to say. Lefty steadied down, what I mean, and the Pirates started popping up flies and topping easy grounders. But we couldn't hit French, either. It was one to nothing in the last of the eighth.

Bromkovic got hit with a pitched ball. I could see his mouth talking and he wasn't saying any prayers. Vease sacrificed. Jorgenson fanned. McVaine hit an infield single but Bromkovic was held at third. Springate was the next man up. He started to the plate with three bats.

I saw Willie yell something at him. Willie ducked into the dugout and came out with a bat wrapped in an old shirt. Springate acted like he didn't want it, but Willie patted the bat and waved his arm and talked Springate into using it. Willie squatted down and looked at French. You could tell he was looking real hard and mean at French. I thought I would look mean at him too. I nearly fell over the railing I got so excited, because French threw it and Springate whacked a swell triple against the center-field wall. And you can't tell me Willie didn't win that game for us. Little McGraw stuff. Get it?

I thought Willie would be feeling like

(Continued on page 34)

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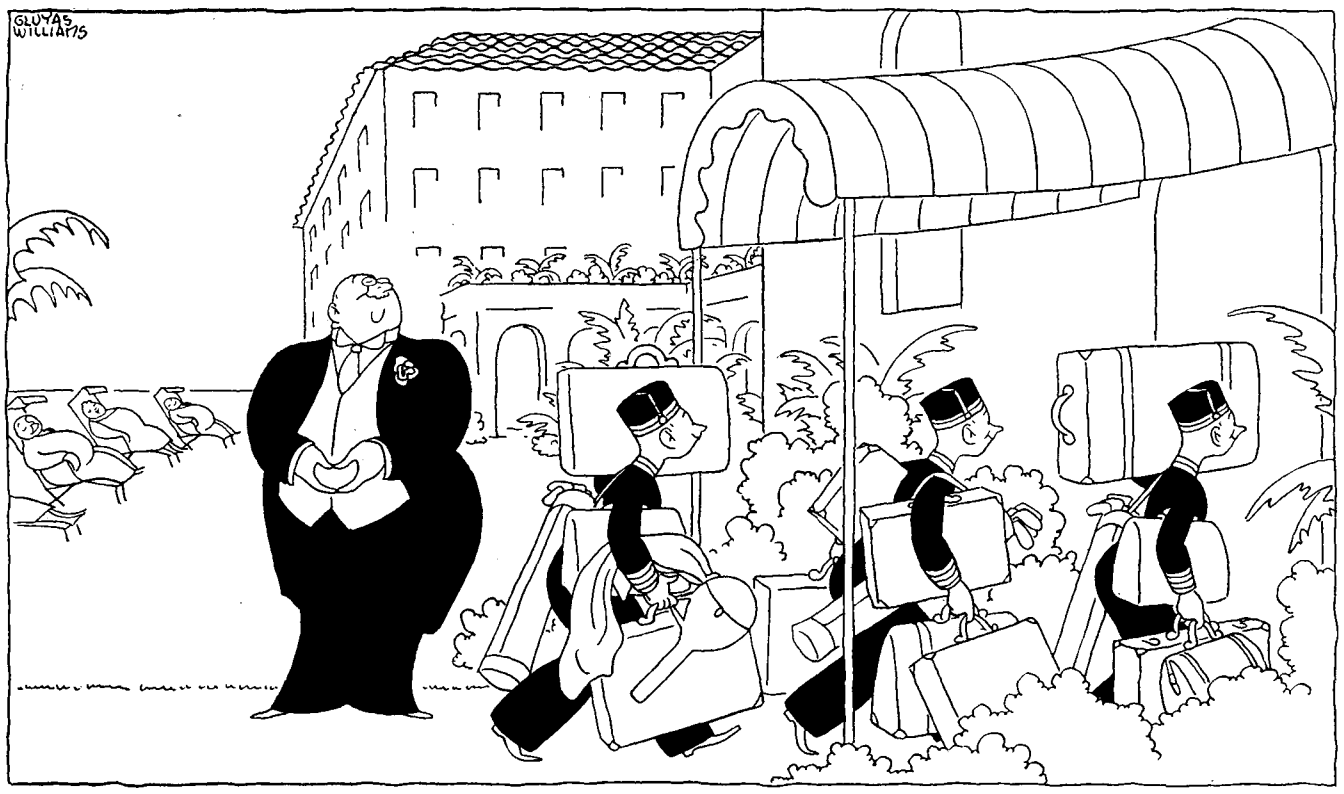
Out of the Red

This article is the result of a personal survey which covered every populous section of our country. Business men, big and little, executives as well as great industrialists, were questioned on their recent business progress. Mr. Ybarra himself toured the industrial Middle West and East, Walter Davenport and Owen P. White the central and eastern South, Frank Condon and George Creel were busy on the Pacific Coast. The experiences and opinions given here came through face-to-face interviews

By T. R. Ybarra

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Resort patronage is keyed to prosperity, and the Southern California hotel men are wreathed in smiles

TAKE, for instance, Mr. Sam Stoll. Mr. Stoll runs a grocery store in a residential section of a Middle Western city. He is a typical average business man. His store is a typical neighborhood store. His city is a typical American city.

"Do you think business in general is improving?" I asked him.

"I don't just think so," he answered. "I *know* so."

"Why?"

And Mr. Sam Stoll, gazing contentedly at a throng of customers milling around among packages of sugar and cans of coffee and bottles of catsup, replied:

"Olives are looking up."

He made a dramatic pause, to allow his words to sink in. Then, leaning nonchalantly on a jar of pickles, he explained:

"If you want to get a line on business, don't read statistics. Watch olives. Nobody is obliged to buy olives. Nobody, in order to sustain life, must eat olives. They're a luxury. If you come in here and say, 'I want some olives,' you're shouting to everybody around: 'There's extra cash in my pocket.'

"A few years ago, when business was brisk and everybody happy, I used to sell around thirty cases of olives a month. Then bad times came and sales dropped almost to nothing—down to just a couple of cases. Now they're rising again. I'm selling seven or eight cases every month. Yes, sir! We've turned the corner. The depression is over. Olives are looking up!"

And it isn't only olives. Things in general all over the United States are looking up. In the course of an extensive tour of the country I found signs of recovery outnumbering bad signs two to one.

Detroit is selling automobiles. St. Louis is selling shoes. The South is selling cotton. Kentucky is selling tobacco and whisky. Milwaukee is selling beer. And everywhere the optimists are selling optimism.

Which does not mean that we are already out of the woods. Many people in many places still feel misgivings.

"There is improvement," they admit, "but is it real?"

They still look with apprehension at the future. They still wriggle uneasily every time the Administration in Washington makes a move. They still shake their heads nervously every time somebody like Dr. Wirt gets excited. In fact, lots of people still look upon the doctor as another Paul Revere, who went galloping along Main Street, pounding on the doors of sleeping citizens and yelling, *in the nick of time*: "Wake up! Get your gun! The Brain Trust is coming!"

But Wirt or no Wirt, Brain Trust or no Brain Trust, there *is* improvement. The sun is shining. There is joy in the land. Olives are looking up!

No More Barber-Shop Blues

In Cleveland I went into a barber shop. It was one of those places that are all white tile and shiny mirrors, and little signs, each with the name of a tonsorial artist printed on it, stuck up along the spotless walls. Stretching myself out in the chair presided over by Mr. Fred Helm (I had just caught sight of his name before he smothered me under a steaming towel), I listened respectfully while he, vigorously lathering my face to the rhythm of his words, spoke as follows:

"Customer of mine used to come in here regular every three weeks for a hair cut, tonic rub and shampoo. Then he disappeared. Didn't show up for three months. After that he sneaks in one day, and says: 'Fred, I want a hair cut.' 'You sure do,' says I. 'You look like the wild man at the circus. And how about a tonic rub? And a shampoo?' He sits bolt upright in his chair and hollers: 'Not on your life! Don't you know there's a depression?' And after I cut his hair, he sneaks away and don't come back for another three months.

"But this time he breezes in with sunshine all over his face.

"'Fred!' he yells when he's hardly inside the door, 'give me a hair cut *and* a tonic rub *and* an oil shampoo!' Then he sits down and says: 'No, that ain't enough! Shoot the works!' And he closes his eyes in a daydream.

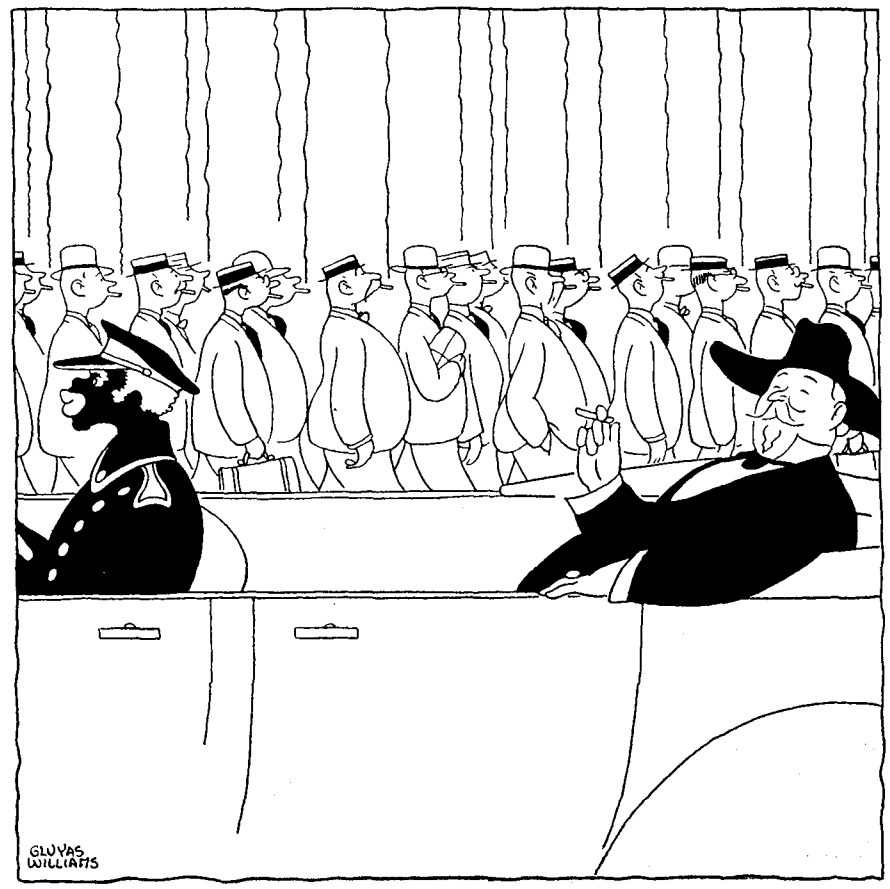
"And I cut his hair, and give him a special tonic rub, and a fancy scalp treatment, and our most expensive quinine shampoo, and I get a shoe shiner, and I beckon a manicure girl and, when he opens his eyes, I hand him a slip calling for the instantaneous payment of four dollars and thirty-five cents.

Cleveland Keeps Going Forward

"What does he do? Crown me with the hatrack? Oh, no! Gives me a two-dollar tip, and prances over to the cashier's desk humming a tune, just as if he owned Cleveland—him, mind you, the same guy who'd left the place last time sore as a boil, because we hadn't reduced hair cuts to forty cents!

"I tell you, friend"—and here Mr. Fred Helm, terribly excited, rubbed lather into my eyes and far up my nose and right through my clenched teeth—"happy days are here again!"

Cleveland had a rough time in the de-



Louisville turned to the low-priced cigarette business and became the brightest spot on the industrial map

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pression. But things are improving. When I was there local optimists were all steamed up because of some special sales held at the city's leading retail stores, which had brought purchasers in such enormous numbers that they obstructed traffic. And I was told of a towing company, very prominent in the commerce of the Great Lakes, which had doubled its profits within a year; and of a local factory, specializing in doors and sides for freight cars, which had just received a single order for its products sufficient to fit out a train ten miles long!

A real estate man with whom I talked had just got a violent and delightful shock because a bad account, which he had kissed goodby years ago, had suddenly come to life.

"Yes, sir, I had crossed the whole thing off my books," he said. "Three thousand dollars down the river! And, suddenly, long after I'd forgotten all about it, in comes this guy and plunks down two thousand dollars of the debt!"

Some people in Cleveland distrust Washington.

"It isn't that we think bewhiskered Bolsheviks are hiding behind every curtain in the White House," said a prominent lawyer, "but there's a lot going on in Washington that hampers recovery." Nevertheless, Cleveland—like Detroit—does not let doubts about Administration tactics worry it too much. It keeps going forward.

A Prosperity That's Sensible

Detroit makes the proud claim that it is leading the country out of the depression. "We got the worst wallop," say the Detroiters, "and we're making the quickest comeback."

Automobile production, which reached its peak in April, 1929, with an output of 663,000 cars, and dropped, in October, 1932, to a record low of 51,000, rose in January, 1934, to 165,000, and, at the end of last March, was around 350,000—considerably more than half the 1929 all-time record.

Reëmployment figures also give a striking picture of Detroit's comeback. Taking the period between 1923 and 1925 as normal (100 per cent) the total of workers employed in the Detroit area, which, in August, 1932, had fallen to 29 per cent of normal, has been rising steadily since last autumn. In January, 1934, it had crept close to the 1923-1925 figures, and—two months later—it had actually passed them, with workers on the job totaling nearly 108 per cent of normal.

In Detroit today there is a grand spirit. The city is beset with labor troubles, and every little while those around the President in Washington do something that gives Detroit a pain. Nevertheless, it continues to push forward. Its automobile factories are humming with activity. When I passed through Detroit the Detroiters were boasting that there wasn't a Brain Truster or labor agitator who could keep their city from jumping out of the doldrums.

"And we're going to be sensible about it," a particularly active citizen told me. "This time we're not going ahead on blind faith. We've lost a whole lot of fool illusions. There was so much prosperity here that we got the swelled head. We thought Griswold Street would push ahead of La Salle Street in Chicago, and Lombard Street in London, and Wall Street in New York, as the financial center of the universe. Some of our big men got so arrogant they began to be ashamed of being business men. At club luncheons it was taboo to talk business and those breaking the rule used to be fined. Rich Detroiters started buying paintings and yachts just because they were expensive. Why, I remember one big yacht which did nothing but steam from a downtown dock to a private dock at a country place a couple of miles away, and back again—like a ferryboat! —and it had cost hundreds of dollars!

"You won't see any more of that sort of thing around here. The new Detroit will be not only prosperous but substantial."

If you want to grasp what changes returning prosperity is working in Detroit, don't just consider increased sales of automobiles, decreased totals of unemployment, swelling deposits at the city's banks. Consider Sally.

Where Jobs Go Begging

Sally is a Pole. She is young and neat and smiling. For several years—to be exact, since 1929—she worked as a domestic. Her employer, the wife of an executive in one of the big automobile factories, approved highly of her diligence and was so proud of her appearance when decked out in a maid's apron and cap that she liked to have friends come around to the house—Sally, she thought, was a real credit to her establishment.

Sally's wages were $3 a week. During the depression she and hundreds of other girls, both foreigners and native-born daughters of Michigan and other states, were glad to work for that and Sally's employer was so pleased with her that, without any urging, she raised her pay to $4.

But a few months ago smiling Sally suddenly informed her employer:

"I'm going to leave you."

"Aren't you happy here?"

"Very happy, but I'm going to leave."

"Then why are you going?"

"Because I have got my old job back at the automobile factory."

"How much will you get?"

"Fourteen a week!"

And Sally went back to the work which she had done before being compelled to hire herself out as a domestic, to the work which thousands of other girls used to do in the Detroit of boom days and are now resuming in steadily increasing numbers—sorting, packing parts, upholstering jobs in body plants, operating small machines. And, though housewives are offering as much as $10 weekly for household servants, the supply is far below the demand.

Optimism That Can't Be Killed

And if you want to get a real idea of the new spirit of Detroit, the spirit which is making it forget, day by day, that there ever was a depression, and sending it ahead despite Brain-Trust laboratory experiments in Washington, and strikes at local plants, and fiery speeches by labor organizers on centrally located downtown street corners, consider Anton Smetana.

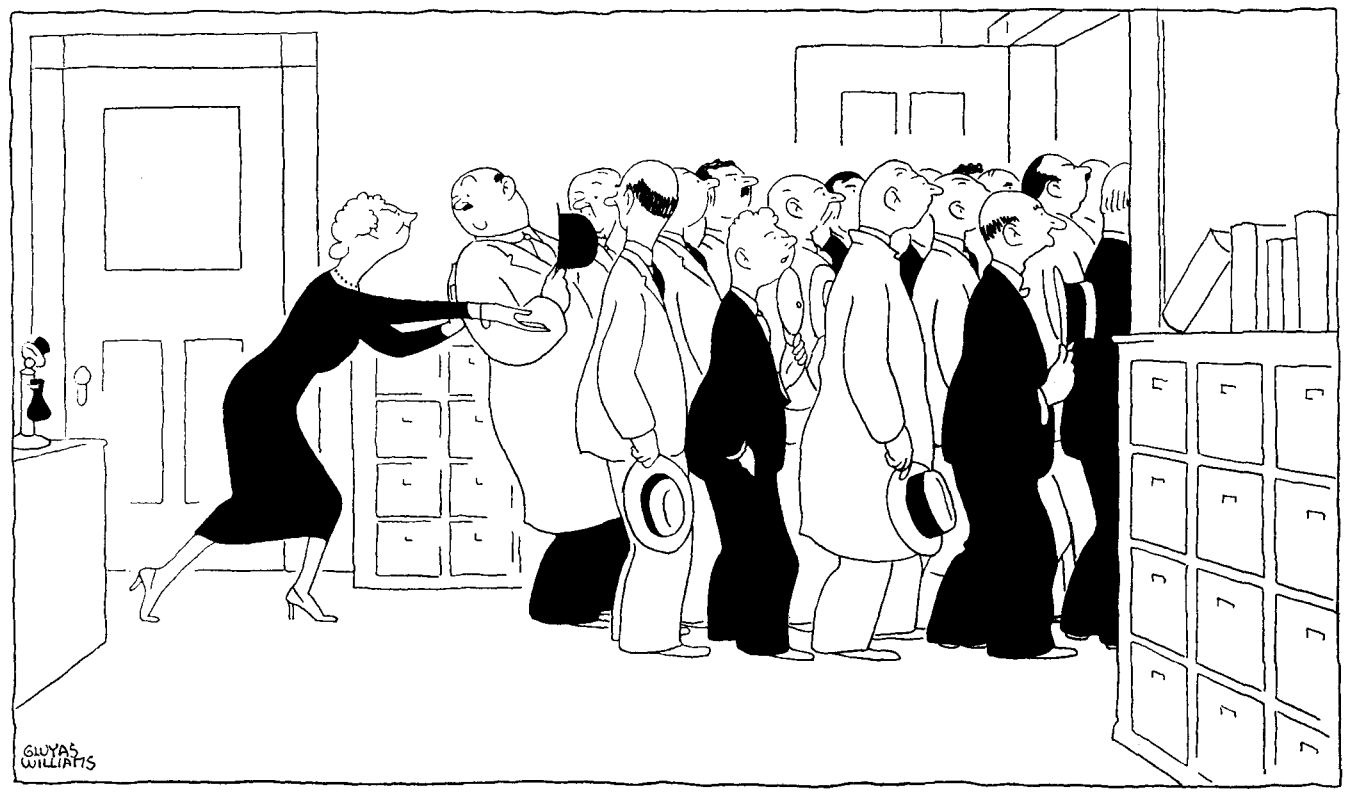
Anton is a Bohemian. You would call him a Czech now, but, when he was born, Czechoslovakia was Bohemia. He settled in Detroit just after the World War—in 1919. He was thirty-five years old. And he told a native-born friend:

"I got it all figured out. I work fifteen years. I save much money. I buy a little house. Then I buy a big house. Then I am fifty years old. I retire. I got it all figured out."

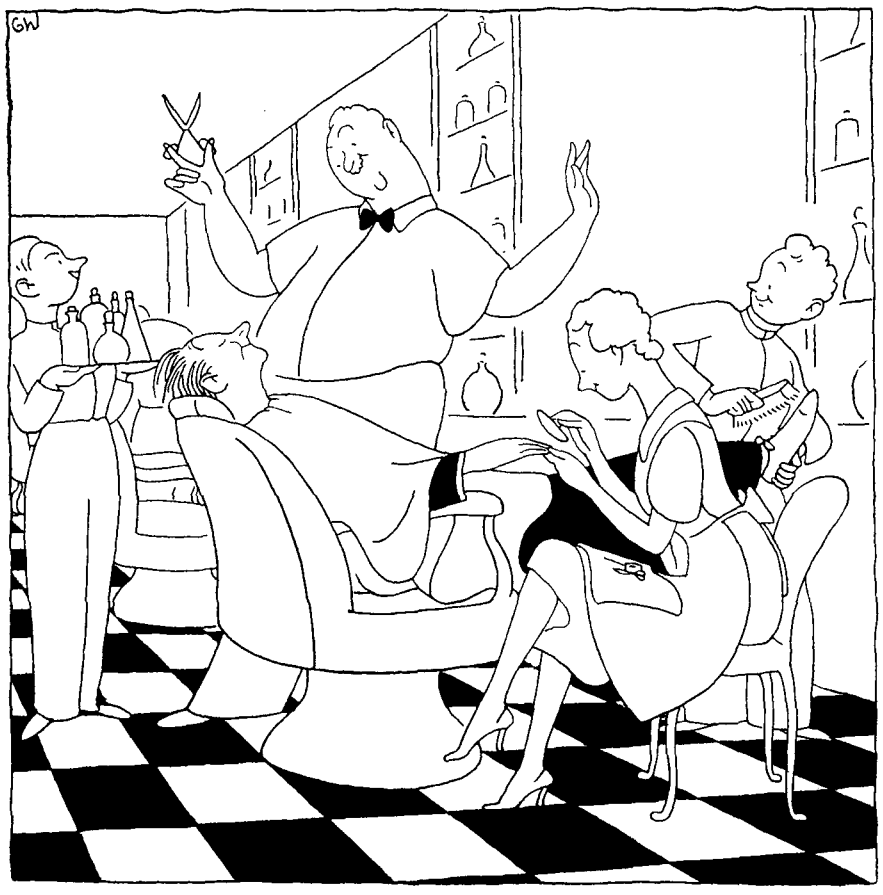
Well, Anton worked hard for ten years—until 1929. The crash came. He was wiped out. All his savings and both the houses he owned were snatched away from him. From a frugal, industrious citizen he turned into a bitter, rebellious malcontent. He began to see red. And then, suddenly, he met that same native-born friend of his, and the friend, after listening to a blast from Anton against everything and everybody in the United States, blurted out:

"You're all wet! If you had stayed all these years in your native country, what would you have done with your life? Where would you have been?"

(Continued on page 38)



Better business brought traffic jams among belligerent workers in Philadelphia's labor-board offices



The fellow who demands to be "given the works" is the barber's personal harbinger of prosperity everywhere

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A cab driver looked back and said: "How's Hollywood?" "That guy must go to the movies," Noel mused

The Big Softie

A chronicle of marital bliss (plus a few other things) in Hollywood, where a star can make plenty of money, but—

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

CARLA didn't say anything the first time Noel sent five hundred dollars to his family. The whole sum came out of his first week's pay check, and even after paying a loan, the agent's commission, and current expenses, he still had two hundred dollars left. Of course, it meant postponing the wedding again; but they'd already waited a year. One more week didn't seem so very long. Now that the unbelievable had happened they wanted to begin with a pleasant house, and a good car, and a servant or two.

"It would be extravagant," Noel said, "if I hadn't signed this contract. But, gosh—a thousand a week! After next Wednesday we're sure to save money."

Carla agreed. "We can wait seven days," she said.

She had been a moderately successful actress in New York, but until now she had discounted what she heard about Hollywood. A thousand dollars a week was fantastic, even when you had seen the check.

"First we'll rent a house—then we'll get married and have a little home life," Noel said. "The way an insurance man would do it—or a lawyer. You don't have to go nuts just because you're in a nutty business."

"Perhaps we could have an orchard," dreamed Carla.

"Why not? Except for my family we'd have it today. They must be pretty hard up—four telegrams and a special delivery and an air mail."

"Don't worry about it, darling," Carla said. "It's all perfect—if we don't wake up."

"Are my eyes open?" he grinned.

Events had occurred with motion-picture rapidity. Carla had been in Chicago at the time, touring with a play called Tomorrow Morning. Noel knew that his part in Buckaroo was better than anything else he had played in New York, but the enthusiasm of the critics surprised him. He was a hit. Before he was out of bed the next morning three studios were bidding for him. And while he was debating about going to Hollywood the salary went up. He phoned Carla, long distance.

"I'll meet you in Hollywood," she said. "We'll go, but we won't stay."

"I won't buy anything we can't put on an eastbound airplane," Noel promised.

Fifty thousand dollars was the goal. They were going to save fifty thousand, lease a country house on the east coast, or a small château in France or Italy. Noel would write plays. He hadn't intended to be an actor, anyway. It had been a case of act or starve.

"We're here to get out of here," Noel said, the first time they climbed a hill to look down at Hollywood.

THE next Tuesday—just before his second pay check—a package of legal documents arrived from his father. Noel was busy, working all day and sometimes into the evening, so he asked Carla to study them over. He stopped at her room after work that night. She said:

"Your father wants to go into a business. It's a new kind of garter for men's socks. I don't quite understand it but he's terribly enthusiastic. He says it will sweep the country."

Noel smiled.

"What does he want—some advice?"

"Let's see." Carla looked down at the letter, hiding her lips. "Yes, he wants some advice, dear. He also needs just a few thousand dollars. Three or four, I think."

"That's too bad," said Noel, "because I've got to be hard-boiled, even with my folks. You can't save fifty thousand dollars investing in garters."

"You're right."

"Maybe we'd better get married before anything happens."

"That would be very nice," said Carla. "I'm quite fond of you. Have I mentioned it?"

"I don't think so. But you've never asked me for that dollar I owe you."

"You're not doing this for me because you're grateful?" asked Carla, putting a flower in his lapel.

"I'm sentimental, that's all."

"You're a broad-shouldered fool," said Carla.

"You're it," Noel said, and kissed her.

The studio called him for tests, so they couldn't be married either Wednesday or Thursday, and on Friday there was an unexpected call for Carla from Noel's Hollywood agent. She was offered a "quickie"—only ten days. She would be paid fifteen hundred dollars.

"Rich people can wait," Noel said.

Then after any number of air mails, two telegrams and a long-distance phone call, Noel sent his father eighteen hundred dollars with which to buy a quarter interest in Nu-Gart, Inc. Carla didn't say anything because Noel was so fond of his family, and she had never met them. Her own father was a successful business man in Indiana. He owned a bank and some farms and a grain elevator. Noel's father was different: he dealt in ideas.

AFTER two more postponements they were married one noon by a justice of the peace. It wasn't as they had planned to do it at all—but they were too busy to have a real wedding. By that time expenses had mounted. They couldn't afford the house with the orchard, in Santa Monica. They took a six-months' lease on a smaller, less attractive, hillside dwelling in Hollywood. Instead of engaging a maid and a chauffeur, they found a willing little Japanese boy who could fry eggs, make beds, and drive a car when he kept his mind on it.

They had intended to buy two cars—they really needed two cars—but when the time came they could only afford one. An old director, who had helped Noel in the early days, when he was a dramatic stock leading man one week and a vagabond the next, turned up at the studio—starving. Not only was Jed Hathaway starving, but his wife and two children and his wife's mother—all were starving. Noel leased a farm out

(Continued on page 30)

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Queen of Parts

By Kyle Crichton

Aline McMahon started in one picture as a mere lass of twenty and ended as an old crone of ninety-four, with stops at all way stations. She also has played practically every other type and age except Baby Peggy, but she refuses to be labeled "just the type"

Aline McMahon's hope of quietly becoming your favorite character actress went glimmering with sudden stardom. Below are specimens of the McMahon characterizations from The Merry Frinks

ALINE McMAHON is the classic example of the child elocutionist who lived to tell the tale. As is well known, most child elocutionists are found in the alley with a BB shot through the heart. Miss McMahon is in Hollywood with Warner Brothers.

When first reported Miss McMahon was standing in a parlor in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, reciting James Whitcomb Riley's An Old Sweetheart of Mine. This was the family parlor and Miss McMahon was in curls and the house was closely guarded from the neighbors. But the news of it leaked out and the first thing Miss McMahon knew she had her picture in the paper. The cause of this was Dr. Pease of anti-nicotine fame and the further cause, if you know the poem, was the lines:

Floats out from my tobacco as the genii
from the vase.

Dr. Pease felt that the spectacle of a little girl spouting such poetry was a disgrace, so Miss McMahon was disgraced right on the front page, with the story running over onto page six. This may account for everything that follows but it may just mean that Miss McMahon was going to be an actress whether she got pointed to with scorn or not.

She finds even to this day, however, that elocution is a serious business. During the filming of Heat Lightning on the Coast she sought to relieve the tedium of waiting for the director, five camera-men, two assistant directors and eighteen electricians to decide whether the shot would be made from the top of the lunch counter or from the filling-station pump by doing some of her childhood pieces. When she had finished, the audience said solemnly: "Very good, really." Since then, when Miss McMahon wants to elocute, she says: "I'm going to do some of the things I did when I was a youngster. They're awfully ridiculous and funny." She then regards her audience warily out of the corner of her eye. At the first sign of seriousness, she suggests that maybe table-tennis would be better after all.

From McKeesport the McMahon family moved to Brooklyn. Contrary to rumor this was prompted by nothing other than Father McMahon's ambition to continue his journalistic career. Mr. McMahon was with the Associated Press and later editor of Munsey's Magazine. When Aline McMahon played in Five Star Final she needed no instruction to inform her how newspaper-men acted and thought. In Brooklyn Aline went to public school and later to Erasmus High School, putting the soft pedal on the elocution stuff but getting tangled up in school plays.

By the time Aline was ready for Barnard, the McMahon family had moved to Manhattan and were living at Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street in an apartment which had the Sixth Avenue "L" as part of the furniture. After a first night in which Aline had a premonition that she would wake up in the vestibule of a train marked 145th Street and Bronx Park, she became so accustomed to the roar and rattle of the antiquated coaches that it took the first week of any excursion into the country to get used to the hideous serenity.

A Precious Line

Up at Barnard she was carrying on her education in the intervals she could spare from building scenery for college productions and standing before a mirror trying to look like Cleopatra waiting for Julius Cæsar. It was while she was still in college that she got her first professional chance. It was up in Yorkville, the old German section of New York City, and it was in a production by Harry Clay Blaney called One Night, a sequel to Three Weeks. Miss McMahon had one line. She was a seasick passenger on a boat and the captain says to her, "Is there anything I can do for you, madam?" and she answers, "Yes, stop the ship." Miss McMahon remembers with more than a twinge of remorse that she cherished that line with such pertinacity that she refused to turn it over even for one performance to another actress who had no lines and wanted to make an impression on a group of relatives who were coming to the show.

At the time of the Yorkville experience the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York was doing its best work. It was contemporary with the Washington Square Players and the Garrick Players, forerunners of the Theater Guild, and of the Provincetown Players, who developed Eugene O'Neill and Susan Glaspell. Miss McMahon wrote to the Neighborhood people asking for a try-out. They had seen her in a Barnard play and answered at once that they'd be glad to give her a small part. The only trouble was that the stenographer who mailed the letter dropped it down the elevator shaft instead of the mail chute. Ordinarily speaking, the New York postoffice will find you if you're in the city but there has so far been no system worked out for anticipating when good citizens will decide to write a letter, and the collection service in abandoned wells and old tin cans needs attention.

Miss McMahon sat around in a funk for a month and then started out to

(Continued on page 28)

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The Pride of Gamma Gamma

An idyll of old Minnewaska—1934 model. If you didn't go to college, it will show you what you missed

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THE pride of Gamma Gamma walked down the hill at Minnewaska on her way to the chemistry lab on a too-perfect morning in June.

She knew that something pleasant and exciting was going to happen in the lab. She hurried on, resisting all the attempts to stop her and engage her in conversation. She granted only an abstracted nod to that siren of Phi Phi, Sybil Sands, instead of the awfully, awfully cordial smile you are expected to give a girl in a rival sorority and especially one as dangerous as Sybil.

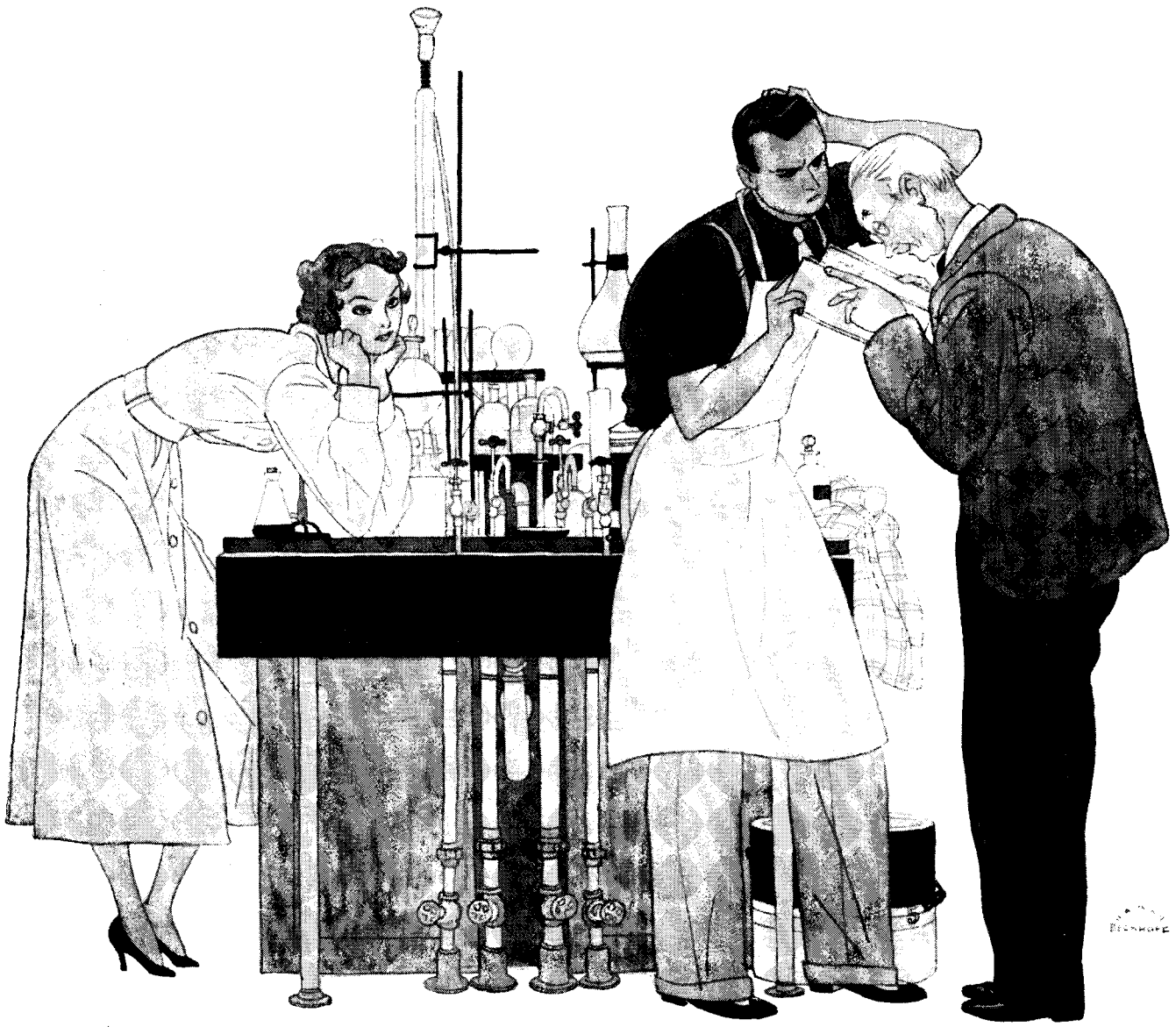
Milly had quarreled two days earlier with Jimmy. They had paused in the dark, after leaving the library, beside a pile of new bricks. Milly had told him furiously that he was the most awful sap she had ever met. He had replied, smiling an insufferably amused smile, and using a casual tone to great effect, that she was as arrogant as she was naïve. "And you know, Milly," he had said, "you are *incredibly* naïve." He had added, as if softening the harshness of his criticism, so as not to hurt her too much and thus give the insult its ultimate velocity, "I mean for a Gamma Gamma."

Milly knew he didn't believe she was naïve. Milly knew that he knew that she was uncommonly sophisticated. But that made his using a fighting word all the more outrageous. Milly would have jarred him out of his complacence if she had had to use a brick. But she didn't have to use a brick. Jimmy was an Upsilon Psi, known at Minnewaska as U. P. and regarded as absolutely top. Milly began by telling him how sad she was to learn he was a typical frat man. Milly had him as mad as she was in two minutes. They parted without saying goodby.

MILLY hadn't seen him since. But she was going to see him now. He couldn't afford to cut one of his last three lab periods of his senior year any more than she could. Milly wondered at the violence of their quarrel so early—well, in their acquaintance. They had known each other to speak to ever since their freshman year, as important men and popular co-eds do know each other, even in a university with twelve thousand undergraduates. They had worked on opposite sides of the same laboratory table for all this last semester. But they had gone places together only for two weeks, since he had been chairman of the Commencement Committee and she the leading co-ed member.

Milly was confident of herself. Her past justified her confidence. Men had fallen for her since her first three days at Minnewaska. Men had fallen for her before that, if you counted things that happened when you were seventeen. She knew that Jimmy was falling. He was being careful, as any man so experienced in flirtation would be. But he was falling. Milly lived in a north shore suburb of Chicago. Jimmy was going to Chicago after Commencement to learn the newspaper business under an uncle who owned a large share in a Chicago daily. Milly foresaw a grand summer in Chicago.

Jimmy would be sorry by now. Milly meant to let him make up with her. You always felt so good when you made up that things happened. Jimmy would say he had been an awful sap and ask her to go to the U. P. formal dance with him Commencement week. It was the best dance of the year. And before it was over Jimmy would have fallen. The summer in Chicago would be assured.



He devoted himself to that experiment for an hour, while Milly waited

Milly went into the lab. She was busy with a Bunsen burner and a lot of chemical glassware and a series of thermometers when Jimmy came in. He said, "Hello, Milly," in a matter-of-fact way. Milly gave him a glance that should have made his heart beat faster. But he missed it. He was busy setting up his experiment. Milly could see that he wasn't as calm as he pretended to be. But he devoted himself to that experiment for an hour, while Milly waited and waited and waited. When the bell rang, telling them that classes were changing all over the hill but that the lab period was only half over, Jimmy came around to Milly's side of the table.

MILLY saw that the moment had come. She looked up at him. He was a tall young man with a nice, homely face. He wore his clothes the way all the U. P.'s wore their clothes. He had the U. P. manner. But he wasn't a typical frat man. He wasn't dumb at all. He let women impose on him. But he wasn't a sap.

"I've got the jitters," Jimmy said. "I can't think."

Milly smiled up at him. He was going to ask to be forgiven.

"I had a letter from my uncle this morning," Jimmy said. "He's against my starting in Chicago. He says things are bound to happen in the Far East. He's all for sending me to Shanghai right after Commencement to join the bureau there and get the hang of it before the big stuff breaks."

"There goes my summer in Chicago," Milly thought. But she didn't say that.

"How grand, Jimmy," she said.

"It's a break," he said. "It's the biggest break I ever heard of."

He had apparently forgotten that they had ever quarreled. He went back to his side of the table and worked the rest of the hour without saying a word.

They walked up the hill together. Jimmy groused because he had conferences every night with Professor Walters. But they didn't take long. And they insured his passing the course.

Milly said nothing. Milly thought furiously. What did you do with a man who seemed actually to have forgotten that quarrel? He hadn't forgotten it. He couldn't conceivably have forgotten it. But he was getting away with pretending he had forgotten it.

"WHAT are you doing tonight, Milly?" he asked.

"Bucking for exams," Milly said.

"I'd like to see you before I go," he said.

"There'll be plenty of time," Milly said. She was thunderstruck but she spoke casually.

"I don't know," Jimmy said. "I'm taking Sybil Sands to our dance—and between that and exams and conferences with Walters and all the rest of it I don't know when I'll get a half hour after tonight."

Milly took the blow without giving a sign. She knew that Sybil and Bill Roberts had busted up. But when had the girl had a chance to go out and get Jimmy? She was capable of anything. She was notorious as the worst vamp at Minnewaska. But when had she done it?

They were almost at the door of North Hall.

"I'll be seeing you," Jimmy said. "Sorry you won't go places tonight."

"Jimmy," Milly said, struggling to be matter-of-fact, "I really can't."

He waved his hand. He disappeared.

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Milly went into Main Hall to her lecture on psychology. She sat there stricken, not hearing a word. She went down the hill to lunch at the Gamma Gamma house. She had to do something. She had to do something quick. She had to humble that man so he would never forget it.

She thought of wild schemes. But they were too wild. They were too complicated. They depended on too many people. She hadn't a single workable idea when she went to lunch. She spent the afternoon in the library because it was quiet there and she didn't have to talk to anybody and she could think. She should have taken the date he offered. She should have taken it and led him on and turned him down. But she had been so startled it had taken all she had to do what she had done—to pretend complete indifference.

Milly went to dinner. The man couldn't care at all. He couldn't have done what he had done if he cared. And how were you going to humble a man who didn't care?

Milly sat on the porch with a dozen other Gamma Gammas after dinner and watched the college world go by in the dusk. It was too much to take and she had to take it.

ERNESTINE sat on the porch railing. The girl had the ash-blond hair, the perfect skin, the lovely mouth, the beautiful long legs of a movie queen. The Gamma Gammas liked to pretend that Ernestine was as dumb as she was beautiful. They knew better. They knew the girl was merely lazy—except where a new man was concerned. She took advantage of her position in Gamma Gamma and made the others run errands for her and lend her clothes and make alibis for her over the telephone, and coach her for exams. But she wasn't simple-minded.

"I always did like a girl who was hungry," Jimmy said

Ernestine collected men as evidences of prowess. She was quite in Sybil Sands' class. But Milly thought she was a much nicer person. She had no hypocrisy. She was always amiable. And she could be awfully funny at her own expense when she wanted to be.

Ernestine got up and caught Milly's eye and nodded imperceptibly and went into the house. Milly followed her upstairs a minute later.

"Shut the door," Ernestine said.

Milly shut the door and locked it and sat down on the day bed and let Ernestine find cigarettes and matches and an ash tray for her.

"You're going to the U. P. dance with Jimmy," Ernestine said.

Milly shook her head. "No," she said.

"You mean you turned him down?"

"No," Milly said, "he didn't ask me."

"He didn't ask you!"

Milly stretched out on the day bed and blew a rather nice smoke ring toward the ceiling. "No," she said.

"You had a fight," Ernestine said.

"As a matter of fact," Milly said, "we're the best of friends."

Ernestine sat down on the edge of the bed. "Milly," she said, "do you know who he was out with last night?"

"It's whom," Milly said. "You say 'out with whom.' "

"He was out with Sybil Sands," Ernestine said.

"I'm not surprised," Milly said.

Ernestine leaned forward. "Milly," she said earnestly, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What can I do about it?"

"Oh, Milly!" Ernestine was shocked. "That—from you—of all people!"

"I can't imagine what I could do," Milly said.

"Go out and get him," Ernestine said.

"With the old Phi Phi technique?"

"Or," Ernestine said, "with the old Gamma Gamma technique. You and I don't pretend there's any difference. It's all the same. It always was."

Milly shook her head. "I don't think I could," she said. "And—"

"You mean," Ernestine interrupted, "you're in love with the man. You really care. And you've lost your nerve."

"On the contrary," Milly said, "I don't care enough to bother."

Ernestine got up and looked at herself in the dressing-table mirror, turning her head first to one side and then to the other. She had a lovely head. She turned now and gave Milly an appraising glance.

"I thought," she said, "I thought you were crazy about him."

"I think he's a good egg," Milly said. "A little soft, perhaps, but a good egg just the same."

"If that's the way you really feel," Ernestine said, "I'm going out and get that bid for the U. P. dance myself."

"HOW can you?" Milly asked. "He's—" Milly hesitated. She was about to tell Ernestine that Jimmy was taking Sybil. It was all settled. But she hesitated. She wanted Ernestine to go out and try. And if Ernestine knew that he had already asked Sybil, Ernestine would know it was no use. She had a feeling that Ernestine might actually do something. She was so confident. She might somehow make a fool of him.

Ernestine went on dressing.

"What are you going to do?" Milly asked. "Call him up?"

"I'm going to do what Sybil did last night," Ernestine said. "When he comes out of Prof. Walters' house I'll be sitting in his car. After that—"

She found a coat.

"You'll stay up for me, won't you, Milly?"

Milly said she would. Milly watched her go. Milly felt all the rest of the evening that she had made as terrible a choice as that which faced the Roman princess in the story about the lady or the tiger. She had fed Jimmy to one man-killer in order to save him from the other. What if Ernestine got him and kept him? But of course Ernestine couldn't get his bid to the dance. He had already given that to Sybil. Jimmy was awfully obliging. He was much too obliging for his own good. But he wasn't a complete sap. He wouldn't ask two girls to the U. P. dance.

The doors of sorority houses at Minnewaska are closed at eleven o'clock, and locked. Ernestine hadn't come in. Milly went up to her room. Milly knew that Ernestine was miles away in the moonlit night with Jimmy. Milly got a hunk of cord with a weight on one end of it out of her desk drawer. She tied the free end of the cord to the chain on the pull socket of the lamp over her desk. She opened the window and dropped the weight out of the window and watched it to make sure it hung within easy reach of the ground.

The Phi Phis used a tick-tack. The Gamma Gammas thought a tick-tack on the window was too noisy. If you could really depend on the girl who had agreed to stay up for you to stay awake, flashing her light on and off was quite enough.

Milly sat at her desk and tried to read her lecture notes in chemistry and watched the clock. They'd park at Norton's Bridge. There was a little casino there, a glorified hot-dog stand with a dance floor and a radio. They would have a sandwich and dance three or four dances and say that it was time to go home and get into Jimmy's roadster and sit there. They were probably sitting there now and Ernestine was applying the old Phi Phi technique.

Milly reflected that she could have gone to Norton's Bridge with Jimmy. Milly wished she hadn't been too proud to take the date he had offered after he had told her he was taking Sybil to the dance.

"You weren't too proud," Milly said to herself. "You were too scared. You were afraid it wouldn't work. You were afraid you couldn't put it over. You wanted him to want to kiss you and you were afraid you couldn't make him want to and so you wouldn't try."

IT WAS two o'clock in the morning when Milly's light went out. Milly jumped up. Her light flashed on again. Milly went to the window and gave the cord a reassuring pull. She stole downstairs and opened the kitchen door.

"I'm sorry to be so late," Ernestine said.

Milly heard Jimmy's car in the distance. She knew that motor. It had lost an exhaust gasket. Ernestine clattered into the kitchen.

"Take off your pumps, you idiot," Milly said, "and be quiet."

Ernestine obediently took off her pumps and followed Milly upstairs. Ernestine sank wearily on the day bed and stretched herself full length and asked for a cigarette. Milly lit a cigarette for her and put it in her mouth.

"What a job!" she said. "But I did it."

"What!" Milly said.

"He's taking me to the U. P. formal," Ernestine said. "He may not be perfectly happy about it, but—"

"He can't take you," Milly said. "He has already asked Sybil."

Ernestine smiled a long, slow smile. "The girl is out of luck," she said. "He's taking me. I took it for granted he was taking me when he kissed me. He tried to back out. But—after all—"

(Continued on page 26)

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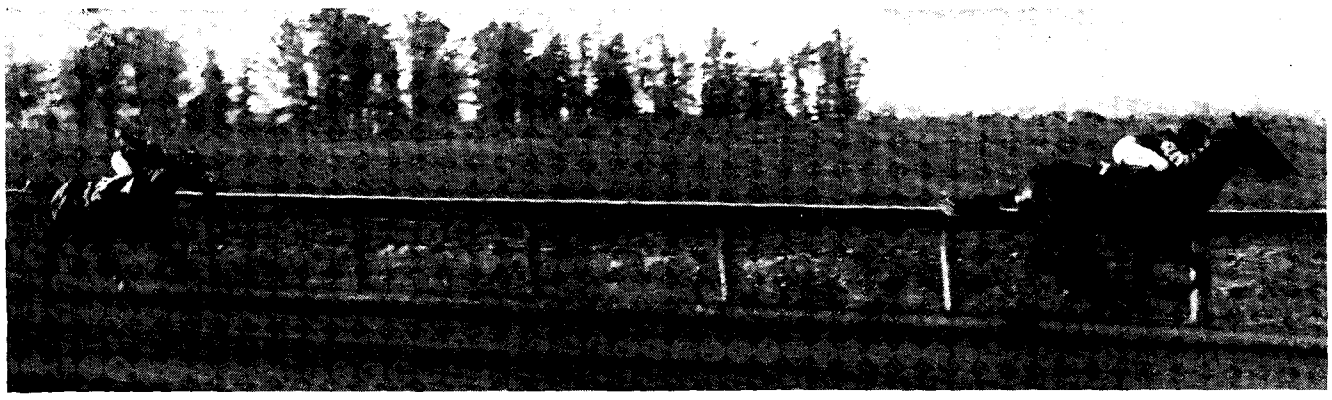
Keystone-Underwood

Loving care and joyous daily gallops with Bobby Harbut are the reward of Man o' War, now 17 years old

The Old Gentleman

By Quentin Reynolds



Wide World

The match race with Sir Barton, 1919 Derby winner, was just another horse race for Big Red

We've seen a great horse in our time—Man o' War, the champion. He's great even now, quietly living the life of a Kentucky gentleman. Retired? Well, not completely. Last year he entertained thirty thousand visitors

BIG RED was munching grass in a Kentucky pasture, but when Bobby Harbut said softly, "How yo' feel today, sugah?" Big Red looked up. The Kentucky sun touched him and it burnished the chestnut of his coat until it shone softly golden. The long line of his neck was smooth and his legs were slim and to look at him you'd never know that he was just an old gentleman whose active career was now but a glorious memory.

"Stand up straight, Red." The Negro boy's voice was soft. "Show off fo' the gentleman."

Big Red seemed to take a deep breath. Now he stood up straight, with his head held high. There he stood, calm, majestic, every inch a champion—and how he knew it! Horses know things like that. Seventeen years old he was, but this horse is ageless. His hair is a bit longer than it was back in 1920 when he was the wonder horse, but otherwise he is unchanged.

"Jes' lookut that hoss," the Negro kid said, and there was awe in his voice. "Ain't he grand? All hoss, he is."

Bobby Harbut knows a lot about Man o' War. Bobby wakes the old gentleman up every morning at six o'clock and Bobby puts a saddle on him. When Big Red (he's never been anything else to those who know him) was racing he had a habit of trying to run from under the saddle. It was as though he were saying, "I don't need a saddle or a whip or a boy to ride me. Just put me on that track and let me run." Big Red still has that habit.

"It ain't that he's a mean hoss," Bobby said, with a look of concern in his eye lest you misunderstood. "He's jes' naturally spirited. He sees that there saddle, he knows he's gwine t' run and he gets all excited."

Well, Bobby puts that saddle on him and then Bobby leads him out of his barn and across the road to Sam Riddle's private track. Willie Harbut, who is Bobby's father, gives the kid a boost into the saddle and Bobby strokes the softness of Big Red's neck and Bobby whispers in Big Red's ear—just as Loftus and Kummer once did in the days when Man o' War was making the best horses in the country look like a bunch of goats.

Now, the mornings in Kentucky are cool and there is always a breeze that brings the insinuating scent of the blue grass to you and you forget your age—whether you are a horse or a man. Big Red is a race horse again as soon as he steps on that track. Maybe he feels vaguely puzzled because of the absence of crowds and because, except for the impudent chirping of birds, there is silence. But he feels like running in the morning and as you see him lengthening out, sticking his head forward; as you watch his mane streaming in the breeze; as you see little Bobby Harbut pulling him in, holding him down to a steady gallop—why, the clock turns back and you're seeing Big Red as a two-year-old again.

Horses Are Honest

Man o' War was a great-looking yearling back in 1918, and nobody thought that Sam Riddle paid too much when he gave August Belmont $5,000 for him at the Saratoga sale that year. Still, that was a high price for a youngster even in those days of ready cash. But Sam Hildreth, probably the greatest of all modern trainers, told Riddle that he liked the looks of this horse. He told Riddle that Man o' War had a full sister Masda whose speed was absolutely incredible.

"I timed Masda," Hildreth said, "and when I looked at my watch I couldn't believe it."

Family may not count for much when it comes to humans but it counts a lot where horses are concerned. Maybe it's because horses have greater hearts than humans have or maybe it's because they have an instinctive pride in their lineage, a pride that makes them do their best all the time. You seldom hear of a horse that doesn't try his best in a race. Jockeys, trainers—they are seldom as honest as the horses they handle, though as a class they are as honest as most humans.

Man o' War is a son of Fair Play and Mahubah, two pretty fair parents for a youngster to have. As a two-year-old, Man o' War started ten times and met defeat but once. We'll talk about that one later. It was as a three-year-old that he really established his greatness, though he had established his class before. Many a horse looks like a world-beater as a two-year-old, only to find the pace too fast as a three-year-old race horse. But not this big chestnut.

He did everything they asked him to do, and they asked a lot of him. Starting with the Preakness, he won eleven straight races and he was challenged only once. That was in the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct, when Harry Payne Whitney's John P. Grier forced Big Red to a driving finish. John P. Grier was trained by the astute Jimmy Rowe and he was ready for Big Red. He ran his race, too, and broke his heart, but he was against something bigger than mere horseflesh.

First in the Hearts of Horsemen

He stayed with Big Red for most of the distance—until Big Red became annoyed. Then he turned it on to finish two lengths in front. Big Red always broke the hearts of those gallant but outclassed opponents. There is no use enumerating the victories won by Man o' War during 1920. He was king of the horse world and that covers it. In all he won purses totaling $249,465, which puts him twelfth on the list of big money winners. But most horsemen put him first in the list of great horses.

Watch him gallop around that track and you can't help but think of those days and you long for a wishing stone that works. Eight miles he goes every morning and his hoofs beat out a thunderous roar on the dirt.

Little Bobby has to keep pulling him in and Bobby whispers, "Easy, Big Red; we're jes' gallopin', we ain't racin'."

When he's finished, Bobby and his father lead him back to his barn and always Big Red looks at Bobby reproachfully as though to say, "Listen, youngster, why don't you let me run? I'm not so old, youngster. I got lots of running left in me."

Now there are those who might say that this is just the querulous whine of an old gentleman who ought to know better, but that isn't true of Big Red. You see, Big Red doesn't know that he's old. He doesn't feel old and then there's the magic of that Kentucky sun and the spell of that blue-grass-perfumed breeze. I'm sure that Big Red wonders sometimes why it is that they don't wake him at dawn, put a blanket on him and ship him off to Saratoga or Pimlico or Belmont Park or even Churchill Downs. Especially Churchill Downs. That Kentucky Derby is one race they never let Man o' War win. They pointed him for the Preakness the year he was a three-year-old and that came a week after the Derby. Paul Jones, son of Sea King and May Florence, won the Derby that year. He won it in 2:09. Big Red could have walked the mile and a quarter in faster time than that. Paul Jones was a fine gelding. But Man o' War was a great horse—not just a fine horse.

(Continued on page 37)

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"O. K.," he said. "I thought I'd go away, but I looked out the window and saw all those cops there"

Another puzzling problem for Detective O'Malley to solve. This time the wily sleuth is delighted to find the—

Best Clue Missing

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

I'M WORKING on that girl found killed in Van Cortlandt Park," O'Malley said. "They just got her identified. A cleaner's bill was in her handbag. Jennie Lann her name was and she worked for a lawyer. This kind of case too many cops are working on, so even if you find out something, nobody knows you done it. I guess I ain't in danger of finding out nothing, though."

"Have they got any line on who killed her?" I inquired.

"She went with a guy and, the story is, with no one else. Her aunt that she lived with says she had a date with him last night. He's got scratches on his face and he ain't got any alibi. He says he went to a picture show alone and didn't meet anyone he knew. They pinched him. Jim Hanlin his name is and he works on a delivery wagon."

We were at headquarters, and O'Malley was right about there being a lot of cops. Bronx detectives were there, and Manhattan cops, and men from two attorneys' offices; and they had the young man and the girl's aunt, who had identified her.

We looked at the handbag. The things in it were only what a girl would usually carry. Then we talked with the young man. He was handsome, but rough and sullen and unwilling to answer questions.

"What did you kill the kid for, Jim?" O'Malley asked.

"I didn't kill nobody."

"You went with her, though."

"Yeah, sometimes. The only reason was we knew each other from when we were in school on the West Side. I ain't seen her in two weeks."

"Then how'd you get them scratches?"

"I had an argument with a guy and he scraped me up. I don't know who he was."

It seemed plain to me he was lying.

"He did it, O'Malley," I declared.

"Yeah, maybe."

We talked with the aunt. She was a little woman, gray-haired and nervous and very much upset.

"You think Jim killed her, Miss Lann?" O'Malley asked.

"It's terrible but I believe he must have. She didn't go with anybody else. I know that because I always knew where she was. If she was going to be out late she called me up and told me where she was going. I don't know why he killed her, but I know he was in love with her and she wasn't with him."

"We'll go see the girl," O'Malley told me.

We went and looked at her. She had been choked. She was young and had been pretty and probably vivacious and rather pert. Her clothes were stylish but inexpensive—the sort an attractive girl buys who hasn't got much money.

"THIS thing is plain enough, O'Malley," I said impatiently. "The boy had been standing still in life and the girl had been going up, although they had started out in school together. He worked on a truck, but she had been meeting the kind of people that came to the lawyer's office. Naturally she didn't want to marry him. They quarreled and he killed her because he wasn't willing anyone else should have her."

"I guess probably you're right—Where's this dame's shoes?" he asked the attendant.

"She didn't have any."

"She didn't go walking in the park without no shoes."

"Who told you she was walking?"

"Let's see if she was," O'Malley decided.

We drove to Van Cortlandt Park. Parked cars and curiously staring people marked the spot for us where she had been found. It was a rocky hillside.

"You think he carried her up here?" O'Malley asked.

I didn't know. The parked cars looked a long way off.

"If he didn't carry her, she walked," he stated. "So how about them shoes?"

We looked everywhere to see if we could find the shoes but we didn't find them.

"A dozen things could have happened to her shoes," I said with irritation. "If she was killed somewhere else, her shoes may have fallen off while she was being brought here. The struggle between them may have started somewhere near by and her shoes may have come off then. If the fight was here and her shoes came off during it, somebody may have carried them away."

"Sure," he said. "It just seems funny. The truck this guy Hanlin works on belongs to a shoe factory."

"What more do you want than that?" I asked.

"Yeah? Just how?"

"I don't know how. I don't think there's any meaning at all to not finding her shoes; but if there is any meaning, the fact that Hanlin trucks for a shoe company ought to have significance."

He seemed perplexed. "I'd like to know about them shoes. We'll see the shoe people."

The factory was on Long Island, so we took the ferry. It was a big, rambling place and employed a lot of people. It made only a high grade of

(Continued on page 36)

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The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

The Story Thus Far:

ALAN STERLING'S fiancée, Fleurette Petrie, having been kidnapped by the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's most brilliant detective, Sterling, and various Scotland Yard operatives—Inspector Gallaho, Sergeant Murphy, Trench, Forester and others—go into action.

Amazing adventures follow, in the course of which Sterling, Sir Denis and Murphy fall into the hands of their enemy, and Fleurette makes her escape. Little do any of them guess all the facts in the case:

Deep in the bowels of the earth (far below the level of the Thames) under Sam Pak's, a Limehouse resort of evil reputation, is a weird furnace, to which a long-forgotten tunnel leads. There Fu Manchu is performing some fantastic experiments, *the fires for which must be fed with human flesh!* The Doctor's fascinating daughter—Fah Lo Suee—has fallen madly in love with Sir Denis; and the Doctor knows it. Also, he has learned that one of his henchmen, one Ali Oke, has been guilty of aiding Sterling in an attempt to escape. Furious, determined to rid himself, once and for all, of those who oppose him, he orders that his captives be trussed and carried to the furnace. While Scotland Yard men strive *frantically to save the trio by forcing their* way through an iron door in the tunnel, the order is obeyed.

Before the furnace door, while a roaring fire casts weird shadows over the extraordinary scene, the doomed men exchange a few hurried words. Then Fu Manchu appears, suavely announces his purpose, and —"Ali Oke shall be first."

Ali Oke is seized by one of the monster's killers, jerked to his feet. A huge Burman, a sword in his hand, strides forward, lops off his head. The body is hurled into the furnace. "I play no favorites," says the Doctor. "Fah Lo Suee, are you ready?" The woman steps forward. Her father hands her a glass of poison. She drains it, falls dead. And into the flames goes her body. Again Fu Manchu speaks. "Sir Denis Nayland Smith shall be next." Followed by the executioner, Sir Denis steps forward, confronts his old enemy. "Sir Denis"—the doctor's tones are silken—"you are an honorable man. I respect you. You may have your choice—the sword or poison?"

"I care for neither," is the unexpected reply. Fu Manchu frowns. "Then," he raps out, "you reduce me to my third alternative —*the fire!*"

Instantly, the Burman leaps forward.

IX

NOW events began to move rapidly to that astounding conclusion which, although it was the result of men's combined efforts, seemed to Sergeant Murphy, a devout Roman Catholic who had begun to pray fervently, to be an intervention by a Higher Power.

Sir Denis Nayland Smith, in the course of his long career as a police officer, had studied assiduously, whenever opportunity offered, those branches of practical criminology with which his work had brought him in contact, East and West. He was something of a physician, understanding poisons and antidotes. Lock combinations had no mysteries for him, and there were few locks he could not force if called upon to do so. Knot-tying in all its intricacies, as practiced by the late Harry Houdini, he had studied in Rangoon, his professor being a Chinese malefactor who was a master of the art.

When the apelike Burman had come to tie him up, Smith had recognized at a glance that physical resistance was out of the question. It would have called for three powerful men, and trained wrestlers at that, to deal with the Burman. His peculiar development warned Smith that the man was an expert in the art of jiujitsu, which, together with his herculean strength, set him in a class apart.

Fah Lo Suee had gone when the tying took place.

Nayland Smith had submitted, feigning weakness. When he saw the narrow twine that was to be used, he had anticipated what was coming, and permitting the man to wrench his arms behind his back, he had put into practice a trick whereby many illusionists have mystified their audiences; Chinese in origin, but long well-known to professional magicians of the West.

The man had tied his thumbs as well as his wrists.

By means of maintaining a certain muscular stress during this painful operation, the result, satisfactory to Dr. Fu Manchu's private executioner, was also acceptable to Nayland Smith.

The latter knew that he could withdraw his hands at any moment convenient to him!

THE lashing of his ankles had been a different matter. Here, he knew himself to be helpless and recognized expert handiwork.

He had preceded Alan Sterling down the stairs of the shaft, slung sackwise across one incredible shoulder of the Burmese killer. . . .

Now, as he stood, his arms apparently tied behind him but his ankles unlashed, staring up to where Dr. Fu Manchu sat veiled in darkness, he was actually a free man. He held the twine which had confined his wrists tightly clenched in his left hand.

He was calculating his chances—tensing himself for what he must do.

With the exception of his automatic, his personal possessions had not been disturbed; these included a pocket knife. He had opened its most serviceable blade, and held it now concealed in his right hand. He knew but one mode of attack calculated to give him the slightest chance against his scarcely human enemy.

If it failed, his fate could be no worse.

It was not a type of combat which he favored; but having watched this man performing his ghastly work, he found that his scruples had fled.

As the harsh command was spoken and the monstrous Burman stepped forward, Nayland Smith sprang away, turned—and kicked with all the speed and accuracy of his Rugby forward days! *He put every ounce of power in* his long, lean body into that murderous kick. . . .

The man uttered a roar not unlike the booming of a wounded gorilla—a creature he closely resembled—doubled up, staggered . . . and fell.

A SHRILL order, maniacal in its ferocity, came out of the darkness above. It was Dr. Fu Manchu speaking in Chinese. The order was:

"Shoot him! Shoot him!"

Smith ducked and darted out of the radius of light into the surrounding shadow where Sterling and Murphy lay. He almost fell over Sterling.

"Quick, quick," he panted—"your wrists!"

"I'm half-dead; don't count on me. Untie Murphy."

But Smith cut the twine from Sterling's wrists and ankles.

"Stay where you are until I give the word."

He bent over Sergeant Murphy.

"Ankles first . . . now wrists."

"Thank God!" cried the detective. "At least we'll die fighting!"

There was a flash in the darkness and a bullet spat on the floor close beside the speaker.

"Can you walk, Sterling?"

"Yes."

A second shot, and a second bullet *whistled by Nayland Smith's ear.* The voice of Dr. Fu Manchu, high-pitched and dreadful, came again, still speaking in Chinese.

"The lights, the lights!" he screamed.

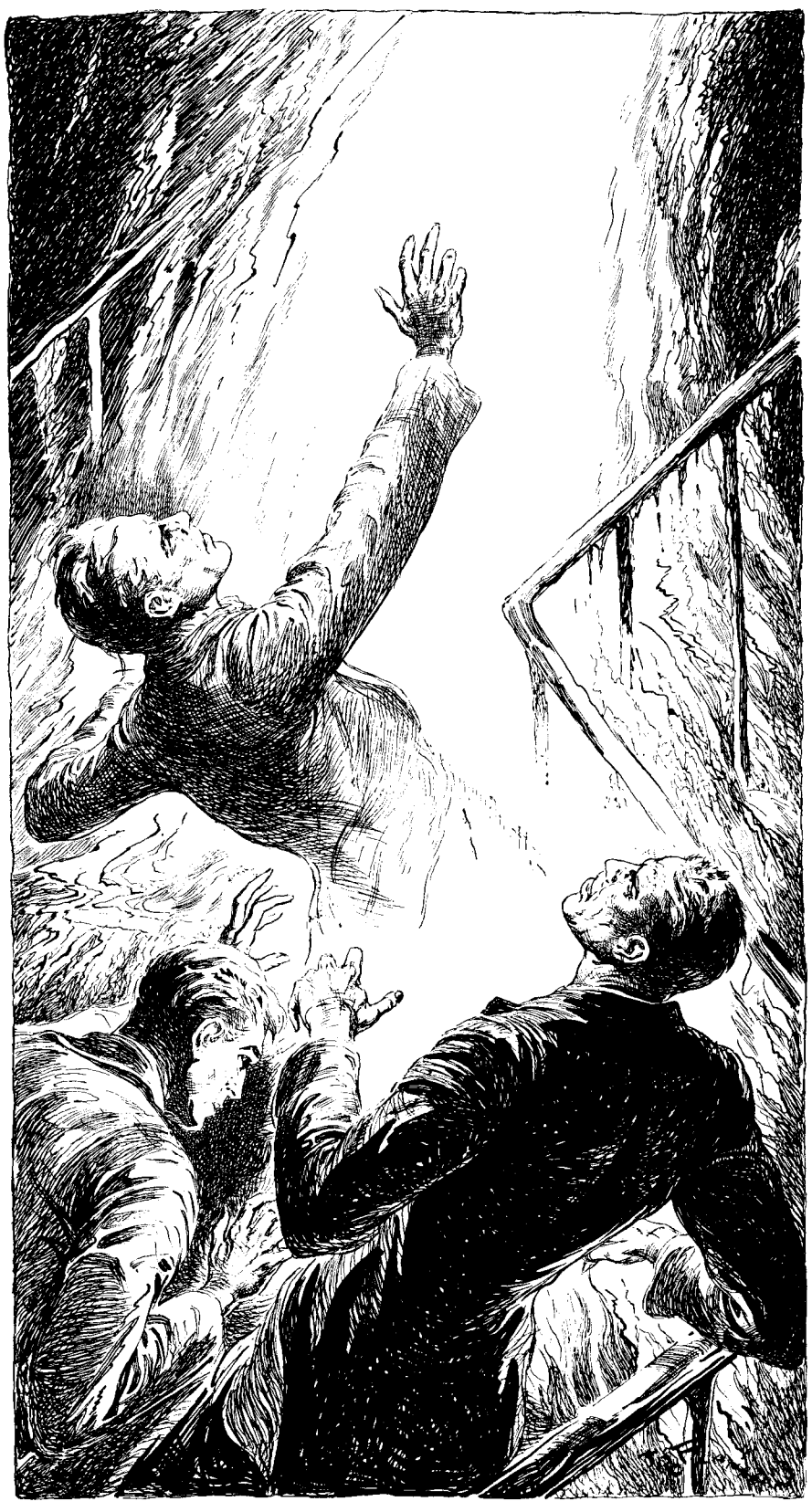
Detective Sergeant Murphy, not too sure of cramped muscles, nevertheless set out through the darkness in the direction from which those stabs of flame had come.

Light suddenly illuminated the pit. . . .

Dr. Fu Manchu stood upon the stairs, his clenched fists raised above his head, his face that of one possessed by devils. A wave of madness, blood lust, the ecstasy of sweeping his enemies from his path, ruled him. That great brain rocked upon its aged throne.

Murphy saw a Chinaman stripped to the waist not two paces from him. The man held an automatic: the sudden light had dazed him. Murphy sprang, struck, and fell on top of the gunman, holding down the hand which held the pistol. A second Asiatic, similarly armed, was running forward from the foot of the stairs. The Burmese strangler writhed on the floor before the furnace.

"Kill them! Kill them!" cried the maniacal voice.



Up they went, and up, until the spray lashed them stingingly

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Nayland Smith raced forward and threw himself down beside the struggling men—just as another shot cracked out.

The bullet grazed Murphy's shoulder. He inhaled sibilantly, but hung on to the Chinaman. Smith wrenched the weapon from the man's grasp. He pulled the trigger as he released it, but the bullet went wide—registering with a dull thud upon some iron girder far up the shaft.

The second Chinaman dropped to his knee, took careful aim and fired again. But he pulled the trigger a fraction too late.

Nayland Smith had shot him squarely between the eyes.

Dr. Fu Manchu's mania dropped from him like a scarlet cloak discarded. His face became again that composed, satanic mask which concealed alike his genius and his cruelty. He descended three steps.

The place was plunged in darkness.

Fiery gleams from chinks in the furnace door pierced the gloom; one like an amber spear struck upon the contorted face of the Burman, lying now apparently unconscious where he had fallen.

Then came the catastrophe.

A booming explosion shook the place, echoing awesomely from wall to wall of the pit.

"My God!" cried Murphy, grasping his wounded shoulder, "what's that?"

The words were no sooner uttered than, heralded by a terrifying roar, a cataract of water came crashing down the shaft.

"The river's broken through!" cried Sterling.

Above the crash and roar of falling water:

"Head for the stairs," shouted Nayland Smith—"all head for the stairs!"

Dr. Fu Manchu stood upon the stairs, his face that of one possessed by devils

THE Commissioner of Metropolitan Police stood up as Dr. Petrie was shown into his room at New Scotland Yard.

The Commissioner was a very big man with an amiable and slightly bewildered manner. His room was a miracle of neatness, its hundred and one official appointments each in its correct place. A bowl of violets on his large desk struck an unexpected note, but even the violets were neatly arranged. The Commissioner, during a distinguished Army career, had displayed symptoms of something approaching genius as an organizer and administrator. If he lacked anything which the Chief of the Metropolitan Police should possess, it was imagination.

"I am glad to meet you, Dr. Petrie," he said, extending a very large hand. "I know and admire your work and I understand why you asked to see me tonight."

"Thank you," said Petrie. "It was good of you to spare me the time. May I ask for the latest news?"

He dropped into an armchair which the Commissioner indicated, and stared at the latter curiously. He knew that the Commissioner's words had not been prompted by courtesy. In matters of exact information, the man's brain had the absorbing power of a sponge—and he had the memory of an elephant.

"I was about to call for the last report, Dr. Petrie. Normally, I am not here at this hour. It is the Fu Manchu case which has detained me. Excuse me a moment—I thoroughly understand your anxiety."

He took up one of the several telephones upon the large desk, and:

"Faversham," he said, "bring the latest details of the Fu Manchu case to my room."

He replaced the receiver and turned to Dr. Petrie.

"I am naturally in a state of intense anxiety about my daughter," said Petrie. "But first, tell me—where is Nayland Smith?"

The Commissioner pulled at his mustache and stared down at the blotting-pad before him; then:

"The last report I had left some little doubt upon that point," he replied finally, fixing penetrating blue eyes upon the visitor. "As to your daughter, Dr. Petrie, in the opinion of Sir Denis she is somewhere in London." He paused, picking a drooping violet from the bowl between a large finger and thumb, snipping off a piece of the stem and replacing it carefully in water. "The theory of the means by which she was brought here is one I do not share—it is too utterly fantastic—; but Sir Denis' record shows that in the past"—he frowned in a puzzled way—"he has accomplished much. At the moment, as you may know, he is very highly empowered; in fact"—he smiled, and it was a kindly smile, "in a way—in regard to this case, I mean—he is, in a sense, my senior."

The Commissioner's weakness for parentheses was somewhat bewildering, but Petrie, who grasped his meaning, merely nodded.

"I am very anxious about Sir Denis at the moment," the Commissioner added.

There was a rap on the door, and in response to a gruff "Come in," a youngish man entered, immaculately turned out in morning dress; a somewhat unexpected apparition so long after midnight. He carried a cardboard folder under his arm.

"This is Wing Commander Faversham," the Commissioner explained, staring vaguely at the newcomer as though he had only just recognized him. "Dr. Petrie's name will be familiar to you, Faversham. This is Dr. Petrie."

Faversham bowed formally and laid the folder open upon the table. Although the Commissioner's manner seemed to invite familiarity, it was a curious fact that none of his subordinates ever accepted that illusive lead.

"Ah!" said the Commissioner, and adjusting spectacles, bent and read.

"This brings us up to date, Dr. Petrie," he said, in a few moments, looking up and removing his glasses. "Sir Denis and Detective Sergeant Murphy—attached to the Criminal Investigation Department—visited a restaurant in Limehouse tonight, posing as sailormen. Sir Denis"—he added, in parenthesis—"has a gift for make-up. For my own part I don't believe in disguise at any time or in any circumstances. However—Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho, one of the best men we have here—you agree with me, Faversham?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho was in charge of raiding operations, assisted by—" there was a momentary pause, but the wonderful memory functioned—"Inspector Forester of the River Police branch."

"So I understand," said Petrie eagerly, "but what happened?"

"THE agreed signal was given," said the Commissioner, slowly, "and the party entered the premises. But the suspects had slipped into some underground retreat, and I regret to say—for no such report has ever reached me—that an iron door was encountered."

"An iron door?"

"I was notified by Detective Sergeant Trench, at"—he readjusted his glasses and turned over a page in the folder—"11:49 P. M. (Detective Sergeant Trench," he added, laying his glasses upon the blotting-pad, "is attached to the Flying Squad) that Gallaho was proceeding to the Kinloch Works in Silvertown in order to secure expert advice upon the forcing by explosives of this iron door, or of the wall adjoining it."

"You will notice, sir," said Faversham, coughing respectfully, "that a party with chemical equipment, according to your instructions, left at 12:15."

The Commissioner nodded.

"I have noted this," he replied. "The latest news, then, Dr. Petrie"—he fixed his rather tired-looking blue eyes upon the latter—"is this: Sir Denis Nayland Smith, presumably accompanied by Detective Sergeant Murphy, is, we must assume, a prisoner in the cellars of this place; and according to a report received not more than ten minutes ago, from Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho, experts from the explosive works were about to blast a way through the concrete wall adjoining the iron door. The party to which Wing Commander Faversham refers had not then arrived."

He paused, folded up his spectacles and placed them in a green leather case.

"I am strongly disposed," he said slowly, "since this is a case of major importance, to proceed to Limehouse myself, unless definite news is received within the next five minutes. Should you care to accompany me, Dr. Petrie?"

FEY stared reflectively down from the bay window to where, beyond the misty Embankment, the Thames flowed. A small steamer was passing, and Fey found himself calculating how long a time must elapse before that steamer would be traversing Limehouse Reach.

Tonight, he was assured, his monotonous duty was also a useless duty. These yellow devils knew that Sir Denis was in Limehouse, but stoically Fey continued to smoke the large brier, and to walk up and down in accordance with orders. Dr. Petrie had set out for Scotland Yard not long before. It was trying, even to so patient a man, to stand so near the arena and yet be unable to see what was going on.

(Continued on page 42)

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For a Sailor

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Edward L. McKenna

and

Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREEN

A LARGE manila envelope bearing the stamps of the Colonies, and addressed in a sprawling, heavy hand to MM. Louis Tocque and Guillaume Bastable, Advocates, 41 Rue Scribe, Paris. Within, another thick envelope, somewhat smaller and tightly sealed with scented wax from the Orient. A sheet of the official stationery used by the Service in making official reports. This reads as follows:

From: Captain Emile Boissoneaux, Commander of the torpedo boat Charles Martel stationed at Hanoi, in Tonkin.

To: MM. Tocque and Bastable, attorneys.

Subject: In the event of my death, the enclosed envelope is to be delivered, unopened, into the hands of Captain Henri Deforgues or of Lieutenant Jehan Desprez, both attached to the gunboat service.

And finally, within that sealed envelope, there is this:

Herewith I state the facts concerning what has been called a murder. It occurred at the Café La Poule, in Saigon, Cochin China, on the evening of August 22, 1927. The dead man was a British army officer, a Major Herrington, or Harrington.

For this alleged murder, a woman who calls herself Marie Berthot has been arrested and convicted upon her own confession. She is at present imprisoned in the penal colony for the term of ten to twenty years.

This woman had nothing to do with the death of Major Herrington. She did assist the killer to escape. So did I.

AUGUST 22, 1927, the cruiser La Victoire stood in at Saigon. My ship was in dry dock there, for repairs. My quartermaster signaled La Victoire and I exchanged a message with Captain Bonfils, whom I had known for years. At five o'clock he came up my gangplank, and we went ashore together.

You know the Café La Poule, in Saigon. It has not the most savory reputation, but the food is good, and it is close to the water front.

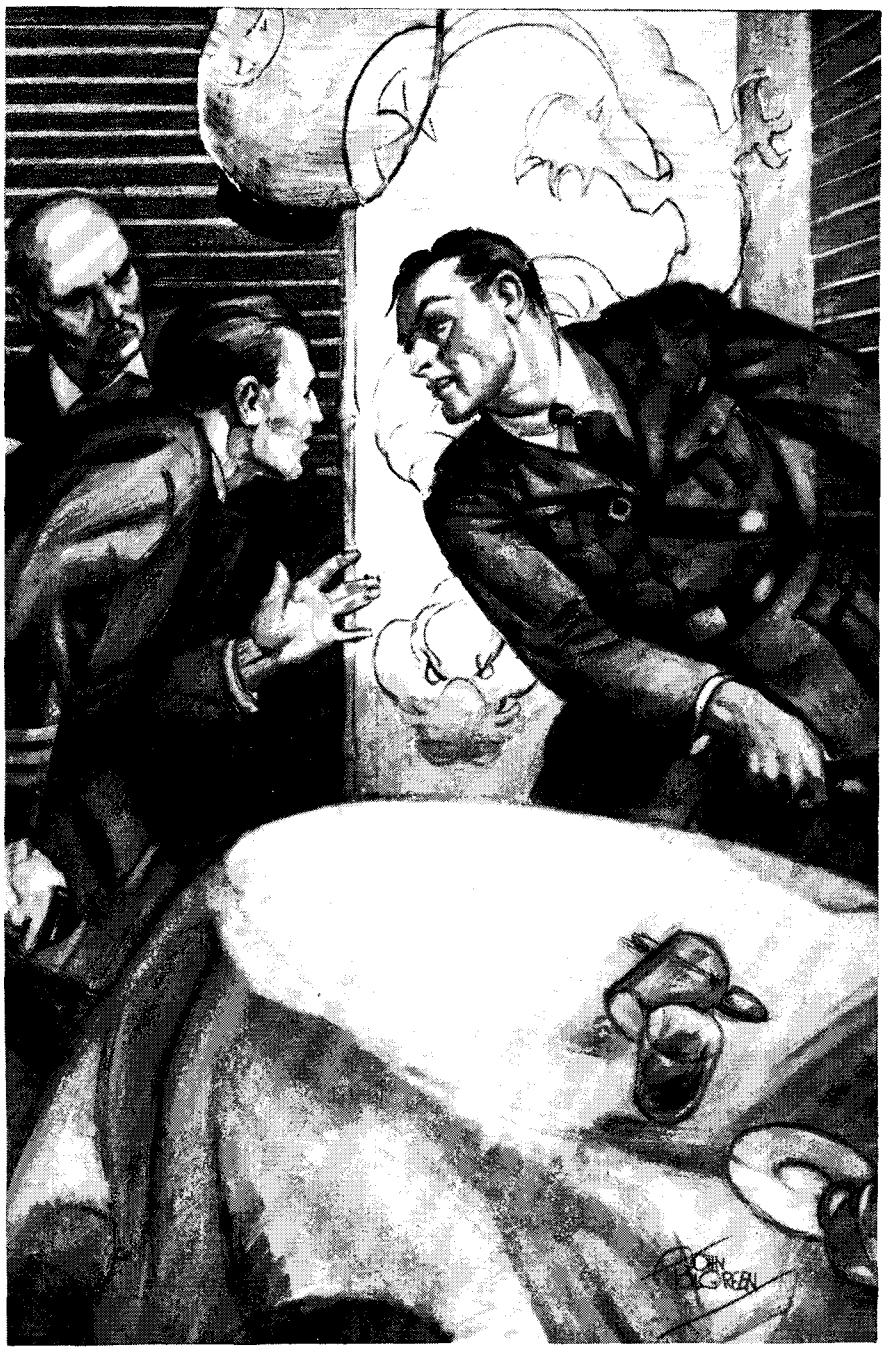
It is Captain Bonfils' custom to drink somewhat heavily when he is not on duty. Consequently, to insure ourselves privacy, we took a dining-room upstairs. Such rooms, as you know, are little more than booths; the partitions and the back wall are bamboo screens.

We ordered dinner, but first we drank a bottle of cognac. As we were sitting there, this woman, Marie Berthot, pushed aside the screen at the back, and was about to enter. She was carrying a mop, a pail, and a broom. Seeing us, she wished to excuse herself, but Captain Bonfils called to her and insisted that she drink with us.

This Marie Berthot is a toothless crone who might be any age past fifty. She was embarrassed and abashed, and stood there, awkward before us. But Captain Bonfils, a little flushed already with liquor and with the joy of being ashore again, treated her with exaggerated courtesy and consideration. She would not sit down with us, but had her drink and gave us a bow such as one sees in the country at home, and presently we could hear her mop and broom in the corridors behind us.

I had a bottle of rice wine with my dinner. Captain Bonfils drank almost the whole of another bottle of cognac.

As we were finishing our coffee, in came this Major Herrington, unbidden. He asked if he might join us. I said nothing, but Captain Bonfils nodded.



He reached for the bottle and Captain Bonfils drew his automatic

He wanted to buy us a drink. "There is no need," said Captain Bonfils. "Here, we have three glasses." He poured a drink for him, into the glass from which the servant, Marie Berthot, had just been drinking.

I knew that my friend was getting into an ugly mood, and the British officer's case was but little better.

What gibe, what insult, precipitated it, I cannot say. But the British officer burst into his own tongue and reached for the bottle of brandy, and Captain Bonfils drew his automatic and leaned forward; and there was the blow, and the flash, and there they were, the two of them: my friend across the table, blood pouring from his scalp, and this Major Herrington limp and sprawling in his chair, and a bullet in his heart.

One acts quickly in these affairs or not at all. I went for the door and bolted it, and turned to the bamboo screen.

In came this woman, Marie Berthot.

"Which way?" I said.

"Through here. Through here," she said, and pointed.

I got Captain Bonfils' gun. I picked him up and got him over my shoulder, and made my way along the corridor. Somewhere behind me I heard two shots. But I was too busy to bother about that. I found the back stairs and got into the kitchens, and made them open the door. They are used to small troubles at La Poule.

I picked up a cab, with the help of Bonfils' gun. It brought me to a place inland where I am known. There his wound was dressed, and presently he began to come to himself.

He did not know anything at all about what had happened. I am convinced that he still does not know. I told him that there had been a row, and that he had dropped his gun and it had gone off. I got him back to his ship and returned to my own. The following day La Victoire cleared the harbor.

On that day I learned what the two shots I had heard were. The old woman, Marie Berthot, had shot the British officer twice with his own revolver. They found her standing over him and cursing when they broke in. As to her motive, she told one fantastic story after the other.

I WENT to see her at the jail. I was not eager to go, but there are things one must do. She blinked at me, and her gums parted in a smile.

She peered around, to see that no one was near. "How is your friend, the good-looking one?" she said.

"He's on the high sea, Mother," I said.

"Good! Good! When I was young I always had a sailor for a sweetheart," she said.

When she was young—how long ago that must have been!

"You—this—this shooting . . ." I said.

She looked at me. "They'll put me in a jail," she said. "What can they do to me in a jail? They'll make me scrub and clean. Well. That's what I do now. Listen, my captain. Marie Berthot, they call me. But that's not my name. A Marseilles girl, I was. And I always, always loved the sailors."

"What is your name?" I said.

But she only looked at me and grinned again, and laid her chapped fingers against her lips.

SO THERE you are. I know Captain Jules Bonfils. I know that he would never let this poor old hag languish in a jail for him.

But my friend Captain Bonfils, in spite of his faults, is a brave and capable officer. He is serving our country well and faithfully, and he will be a hard man to replace.

I say "will be." A French torpedo-boat man does not live forever. We are not sailors: we are marines. We make our way up the bayous and through the swamps; we die of fever, of poisoned water, of enervating heat, and of lonesomeness. At fifty, one is old, out here. I am fifty-two. Bonfils is thirty-seven.

Should he die soon, I shall know what to do. Should I die before him, I leave this report to you, Captain Deforgues, or to you, Lieutenant Desprez, and you in turn will leave it to another, or destroy it as you see fit.

For I think you will decide, as I have done, that you cannot tell Captain Bonfils about all this. As for that woman who calls herself Marie Berthot, who are we to take from her her right to throw away her life for the sake of another? In her old days she has found grace and a gallant gesture. I hope, indeed, that she is from Marseilles, as she says. I am from Marseilles, too.

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They arrested her at two A. M. and compelled her to dress at the point of four Lugers

Woman of Honor

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

HER diplomat-husband, Eric Cleed, rather too obviously interested in other women, Sandra Cleed leaves him in Paris, returns to her home in New York. Months later, she receives a frantic letter from Eric, imploring her to come to him. She sails without delay. On the boat, however, she meets Philip Harden, an old suitor; and before they part, at Cherbourg, she has listened to his protestations of love, has admitted, rather hesitantly, that she loves him, has always loved him.

But as she gets into the car of her old friend, Lila Sashe, at the dock, it is another experience to which her mind reverts. Eric had boarded the boat at Southampton. He had been accompanied by a woman: the beautiful Sonja Bibescu, a siren with a background of infamous intrigue. Eric had come to her, spoken cryptically of Bibescu, begged her to ignore the incident and join him in Paris.

Her thoughts, as Lila drives her toward Paris, are rudely interrupted. Someone—a motorist wearing goggles—tries to shoot her, misses her by a hair. . . . In Paris, Sandra goes to her husband's apartment. He is, he announces mysteriously, booked for the evening. Sandra goes on a lively party with some old friends: Georgia Crail, Anne Jordan, Charlie Martin and Toby Macintyre. Among the guests are two charming Italians—"Tony" and "Wallio," supposed to be counts—whom Toby has met at a bar. Sandra finds Tony especially delightful. A few hours later, however, she revises her opinion of the gentleman, who, having skillfully inveigled her into going to his apartment, calmly robs her of her rings and pearls!

Leaving the apartment long after midnight, Sandra is certain (Tony has convinced her) that she can do nothing. Eric is a member of the American Embassy. A police investigation would draw the reporters—and the story, in the newspapers, would ruin him. Beside herself with anxiety, she notes Tony's address. Philip, she suddenly realizes, lives near by. In need of friendly counsel, she calls on him. Philip, amazed, greets her. He notes a wound on her finger—a wound received in a scuffle with the charming Tony. He asks what it means. And Sandra tells him the whole story.

When she finally leaves, Philip marches straight to Tony's apartment. He rings, beats on the door. Tony opens the door an inch or two. "What," he growls, "do you want?" For answer, Philip raises his foot quickly—and shoves.

IV

ONE hard shove was enough. The Italian's hand was wrenched from the knob, and he stumbled backward as the door flew open and cracked against the wall.

Philip stepped toward him, two steps. Then he leaped at him, his right arm caught Cottafavia around the neck, snapping his head back. His left heel bit fiercely in the back kick into the Italian's shin. They went down together, rolled half over, and stopped with Cottafavia's left thumb touching the lower edge of his left shoulder blade and moving slowly upward in the hammer lock. He groaned loudly.

"Do you want to tell me where that ring is?"

Cottafavia groaned again. The thumb moved upward a half inch until the tendons crackled at the man's elbow, and the pain brought great cold drops of sweat to his face and neck.

"Where are they?" The thumb moved quickly again. "Your arm will give at the elbow directly, or failing that, the upper bone will break cleanly just below the shoulder socket. You will tell?"

"Yes! Yes!" In a scream—"They are there—in that vase in the corner—Name of God, let go!"

"If I do—and if you have lied—"

"I swear it—in the vase—the blue one—oh, Mother of God!—No—I will tell. They are in the room beyond. There is a box in the top drawer—they are there!"

"That's better."

Philip let go of the man's wrist and stood up, dusting his hands. Cottafavia lay there at his feet for a moment, wiping at his face with trembling fingers. He rolled over and sat up slowly, nursing the strained arm with the good one.

Philip stepped past him and went into the bedroom. He yanked open the top drawer of the chiffonier. In the left-hand corner at the back, under a disordered fabric of cravats and handkerchiefs which his fingers ripped out onto the floor, was a small box of sandalwood and inlaid mother-of-pearl. It was locked. He dropped it and crushed it under his heel. It splintered. In the débris were Sandra's ring and necklace. He picked them up and dropped them into his jacket pocket.

THERE was a sound behind him. Cottafavia stood in the doorway, his feet planted firmly apart and a heavy crooked stick of Malacca wood in his right hand, held waist-high across him. As he darted forward, Philip sidestepped, and while his hand flashed up to parry the blow of the stick, he knew in that moment that he shouldn't have done it, but the movement was too quick. His fingers closed on the shaft of the stick, and the sheathing slid off in his hand. He faced thirty-six inches of gleaming Toledo steel. He beat at it once with the hollow shaft of the sword cane, got his back to the doorway and tried to get out; but the neckties he had pulled from the drawer were snagged about his left ankle. He caromed off the door frame into the living-room, the Italian after him.

HE LASHED the right side of Cottafavia's head in a saber stroke and splintered the hollow wood scabbard. The wood was too light to stun the man. They scrambled wildly across the room to the hallway door, the light of madness in Cottafavia's eyes. Twice more he lunged, and twice Philip parried with the shattered wooden scabbard. Then, like a scream in the night, there was a white-hot pain below his belt—a pain that bit into his soul with a long piercing shriek and was miraculously gone—at once. He stepped back against the outer doors, and the splintered shaft of the cane dropped from his fingers. Cottafavia was standing back from him, breathing heavily, the crooked handle of the blade held out from his body—a red patina gleaming on the smooth surface of the steel.

"No one lays his hands on me!" His voice was low like the voice of a mad fanatic chanting a pagan ritual. "No one lays his hands on me! No one lays his hands on me!" Over and over again, between gasps for breath.

It is amazing, Philip thought; a man run through the abdomen falls to the

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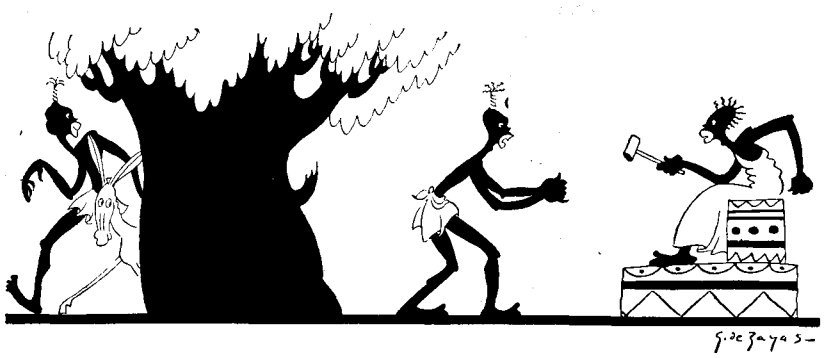


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

One of the tribes in the Sudan, Africa, has a logical system of adult education. Each village has a duly appointed Master of the Fools, whose duty is to fine persons for doing stupid things. One recent case was that of a trusting soul who hired a known thief as his donkey-boy. The next morning the boy and the donkey were missing. So the trusting soul was heavily fined.—*By W. D. Allen, New York City.*

The devotion of Ireland to the cause of Christianity has been greater than that of almost any other country. In the sixth century, when Latinized lands seemed to be sinking back into pagan barbarism, Ireland sent missionaries to England, Scotland, Wales, France, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and even Italy.—*By W. R. Blance, Chicago, Illinois.*

Military forces sometimes face armaments which their own country has previously sold to the enemy. During the war, 120 millions of German patent fuses for hand grenades were used by the Allies, the British fleet used German gunsights and Germany bought British copper through Sweden. In 1913, a company in France and a British firm in Constantinople supplied Turkey with the bullets which later mowed down the British and Australian troops in the Dardanelles.

This country today owes its schoolteachers more than $125,000,000—at least $55,000,000 in unpaid salaries and more than $70,000,000 on outstanding salary warrants. About 200,000 are unemployed, and 85,000 of those who are working are receiving under $450 a year, less than $9 a week. Eighteen states are paying them in scrip or warrants, some of which have no cash value at the present time.

Elephants are delicate creatures despite their great strength and tough hides. Those working in the teak lumber camps of Siam not only have to rest two days out of three and be given a long summer vacation, but they constantly suffer from wounds inflicted by wild turkeys.—*By Frances Ernst, Bellevue, Iowa.*

At intervals during the past 155 years, epidemics of Adam mantelpiece burglaries have occurred in England. Back in 1779, Shakespeare's manuscript of Richard III was stolen and sealed in a mantelpiece which, upon the owner's death, was sent to a close friend whose housekeeper unwittingly sold it for junk. Ever since, thousands—including burglars—have searched for this precious treasure in vain.

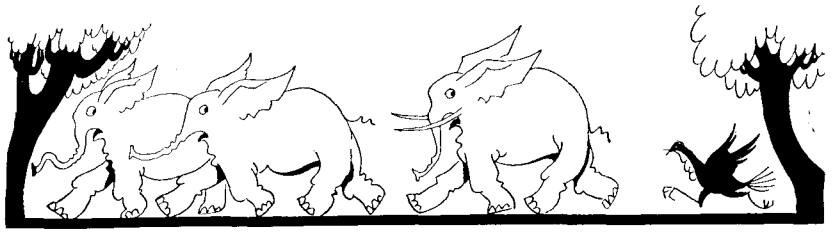
The Caucasus Mountains of Russia contain some of the strangest white people on earth. Many of the women wear tight leather underwear all their lives to maintain slimness; some of the tribes believe it irreligious not to steal regularly; and one group considers love to be so celestial that sweethearts are never married to each other.

Manchuria has suffered more from currency confusion than almost any other country. Up to a few years ago, the paper money and coins that circulated there were issued not only by mints, banks and foreign governments, but also by arsenals, money changers, chambers of commerce, grain mills, distilleries, produce exchanges, retail stores and even private individuals.

Ships, entering for the first time the port of Muscat at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, leave a public "calling card" by having their names painted in large white letters on the sides of the 400-foot perpendicular cliffs that surround the harbor. Today these cliffs, with their hundreds of names, look like gigantic billboards.

Under no condition will a Japanese broadcasting station allow a company to sponsor a program. Making its audience listen to commercial announcements is unthinkable. But it does broadcast daily, for a regular fee, the delightful details of "classified" advertisements in which, for example, a bookkeeper is looking for a job or a lady is seeking a cook.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



ground. He must. It is a law of nature. You fall to the ground at once. But I haven't, so I can't be run through. Of course I'm not—I've just been pricked with the point. His hands felt strangely cool and damp, and a drop of sweat trickled from the tip of his nose to his jacket front.

In front of him, the Italian stood—white-faced and breathing through his teeth, the sword cane still gripped tightly in his hand, one foot forward, his body crouched slightly as if he would spring headlong.

Suddenly, with the first shock of the pain gone from him, anger flooded back through Philip's screaming nerves. A blind, rugged anger that knows no reason and no control—the quick murderous anger of the recruit under helpless restraint. The place smelled suddenly of Rouen and recruit barracks and the Adjutant Odilon Fouchard. There was a thing you did in street fights—a thing you did to get clear of a mess and back to barracks.

The Italian's unshaven chin was not four feet from him. The toe of Philip's right shoe caught it squarely underneath and not quite an inch behind the point—caught it on the end of a quick flashing arc as his leg snapped up in one full sweep that was so fast that Cottafavia's light went out before the seeing of it had been telegraphed from his retina to his brain. There was a sharp, clear crack and the Italian straightened and went down backward across the two arms of a wing-back chair, with the top of his head hanging about a foot from the floor and wobbling loosely on his broken neck with enough dead force to send a tremor shivering across the unhinged slackness of his legs.

PHILIP stared at him and leaned heavily against the frame of the open doorway. There was a dullness inside of him and he was not interested that Cottafavia was dead. It was quite natural that he should be dead. Things of this kind worked out that way and that was that. A man came at you and ran you through and you kicked his head off his shoulders. If you had eaten, you were sick. If not— If I can walk— I'm sure it's just a scratch. He stood away from the door. He turned carefully and closed it behind him. He was in the hallway. There. He stood quite still for a moment, his feet had gone very far away on the ends of his suddenly lengthened legs. The cool feel of the iron railing brought them back with a rush. Very carefully he felt his way down the stairs.

Philip thought: "This is quite amusing in many ways. Presently the police will come and they will find the man has ceased to be alive. They will question the porter, who will say, 'Yes, one came and inquired and mounted to the second stage—but that is all I know. No, it would be impossible to say what he was like, for look you, I cannot see well enough. Since fifteen years I have been unable to see well enough to tell my hand before my face!' "

Philip stood at the bottom of the stairs holding onto the iron railing with hands that slipped with sweat. After a moment the white-curtained cubby in the courtyard moved slowly across the stone flagging toward him. It came abreast and passed behind him. Very carefully now—you must pass through the exact center of the arch and down the steps. You mustn't slip. If this emptiness is to go on—you must have a doctor. There are mercurochrome and iodine on the shelf in the bathroom and adhesive tape—good American adhesive tape—and none of these steel clips the French use for sewing up wounds. Good American catgut. Excellent—the porter isn't here. And it won't do to have some silly, pompous French doctor.

There was a curb to cross. This was rather amusing. A game. Only a tiny corner of his mind could play it because that was all that was alive. With that tiny corner he had to think of his feet and move them one, two—one, two. He had to think of his right hand and keep it pressed tightly against his belt. He had to think of his back and keep it straight because he was on the street, and people might see him and cause a scene if he didn't watch out.

"Hello—" an *agent de police* on the corner above. Walk straighter, my son, or the damn' fool will want to help you. That won't do.

The door to his house was open, and Georges, in a yellow and white cross-striped vest, was polishing the brass of the threshold.

"*Bon jour, M'sieur Harden—Espèce d'un morceau—*" He caught Philip as he stumbled across the top step.

"Just a minute—chair, Georges."

"At once—but—look, you—you are hurt!"

"That's all right—inside now—careful."

"*Nom d'un* —" Georges lifted him and carried him in to the divan. He dashed quickly to the buffet and back with the brandy decanter.

"There—" he poured a peg and held it out. Philip looked at it stupidly for a moment and raised an unsteady hand for it.

"Better," he said. "Much better."

"But what is that which has happened?"

"Nothing, Georges, nothing. Bring me the bottle and call me a taxicab."

"By telephone?"

There was a dark, wet stain coming through his left trouser leg just under the edge of the coat. He stared at it and moved so the coat would cover it. He leaned forward suddenly over Georges' arm and gagged. Georges held him with one spatulate hand on his chest and the other on the back of his neck.

"But, M'sieur—some black coffee!"

"My God," Philip laughed, "he thinks I'm drunk! Well, I am drunk." He looked up at Georges. "I am drunk. Get me a cab—by telephone or any other way. Get me a cab!"

"If M'sieur insists—"

"M'sieur does, blast your stupidity, am I plain? How the devil do Frenchmen run submarines, Georges—tell me that—it's suddenly very important. I'm afraid I'll have to know right away. 'Prepare for a crash dive—dive! Crack "A" vent. "A" vent cracked, Sir. Secure "A" vent. "A" vent secure, Sir. Crack "B" vent'—all that in thirty seconds. How the devil can it be done in French?"

"But, M'sieur?"

"I've always wanted to know—this just seems an excellent opportunity to bring the subject up—more brandy."

GEORGES stared wildly from the telephone to the front windows, then he dashed out into the hallway and through to the street. His footfalls rang loudly in the still morning air and his voice echoed—calling—and again there was the sound of a motor but it was all very far away.

There was a damp coldness on Philip—a chill that his body drew slowly away from, shrinking in upon itself until his only life was a spot within his chest, and that small corner of his mind that had carried him from Number 22 to his own house. Fear came with it in a quick wave that flooded him. But the life in him was such a small thing that the fear was gone from him almost as soon as it came upon him. "I will die. The fact that I do not want to die has nothing whatever to do with it. I will die." He lay quite still with the thought. "There was so much that I was to do—but that doesn't matter either. This is

(Continued on page 45)

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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but interested her very practically in conchology—she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country, spending a great deal of time in the West. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

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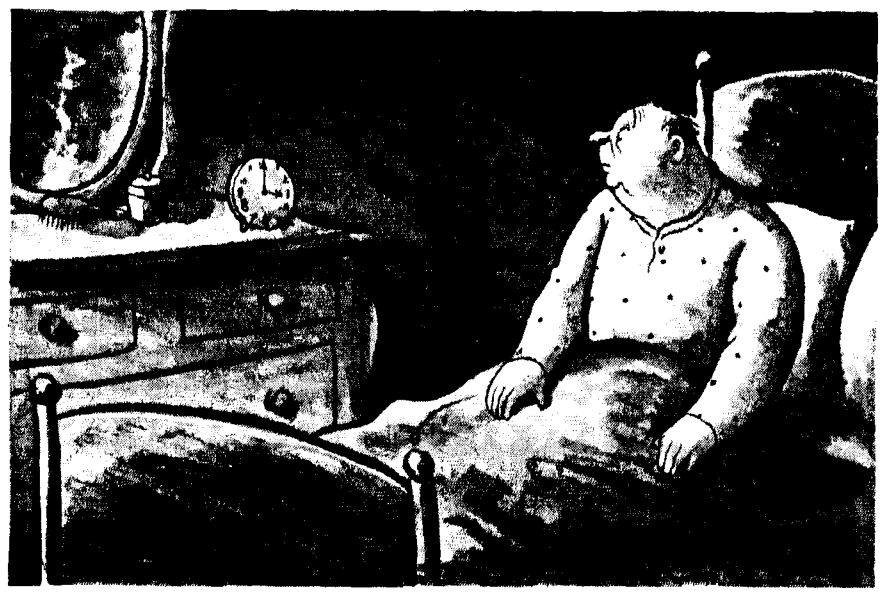
Stop Counting Sheep

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.

When you want to fall asleep, don't try—the effort will keep you awake. That's just one way of applying common sense to our favorite ailment, insomnia. Here are a few others



The occasional bad night is not of any great significance

The depth of unconsciousness is greatest about an hour after sleep begins

Illustrated by William Steig

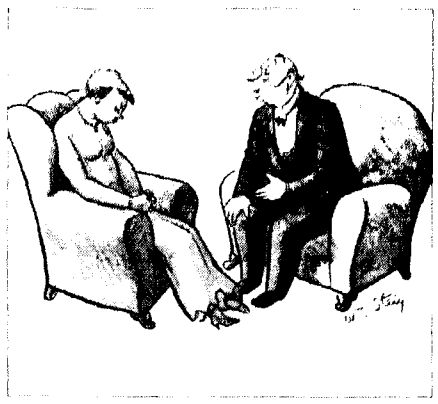
More lies are told about insomnia than about any other human complaint

INSOMNIA," said Dr. Charles L. Dana, some years ago, "is the disorder which most annoys humanity, and it comes next to food and raiment and human love in the concern of civilized man."

No doctor can practice medicine long without finding out that insomnia is more thought about, more talked about and, worst of all, more lied about, than any other human complaint. Whenever a patient says to me, "I never closed my eyes all night," no matter how high that patient's standard of general truthfulness may be, I know that the truth has been tampered with. Even an hour's sleeplessness is invariably stretched to several hours. The fact that the actual period of wakefulness cannot be measured by the sleeper is generally lost sight of. You can say, "I heard the clock strike two and three and four," and you will be telling the truth; but you cannot assume from that fact that you were awake three or four hours.

One reason that the extent of sleeplessness is exaggerated is that lying awake at night is such a universally unpleasant experience. It might be called the quintessence of boredom. Unfortunately a greater significance is usually attached to it. The person who is lying awake while the rest of the family sleeps is thinking something like this:

"Here I am, losing my sleep. I will feel terrible tomorrow. What will become of me if I can't sleep? There must be something the matter with me. Maybe it's something serious. I have been asleep only two hours. I need eight. Now I can never get it. It's too late." Then he counts sheep for a while and that doesn't work.



Anyway, we all know that when we are not mentally stimulated we get sleepy

It would be wonderful if he could influence his train of thought, and make it something like this:

"Well, here I am awake. Isn't this jolly! I'll have time now to plan my day tomorrow. I must be overslept. We don't need as much sleep as we generally get anyway. No use worrying about it."

But who can? Or does?

A Good Night's Rest

What is sleep, anyway? Why do we do it? Why do we need to? And if it's a natural function, why can't we perform it naturally without fretting about it? Well, it's a long story.

A fair definition of sleep is that it is a state of more or less complete unconsciousness. It is supposed to be a function of the brain. But living things which have no brain tissue still have the equivalent of sleep in alternate periods of rest and activity. While we are asleep, certain parts of our bodies are still active. When we are awake, it is probable that these tissues are taking their rest, at least part of the time. All living tissue, apparently, must have periods of recuperation.

The theories of what happens in the body to make us go to sleep are numerous, and none of them is indubitably substantiated. Here they are, some of them:

1. There is supposed to be an accumulation of acid waste products which act as a narcotic.

2. The consumption of intramolecular oxygen is supposed to lower the metabolism of the brain.

3. The body is supposed to produce a toxin, which acts as a soporific. This theory has some support and many upholders.

4. The nerve cells are thought to draw away from one another periodically, breaking the contact which makes consciousness.

5. There is supposed to be a periodic inhibitory process in the brain which causes sleep.

6. The most plausible and best-substantiated theory is that there is a periodic variation in the circulation of the brain and that during the period when there is a relative anemia of the brain, sleep occurs.

We don't have to go far into our own experience to find substantiation for this last theory. We all know that when we are excited and interested and keeping up our own cerebral circulation, we stay awake. We know that when we are not mentally stimulated, but bored, we get sleepy.

The reason that we would like to find a good workable theory of sleep is that then we might at least have a basis to work on to find a general remedy for sleeplessness. We can, of course, narcotize the brain, but that is a last resource. Drug is, or should be, only the last port in a storm. We'll go into that later. But what we want to do is to go at the matter naturally and physiologically and give the body what it needs for sleep if sleep does not come naturally.

There are two things we know from experience: We know a great many of the causes of insomnia, and we know some of the things which happen in the body during natural sleep. We can therefore remove, when possible, any of the known causes of sleeplessness, and we can imitate the conditions which the body needs for sleep.

What Happens When We Sleep

When we fall asleep, certain changes occur in our bodies:

The muscles relax and the reflexes become less active.

The respirations become slower and deeper, and the breathing is of the costal type—that is, the excursions of the chest become greater and those of the abdomen less.

The eyeballs roll upward and the pupils contract.

The secretions diminish; in other words the mucous, gastric and salivary glands and the kidneys rest.

The pulse rate drops.

The blood pressure drops a little.

Different parts of the brain become inactive at different times. The first power lost is that of voluntary muscular action; the last to go is the power to hear.

The depth of unconsciousness varies during sleep. It is greatest about an hour after sleep begins, and again about four or five hours later. Between the first and the fourth hour our sleep is, as they say "light," and we can be easily awakened. After the fifth hour the same condition exists. During deep sleep external stimuli register without waking the sleeper. Sound is heard, the sense of smell is active, and internal sensations such as pain and discomfort are felt.

Most of us, in our everyday life, whether we are good sleepers or not, try to make it possible for the body to fulfill its sleep requirements. Our beds are as comfortable as possible, and we cover ourselves warmly but not too

(Continued on page 29)

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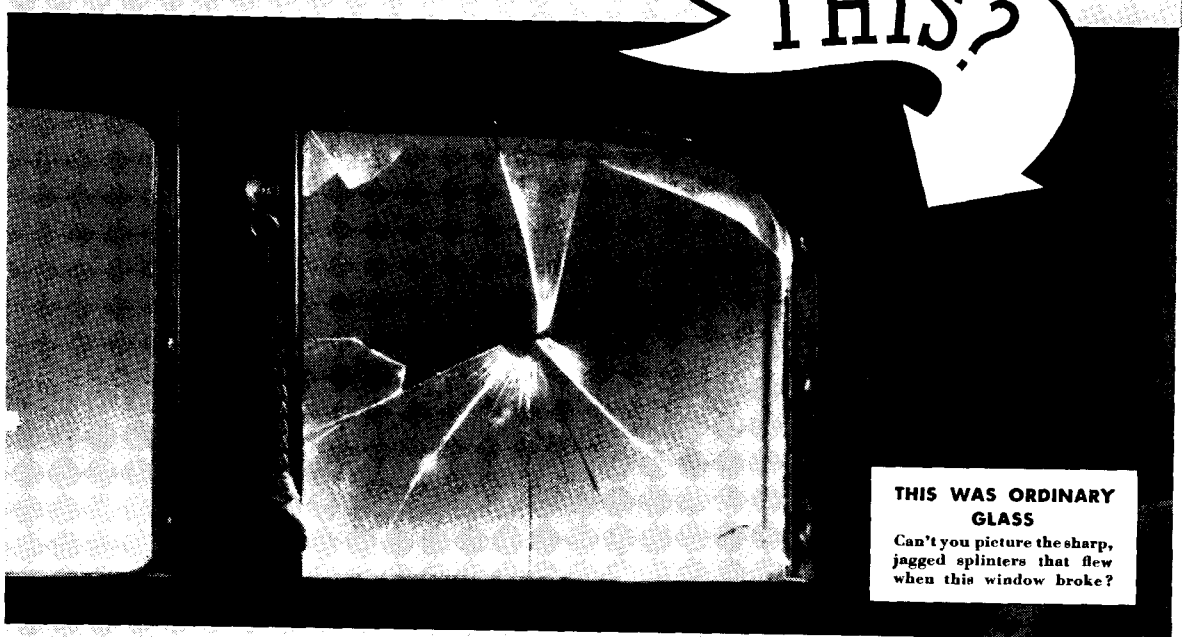
YOUR CHILDREN RIDE IN BACK

IF A WINDOW IN YOUR CAR BREAKS, WILL IT LOOK LIKE THIS?



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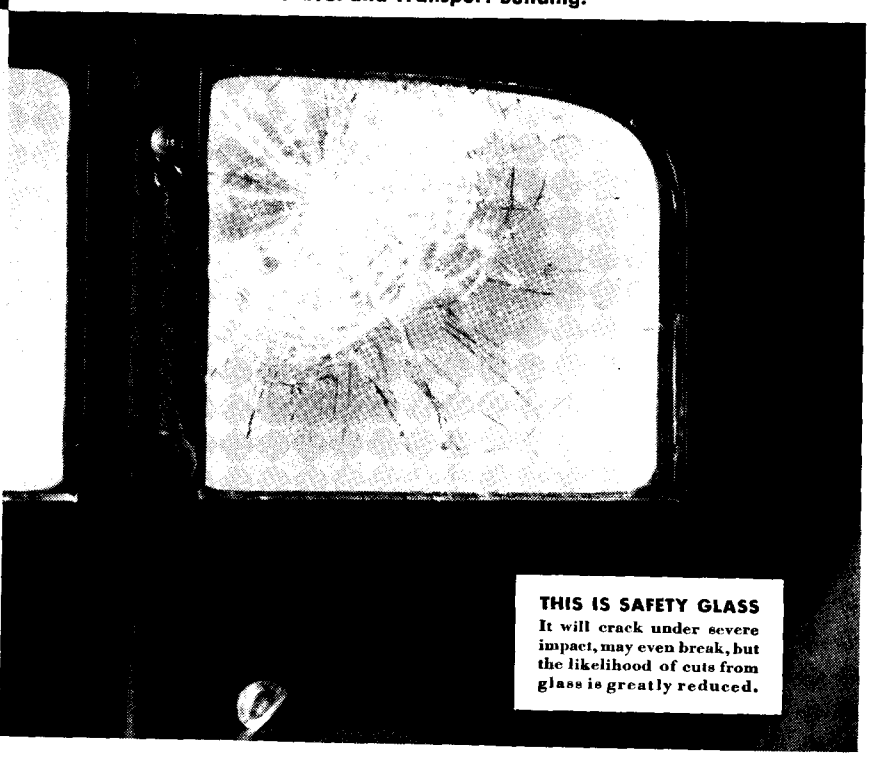

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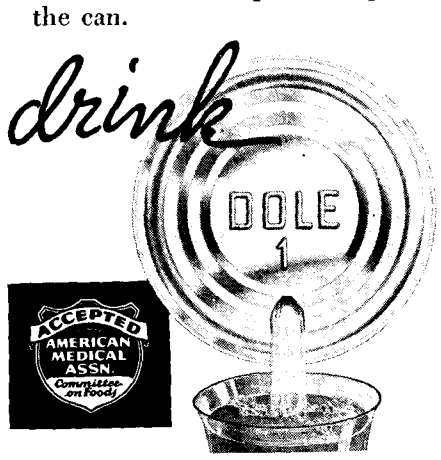
drink



The Pride of Gamma Gamma

Continued from page 15

"Then," Milly said, "he's a sap."

"You underestimate me, darling," Ernestine said. "What could he do? I mean after he had kissed me?"

"But what's he going to do now?" Milly demanded. "How's he ever going to square himself?"

"With Sybil?" Ernestine asked.

"He can't take you both," Milly said.

"He certainly can't," Ernestine said. "I wouldn't stand for that."

"Then," Milly said, "he is in a jam."

"He's in a jam with Sybil," Ernestine said. "If I know the lady, he is in a sweet jam. But it's no affair of mine."

Milly lay awake with a stomachache for hours after Ernestine had gone to bed. Jimmy was a sap. He was the most incredible sap she had ever heard of. Milly could have killed him. But she knew what the stomachache was. She was in love. She had been in love all the time. And she had got scared. It was easy enough to manage a man when you were flirting with him. But what did you do when you cared?

Jimmy was a perfect fool. But he was altogether dear. She had to help him. He needed a good woman's help. He would realize when he woke up in the morning what he had done and he would want help. And she could tell him the answer. There was only one thing to do and that was to throw both Sybil and Ernestine down and take a third girl. Milly would be the third girl. Milly drifted off to sleep.

Milly walked down the hill the next morning. She hurried on to the chemistry lab, resisting every effort to engage her in conversation on the way. She got out her apparatus for the last experiment of the year. Jimmy came in. He nodded. "Hello, Milly," he said.

Milly ignored him. Milly devoted herself to her experiment. When the end of the second hour came Jimmy stopped to talk to the instructor in charge. Milly had to walk up the hill alone.

MILLY went to the library after her last class and stayed there, forgoing lunch. Milly knew what she had to do. There was, clearly, but one way to get the man and that was the way Sybil and Ernestine had chosen. You concealed yourself in his car until he came out of Prof. Walters' house. And he took you to Norton's Bridge. And you applied the old Phi Phi technique.

Milly sat in the library all afternoon, all through the dinner hour. At half past eight she left and walked slowly toward Prof. Walters' house. Jimmy's car was standing out in front. Milly got in. Milly smoked three cigarettes while she waited. The front door opened at last. Milly saw Jimmy standing in the lighted doorway saying goodby to the professor. Then he came running down the walk.

"Hello, there," he said to Milly, "three times and out."

He got in beside her and started the motor.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Anywhere," Milly said.

Jimmy stepped on the gas and at the next corner he turned into the road to Norton's Bridge. He drove fast, without speaking. The car rolled from side to side as it shot through the moonlit night. Milly sat beside him, her shoulder bumping his as the car took the roll.

"Sit closer and you won't get bumped so hard," Jimmy said.

Milly sat closer.

He drew up at the little casino at Norton's Bridge.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Starved," she said.

They ate and ate and ate.

"I always did like a girl who was hungry," Jimmy said. "The last two nights I've gone through hell. Let's dance."

They danced. It was the first time they had ever danced together. They danced the way Milly had always known they would—if they ever did. They danced as if they were in a dream. They danced with the perfection of a dream.

Jimmy said at midnight that they must go home. Milly would have loved to dance on and on and on. But she knew they couldn't. They went out to his car and got in. Jimmy didn't start the motor.

"Well?" she said.

"Well?" he said.

"Let's be getting on," Milly said.

"We can't," Jimmy said. "This is the moment when you pull the old Phi Phi technique."

It was, of course. It was the moment to do what Sybil and Ernestine had done. It was the moment to let your head sink on his shoulder. It was the moment to be sweet.

Milly sat up straight. "Jimmy," she said, "I told you the last time we talked that you were the most awful sap I ever met. And you are. I forgot it for an hour or two tonight. But you are. You've proved it. You think you're being considerate to women and you aren't. You're being taken for a ride."

"Elucidate," Jimmy said.

"I mean," Milly said, "that nobody but a sap would ask two girls to the same dance. It isn't done."

"They can make it awfully hard for you," Jimmy said.

"I wouldn't know," Milly said. "I only know that I have no use for a man who can't say no."

"Don't you think there might be extenuating circumstances?"

"I don't," Milly said.

"I've got something I want to tell you," Jimmy said.

"I don't want to hear it."

"You're going to hear it," Jimmy said.

Milly shrugged her shoulders.

"I know you're the worst flirt on the Minnewaska campus," Jimmy said. "But—"

"Me!" Milly said.

"You," Jimmy said. "Sybil is pretty good and so is Ernestine. But neither of them is in your class. It makes a man think twice—when he's as serious as I am."

"I'm not a flirt," Milly said.

"That's exactly what you are," Jimmy said. "You lead a man on and on and on till he's mad to kiss you. And then you don't. You throw him down."

"And you ask two girls to the same dance," Milly said.

"Only I didn't," Jimmy said. "I wish I were the kind of a man who could do that. But I'm not."

"You asked Sybil," Milly said.

"No," Jimmy said, "I didn't. Bill Roberts came to me and asked me if I'd take Sybil to our dance—so he could see her. He had a bust-up with her and he was awfully blue. I had a date with Sybil. And she asked me if I'd take her so she could see Bill. I'm not taking Sybil. Bill is. But I had to make you jealous if I could. So I told you I was taking Sybil and you never flickered an eyelash."

"You're marvelous," Milly said. "You are so marvelous I believe you. But what about Ernestine?"

"I think," Jimmy said, "I think Ernestine is fond of you. I think Ernestine had the bright idea of making you jealous, too. For your own good. But I beat her to it. I asked her to our dance so she would tell you I'd asked her."

"YOU mean," Milly said, "that you aren't a sap at all. You mean that you're just unnecessarily bright."

Jimmy put his arm around her. "Why unnecessarily?" he asked.

"I mean," Milly said, "that you never tried to kiss me. So I couldn't possibly have led you on just to turn you down. How—"

"Milly," Jimmy said, "I never tried to kiss you *because—because I wanted* it to be—sweet. I love you."

"I never tried to make you kiss me—either," Milly said. "Because I—I—I—"

He kissed her. He kissed her tenderly.

"Because—" he repeated.

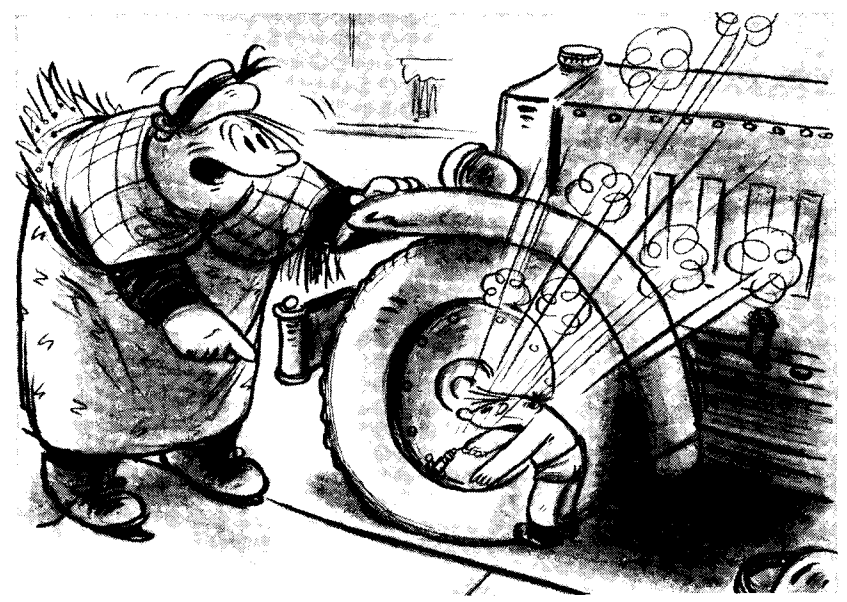
"You know," she said. "You said it."

"Because you wanted it to be sweet?"

"Because the Phi Phi technique is no good when you really want to be kissed," Milly said. "I mean when you're crazy about the man even if he is a sap."

"And when you're crazy about the girl—even if she is a flirt."

"Was," Milly said. "Was a flirt."



"Oh, so this is how you keep cool these hot days!" Frank Owen

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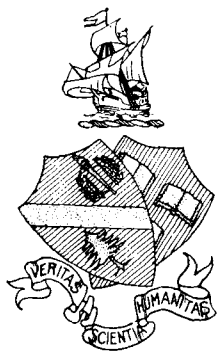

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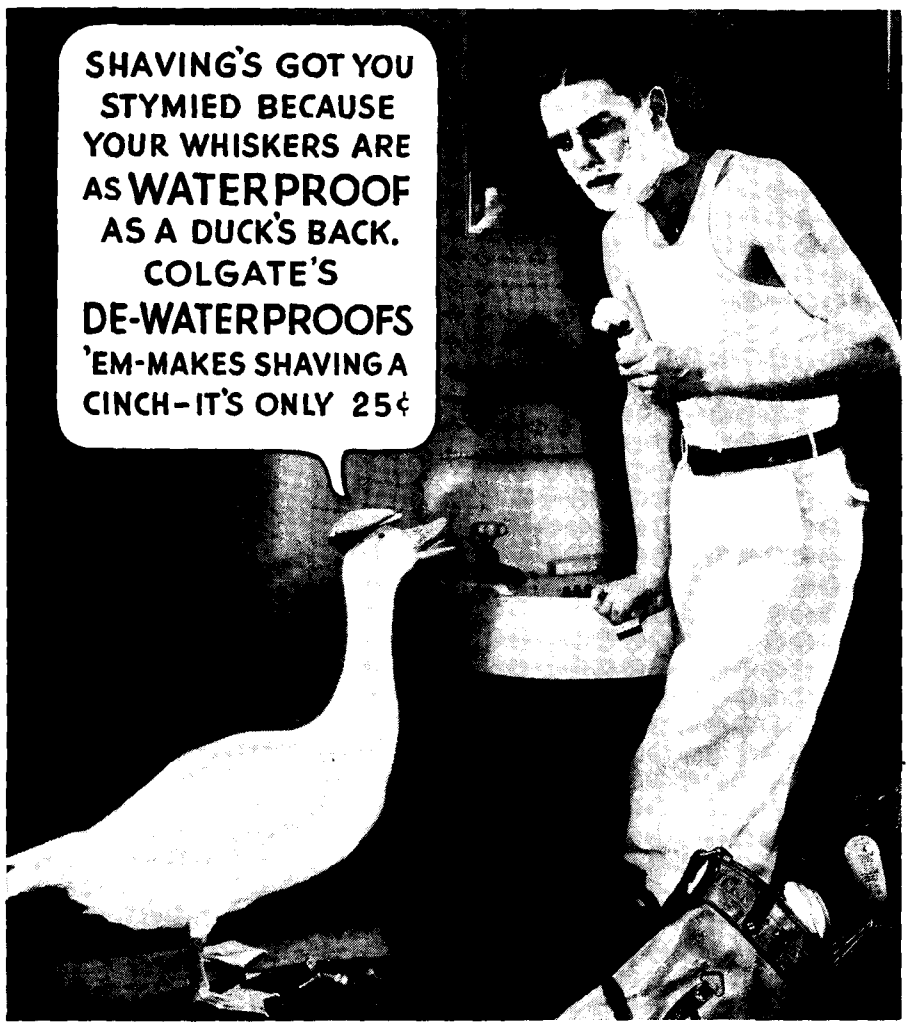
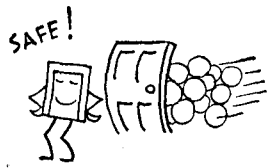
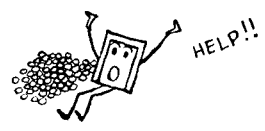

SHAVING'S GOT YOU STYMIED BECAUSE YOUR WHISKERS ARE AS WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK. COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOFS 'EM-MAKES SHAVING A CINCH-IT'S ONLY 25¢

Nature puts a waterproof jacket of oil around each one of your whiskers. And that jacket of oil is what makes whiskers so tough and hard to cut.

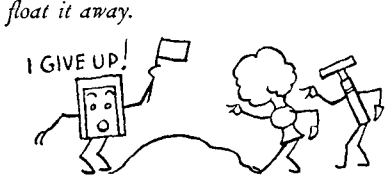
For a slick, easy shave—remove *every trace* of that waterproof coating from *every* whisker . . . and give your razor a chance to show what it can do.



That's where most shaving creams disappoint you. Most shaving creams can't completely remove *all* the waterproofing. Because they froth up into *big-bubble* lather—and you can't get a lot of those *big* bubbles *close* to anything as small as a whisker.



Here's why Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream gives you a better shave. It whips into *small-bubble* lather—millions of tiny, *little* bubbles that crowd *close* to every whisker . . . swarm around each hair . . . strip away every trace of that waterproofing. They *emulsify* the oil—*float it away.*



Then they *wilt* each whisker—*soak* it through and through, until it's so *soft* that your razor cuts close and clean—without jump or scrape.

Try Colgate's. Learn how *small-bubble* lather takes the bristle and fight out of whiskers. Buy Colgate's *now*—the large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢.

P. S.—For real comfort, follow your Colgate shave with Colgate's After-Shave Lotion and Colgate's Talc for Men

Queen of Parts

Continued from page 13

hunt for a job. Edgar Selwyn gave her a small part in Mirage, starring Florence Reed.

Her next part was in another Selwyn play, The Exciters, which also contained Tallulah Bankhead. La Bankhead was as much a personality then as later but the critics had their heads turned the other direction that season. Tallulah went off to London to be a star. Young McMahon was startled at the same time to get a letter from the Neighborhood Playhouse saying that they had her communication, had seen her in the Barnard play and would be happy to give her a small part. The envelope had that peculiar tint and odor which comes from lying under a rock for a year and was further marked by the finger-prints of the janitor who had rescued it from the elevator shaft and mailed it. Anyhow, she liked the spirit of the thing and went down to report.

She worked early and she worked late at so many things besides acting that Helen Arthur, the director, always maintained that she would make an ideal theatrical manager. She liked the Granville Barker plays best, although her most important rôle was in Maya. She says now that her future is with the movies unless somebody produces Barker's The Secret Life and lets her act in it.

From the Neighborhood Playhouse she leaped into the Shubert show, Artists and Models. This is much as if Mr. Justice Hughes suddenly became an acrobat. Artists and Models was a rough, galloping, rowdy show and Miss McMahon had the time of her life.

Having jumped from the most highbrow company in town into a knockabout musical comedy, she now vaulted over to Eugene O'Neill, playing in a revival of Beyond the Horizon.

The business of refusing to be made a type in the theater cost Miss McMahon a lot of jobs. Just when managers thought they had her placed and offered her another job of the same sort, she balked. If she was going to be a character actress she didn't want to be a one-character actress. That meant that she sat in so many agents' offices waiting for a part to turn up that, ever since, the sight of an actor with mustache, cane, spats and a patch in his trousers under his camel's-hair coat has made her want to weep.

Mostly Asparagus

Her part later in Spread Eagle is still remembered on Broadway, and later still came Once in a Lifetime. That play was directed by the co-author, George S. Kaufman.

Once in a Lifetime opened in New York and practically tore the hide off the movie industry. The next best idea was to play it in Los Angeles, where it would be witnessed by the ladies and gentlemen who had dropped the pearls of insanity which were the stuff and nonsense of the show. There was some apprehension about tossing wisecracks directly into the teeth of the important personages who held the Hollywood diadems, but the movie people turned out to be very sporting—or at least pretended to be sporting—and the National Guard never left the armory.

What Miss McMahon got out of it was not a severe contusion but a job in the movies. Mervyn LeRoy, the director, came back to her dressing-room to tell her that when he had a part for her, she'd hear from him. The ordinary procedure in a case like this is to hide the face politely with the hand and say phooie. It belongs to that old school of "we will place your application on file and notify you at the earliest opportunity." The only difference here was that Mr. LeRoy called upon Miss McMahon when he had a part. He also picked out a good part. It was in Five Star Final with Edward G. Robinson and she was a hit.

What Miss McMahon has now is a contract calling for three months in Hollywood and three away. She is married to Clarence Stein, the famous architect, but she owns no real estate. She is said to be an excellent lady to take to lunch because she eats mostly asparagus. She must also be an ideal wife because her idea of clothes is to get one good dress and wear it until the dry-cleaning people call up to say that one more operation on that gown and it will disappear as completely as Little Eva making the Great Ascent. She has no pets and never buys anything until she has the cash for it. She loathes outdoor sports except walking, but is much enamored of wrestling and hockey on the theory that if men insist on getting mixed up in sports at all they may as well concentrate on those which provide a pinch of mayhem.

Good and Bad

In a poll conducted this spring by the London Daily Mail, Miss McMahon was selected as England's favorite character actress. Much of her popularity came from such pictures as Silver Dollar, The Mouthpiece, Five Star Final and The World Changes. The world changes no more rapidly than Miss McMahon, who started as a mere lass of twenty in that picture and ended as an old crone of ninety-four, making stops at all way stations. Unless it is considered a handicap for a character actress not to be Baby Peggy, Miss McMahon is an excellent character actress. If one has no false dignity, a character actress is a pleasant thing to be. You don't have to worry about your figure, your complexion or your sex appeal. All you have to do is pick the picture up and carry it along when the baby-faced star drops it. You won't make as much money but you'll make it over a longer period and you won't get caught in so many crushes at railroad stations. A man like Wallace Beery can go on forever, acting through one generation of pretty boys and girls into another.

With Heat Lightning, Miss McMahon reached stardom, a little to her distress. When you're a star you're up there where the rocks are flying. If the picture's good, you get a raise. If it's bad for any one of fifteen different reasons having nothing to do with your work, you get roasted. But it's a chance worth taking. You're a great movie figure at last. People know you and point you out and see that you get the table near the window.

Miss McMahon had a taste of this on her way East after finishing Heat Lightning. As all the world does, Miss McMahon got off the train at Albuquerque and strolled up and down the platform. The air was soft and balmy and the mountains were lovely in the distance, and she was at peace with the world. It was then that her cup was filled to overflowing by the appearance of a young man of about eight years demanding an autograph.

"I'll bet you don't even know who I am," said Miss McMahon.

"I will when you sign the book," said the young gentleman brightly.

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Stop Counting Sheep

Continued from page 24

warmly, so that we may relax. We open our windows so that our deep breathing may be effective. We go to bed in the dark, and if possible where it is quiet. Sometimes, if sleep does not come as quickly as we would like, we deliberately slow our respiration and roll up our eyeballs. But if there is a potent underlying cause for sleeplessness none of these simple measures works. And the causes of insomnia are more numerous than the theories about sleep.

"I have a horrible disease," said a patient—"insomnia. I want you to give me something for it."

"That's not a disease," I said. "That's a symptom. I would no more 'give you something for it' without trying to find the cause than I would give you something for a headache without trying to find out what gave you the headache."

The causes of insomnia—just casual insomnia, not a bad habit of sleeplessness—are variable, contradictory and often so trivial as to be overlooked. Overfatigue, particularly mental fatigue; too little exercise, or lack of physical fatigue; pain, cold, hunger, boredom, worry, overstimulation from tobacco, excitement or alcohol—any one of these may cause a "white night."

The occasional bad night is not of any great significance. With ordinary common sense we can analyze the underlying cause, eliminate it the next night, and go on our way rejoicing. Most of us, after one bad night, make up for it the next night with more than our usual number of hours of deep, dreamless sleep. But a failure to analyze the cause of one night's insomnia may lead to several bad nights, and that is dangerous because it may start a habit of poor sleeping.

How often have you heard someone say, or been guilty of saying yourself, "There's no use in my going to bed. I won't go to sleep"?

My answer to this always is, "Oh, well, if you won't you won't." If you want to give yourself a suggestion of that kind, it's your own business. And don't tell me that you are not susceptible to suggestion; maybe you think you're not, but you are.

Don't Try Too Hard

Another common statement is, "I'm going to bed now and *try* to go to sleep."

A frightful error. Sleep is a coy nymph. Try to catch her, and she runs away. Forget about her and she makes up to you. A great many people who have at some time been poor sleepers have a routine for forgetting, or wooing sleep. They read for a little while before they settle down for the night. Given a good reading light, comfortable posture and the right book, this is an excellent habit, if you don't become dependent on it. The light, of course, should be strong, over your shoulder, and falling directly on your book. You should be propped up enough to have your head in an upright position. Your book should have good, clear print and be easy to hold. Its subject matter is important. It can be diverting, but not too exciting. You should be able to take it or leave it.

I know one man who always reads a French novel, preferably Dumas. He tells me that as a child he always read French aloud in a sing-song, and that now, even when he reads to himself, the words sing-song in his brain and put him to sleep. Another chooses well-written history or biography, another detective stories, and still another old medical journals which he borrows from me.

Bedtime reading is the great resource of the person who is worried with the kind of worry that hangs on and must be endured. It must be carefully selected in such cases. If his worries are financial, he should avoid books about finance. If they are domestic, he should avoid the problem novel—although some people get relief from their own troubles in reading about the troubles of others.

It is probably superfluous to suggest that the man who can't sleep because he is underexercised should take a walk before bedtime, and that the man who is overtired should not turn out his light until he has relaxed.

Beware of Soporifics

The use of drugs in insomnia is a practice which should be undertaken only with full knowledge and preferably under a doctor's supervision. A great many of the drugs used as soporifics are, fortunately or unfortunately, known to the public and can be bought without a prescription at drug stores.

The doctor uses the soporifics, as a rule, on this principle: If pain is the cause of sleeplessness, he uses a simple pain-killer. If overstimulation is the cause, he uses a sedative. If a specific irritation is present, he uses the drug indicated to attain his ends, and the smallest effective dose of that drug. He always expects the condition to clear up in a few nights, and seldom prescribes enough of the drug for more than a few nights.

The disadvantages of the soporifics, self-administered, are these: The bromides frequently upset the stomach and produce skin eruptions. The sedatives, any and all of them, may produce secondary irritation of the nerve endings that lasts for days and is uncomfortable in the extreme. The stronger hypnotics, in some people, cause excitement instead of relaxation and lethargy. The danger of serious poisoning, even from those drugs which can be easily bought, is not to be overlooked.

The need of a philosophy for the person whose sleep is easily disturbed is pressing. We inherit, in our ductless glands, our sleep tendencies. There can be no arbitrary rules as to the amount of sleep necessary for any one person. His own requirement must be worked out honestly by his own efforts. There is only one universal rule about sleep, and that is this: We all must have some of it. Men cannot live without sleep, at least not more than three weeks.

There is little doubt that civilized man has acquired the habit of getting much more sleep than his body needs. The savage sleeps from dark to dawn—a varying length of time. He is easily wakened, because unprotected from outside disturbances. We go to bed long after dark, to be sure, but we also get up long after dawn, and protect ourselves from light and noise and outside interference. That we can accustom ourselves to less sleep and to irregular hours of sleep, without serious harm, is proved over and over again. Ask any country doctor who spends one night making calls from midnight until two, and the next night is called to the telephone at eleven to say whether it is safe to open the baby's window with the thermometer at zero. His language may be strong as he hangs up the receiver, but he gets along and lives to a ripe old age.

"I had a severe case of

ATHLETE'S FOOT

ABSORBINE JR. SAVED THE DAY FOR ME"

Quoted from an actual letter from a minister, in our files, the original of which will be shown upon request

IF you could only read the hundreds of grateful letters in our files from people who have suffered, there'd be no doubt in your mind as to what remedy *you'd* use to clear up a case of Athlete's Foot.

You may not be the person we're talking to, and then again you might be—"*it is probable that more than half the adult population suffers from it at some time*," the U. S. Public Health Service has reported.

If the flesh between your toes is painfully sore, if the skin is cracked open and raw—there's little doubt about your condition. This is evidence of the dangerous stage.

But dispel all doubt

A lot of people reach this dangerous stage because they fail to recognize the first distressing symptoms of the infection. Severe suffering and a doctor's bill are often the penalty.

To dispel all doubt, examine the skin between your toes. Is it red, wrinkled, angry-looking? Or is there an unpleasant stickiness about the flesh, with moist blisters and patches of white, unwholesome skin?

Posed by professional model

DO THIS

if you want to SEE Athlete's Foot. These are the places, in the flesh between the toes, where the boring fungi usually attack the victim. Look for red skin that appears angry, feels itchy, or white, blistered patches moist with seepings. In more advanced stages, you will note the skin cracking open with rawness and soreness.

When perspiring feet feel tired, sore, swollen

Ladies and gentlemen—golfers, salesmen, postmen, policemen, everybody! Here's the finest thing in the world for folks whose feet suffer like blazes from summer's high heat. Pull off those clammy damp socks and douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. Thousands say it's like putting those sweltering feet on ice. Absorbine Jr. is also wonderful for sunburn; an excellent antiseptic for insect bites.

Apply this Inexpensive Treatment★

If your feet perspire, play safe and examine your toes for the danger signals. At the slightest sign of infection, begin the immediate application of cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

When you buy, accept nothing but the real Absorbine Jr. It is your tried-and-tested, your proved assurance of relief. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

★**A fraction of a cent an application**—Because of its superior ability to kill the fungi, a sufficient quantity of Absorbine Jr. for each application costs only a fraction of a cent. Here is the simple, inexpensive treatment to follow: 1. Douse your toes morning and night with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. 2. To guard against re-infection, sterilize socks by boiling 15 minutes when washed. Note how quickly and smoothly your condition clears up.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

SUNBURN

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In the middle of a conference, Noel amazed everyone. He put on his hat and walked out

The Big Softie

Continued from page 12

in Arcadia for forty dollars a month. He bought them a secondhand car, because there was no other way to get around. You couldn't let an old friend starve—especially a fellow who had helped you during the tough times.

"That's sweet of you," Carla said. "Let's buy a small car for ourselves. Or a big secondhand car."

They bought a bright, secondhand open roadster. And the day after the first picture was completed they motored out to Arcadia to see the happy Hathaways. Jed was so comfortable and contented and easy in his mind that he had decided to take a few weeks for rest and relaxation before he looked for something to do.

"Good idea," said Noel.

Driving back to Hollywood that evening, Carla gently reminded him:

"There's only one thing for us to remember, darling—when we've saved fifty thousand dollars we're going to Italy so you can write plays."

"That's all I think about," Noel assured her.

"But we haven't saved anything yet, sweetheart."

"We're just getting organized," Noel said. "Just wait!"

NOEL'S first picture, produced very cheaply, in a hurry, with a group of actors new to Hollywood, turned out to be a smash hit.

Six months later, when Noel and Carla had all but made arrangements for the house in Santa Monica, a New York theatrical agent saw it. He remembered an old contract. His threat came by air mail.

"The leech," growled Noel. "He only got me one job in my life. I won't pay a dime."

The suit was for twenty-five thousand dollars. The jury awarded the plaintiff only twelve; the defendants stayed in the Hollywood house.

They had a pleasant time for a while, though. There were hurried gatherings of New York friends, who sat around in lavish living-rooms and told stories of Hollywood stupidities. Actors were buying polo ponies, leasing yachts, flying airplanes; some, who hadn't seen their families two months during the year, were now bringing the children west for school. Some were going slightly mad, some were trying to save money, nearly all made an effort to live a rational home life. Some were getting fabulous salaries. Noel said: "No actor is worth it."

There were no polo ponies, or yachts, or airplanes, or extravagant motor cars for the Noel Shores. They were saving money.

"It won't be long, Carla," Noel said, and added cautiously: "If nothing happens."

BUT something happened. The garter business in the East turned out rather sadly—a little trouble with the patent; someone else had been making the same garter for a long time. Noel's father lost a disastrous lawsuit—and the family homestead in Wentworth.

"I might as well get 'em out here where it's warm," Noel decided, and sent for the family. He wrote a check for a thousand dollars so they could ship their goods, pay their bills and travel comfortably.

Carla didn't say anything that time, either. She hadn't planned to do another picture—she wasn't under contract and she didn't care for pictures—but when a chance came along for a "quickie" she took it.

"I'll save whatever I make," she phoned Noel at the studio. "It isn't as if we could spend much time together, anyway. Who ever heard of an actor working seventeen hours a day?"

"Nobody would believe it," said Noel. "But it won't be forever—remember that."

DURING the next four weeks they saw each other at dinner once or twice, and perhaps a dozen times at breakfast. They were both working on location. Carla at San Bernardino and Noel at Santa Barbara. They had never, in all their lives, been so busy—or so tired.

One night, when they met at dinner, Noel said, without looking up at Carla:

"Jed Hathaway's mother-in-law is in the hospital. Appendicitis."

"What surgeon did you get?"

"Orlott."

"There's not another quite so expensive on the Coast."

"Well, he's the best," Noel defended. "I told Jed to get the best. He'll be reasonable. Gosh, Jed's fond of his wife's mother. He isn't like most people. He was pretty worried."

"So am I," said Carla, getting up from the table. "You're a big softie."

She locked herself in her room. Noel tried to explain, through the panel, how things were. Jed gave him his first acting job when he was down and out. He was not only down and out, but he couldn't act! Jed had loaned him clothes. You didn't forget things like that. It would only cost a thousand dollars. What's a thousand dollars?

They made up, of course. But it was the first quarrel. They were too tired that night to talk things out and understand each other; and the next day Noel's family arrived from Wentworth.

THE whole family had changed its name. Simmons had been the family name but now it was Shores.

"I didn't like to do it," said Dad Shores, "but Mother insisted. She said you wouldn't want us out here in Hollywood if we kept the old name, and I see how it is."

"Makes no difference to me!" Noel told them. "I'll be Noel Simmons again when I'm writing plays. Change it back."

"We can't," said little sister Martha, who was eighteen and prettier than most pictures. "We had it done legally. Besides, Martha Shores is prettier than Martha Simmons, don't you think? The girls in Wentworth all thought so. When can I get in the movies, myself?"

"When I'm dead," said Noel, "over my body."

Carla liked the family. When her picture was finished she helped them find a house. They liked dozens.

But the only house they really wanted was the one in Santa Monica. The endless acres, the view of Catalina on a clear day, the fogs, the sudden sunshine all made a deep appeal.

"That's what they want," Carla told Noel. "Anything else will disappoint them."

So, inasmuch as Noel and Carla wanted the house themselves—and it wouldn't be convenient to move from Hollywood just at that time—and the price kept coming down as they delayed—he bought it. Mostly cash. It was a good investment.

"I'd hoped we'd live there ourselves," was what Carla said sadly, as they drove away. She looked back. "It's a darling, that house."

"We'll live there," Noel assured her. "We'll move the family to a ranch east

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of here, somewhere. As soon as I get time."

But Dad Shores became interested in a new process for making color pictures. He was so busy with some other men in Santa Monica that when Noel and Carla might have moved from Hollywood they didn't have the heart to put them out.

"Mother's crazy about the place," he said. "And Martha's met some nice kids in Santa Monica. She's brown as a berry."

"Grand!" Carla said. "By the way—how's our fifty thousand coming?"

"Nothing can bump us now," said Noel. "I wouldn't be surprised if I got a raise. They're bidding again."

"More money—more trouble," said Carla. "Don't tell me about it. Just save, that's all. Hurry up and save."

IT WAS Carla, and not Noel, who first realized how famous he was becoming. A delay on a *super* super-super made it possible for them to get away for two weeks. They flew to New York. They wanted to see the plays, and breathe cold air, and look into the faces of people who were not tanned. Everywhere they went women stumbled over curbs or walked into lamp-posts when Noel went by. Waitresses dropped trays in restaurants. Shop girls rang up too much money on cash registers. Noel was oblivious, but Carla saw it all. One afternoon a cab driver looked back and said: "How's Hollywood?"

"That guy must go to the movies," Noel mused.

Carla grasped his arm and drew him close. She knew, for sure, now, that he hadn't noticed all the others.

Producers who had allowed him to cool his heels in their outer offices not so long ago now phoned to invite him to parties. They apologized for the delay. "Just heard you were in town, old man!" they'd say. He was cordial to them all—even to the one who had once left him stranded in Minneapolis because he had drawn ahead on his salary. Carla was disturbed. Some of these good friends might want to borrow money—"just for a week or two, old man."

They were in their hotel room, dressing for dinner, when the phone rang.

Dad Shores, it seemed, was putting through a long distance call from California—collect.

"I'll pay it," Noel said.

"Of course you'll pay it," Carla announced. "Nobody would doubt that. I'm surprised they bothered to ask."

Noel grinned.

"What is it, Dad?" he asked.

Out of the enthusiastic spluttering at the other end of the wire came the intelligence that the new color picture process was about to be sold. It would be offered tomorrow. Dad had scraped together all the money he could get his hands on and it wasn't enough even to pay for the call. That was the situation he was in—when there was a fortune in his grasp! He needed only ten thousand dollars for an interest. A measly ten thousand dollars. It would mean millions. Noel could go away and write plays! Mother could go to Europe! Martha could go into color-pictures. It was a cinch. . . !

Noel glanced at Carla. She couldn't hear what was being said but she could guess: her expression told him that.

He spoke sharply to his dad:

"Skip it. There's not a chance."

Carla looked surprised.

Noel shouted into the phone:

"I'm all through with your cracked-brain ventures! Not a dime!" he yelled. "Not a dime. Sure, I want Mother to be happy. Mother *is* happy. No, sir, Dad—*not a dime!*"

Two days later the New York newspapers carried a story that three Santa Monica business men had sold the rights to a new process for making color pictures. The price was a half million dollars. The names of the business men were given. The name of J. N. Shores was not on the list.

NOEL and Carla had an unhappy return trip on the train. Noel's tips were extravagant. Carla didn't say anything about the tips. In fact, she didn't say anything. When they descended from the train at Pasadena they were extravagantly cordial to each other.

That was the first time a columnist whispered that they might soon go *pfsst.*

They saw the hint in the paper the next morning. They were at breakfast.

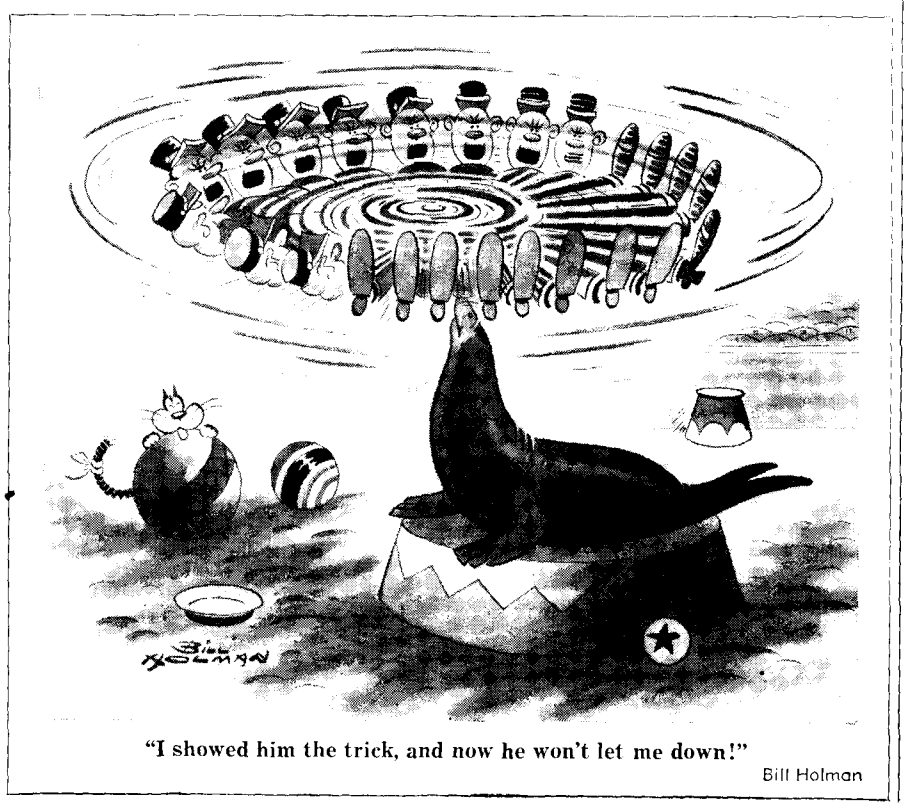
"In spite of the whispering of their friends, Noel Shores and Carla Cromwell were exceedingly cordial to one another when they got off the train in Pasadena yesterday. It was difficult not to notice how cordial they were."

Noel put the paper down, then picked it up, and finally handed it to Carla, who hadn't said anything so far that day except, "Good morning, Noel."

She read the column, pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Let's not!" She turned, catching

(Continued on page 32)

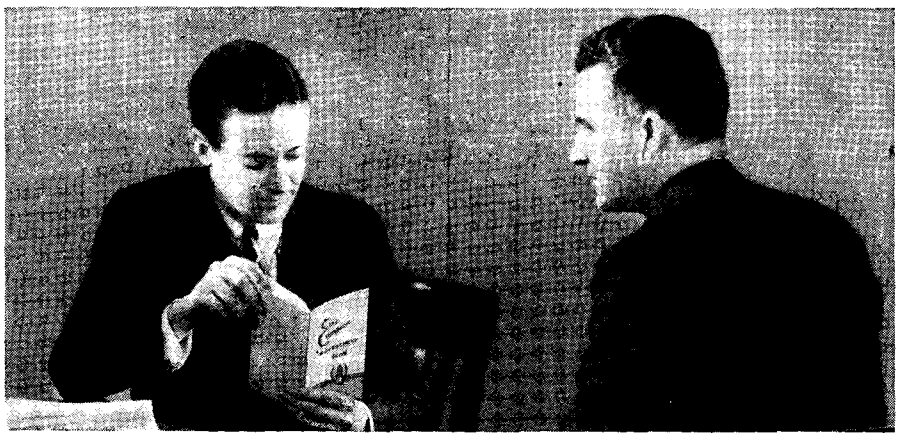


"I showed him the trick, and now he won't let me down!"

Bill Holman

"Isabel was over today; she's had another blow. Now *the poor girl has to give up that precious home."*

"Bill never intended she should. We talked once about taking out more life insurance when times improved. Well, I'm not going to wait any longer to investigate that Union Central plan."



"Why does your company call this the Economic Adjustment Plan?"

"ECONOMIC—*because it enables you, even on a reduced income, to buy right now the full protection you need.* ADJUSTMENT—*because you pay only about half the usual cost now and the rest as times improve."*

". . . and it's great to know that, no matter what happens to me, you and Sally are provided for!"

"Let's not discuss that, dear. You said something about the plan as an investment. *Tell me more about that."*

COMPLETE SECURITY for your family right now, at about half the usual cost to start—and a sound investment for your own future! *Both are yours* in the new Economic Adjustment Plan, developed by The Union Central Life to meet a need many families feel today.

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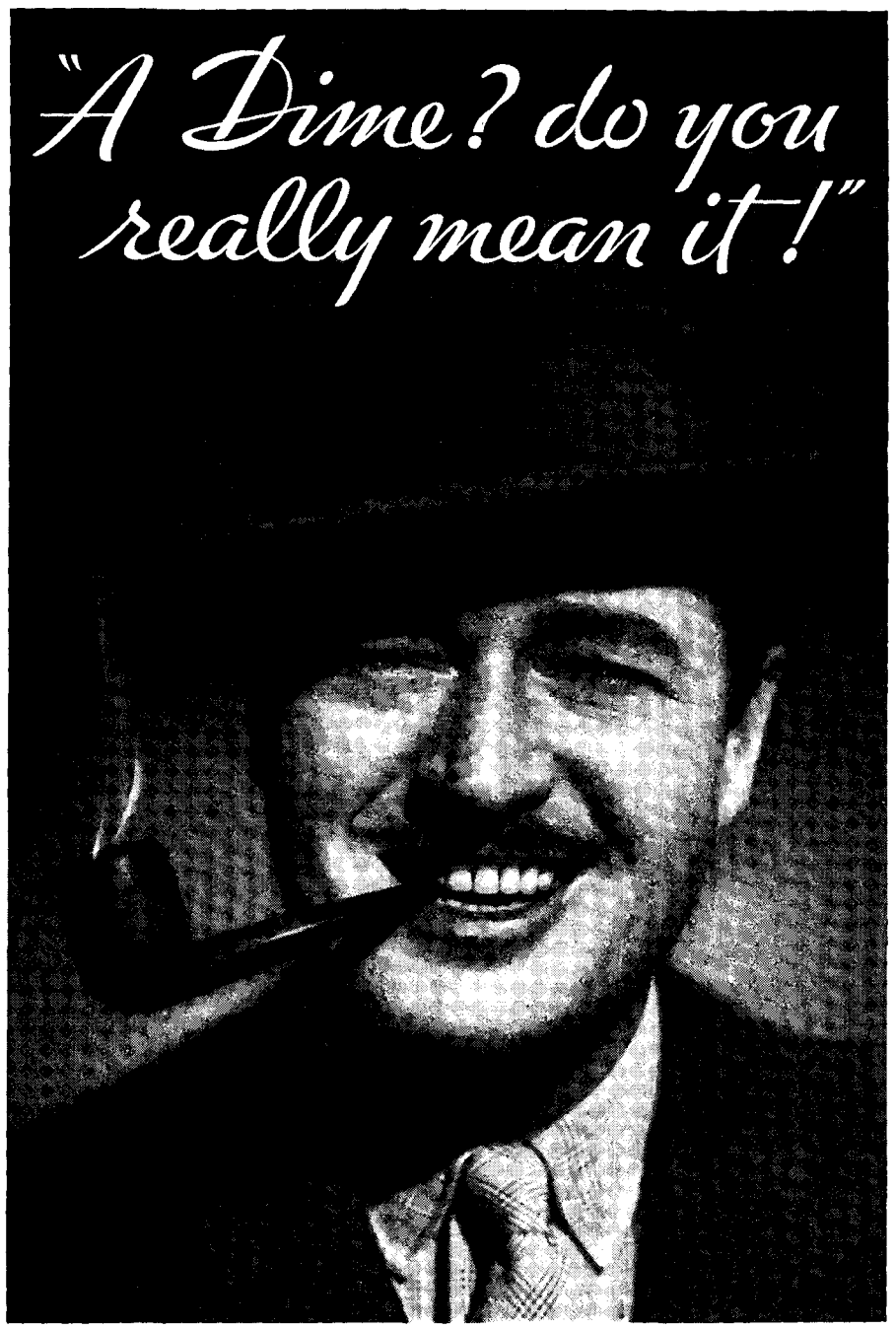

EDMUND LOWE . . . famous screen star

I first met up with Union Leader on a smoking car. The traveler at my elbow loaned me my first pipeful.

"That's mighty fine Kentucky Burley," I remarked. "Smooth, well cured and mellow. What's the brand?"

"Union Leader," he replied. "But I hope it won't prejudice you when I tell you it costs only ten cents for a man's sized tin."

"Prejudice me? Say, I'll accept economy any time . . . when it buys tobacco like that!" (Fine for cigarettes, too.)

UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

(*Continued from page* 31)

her breath. "Darling, please let's not!"

He put his hands on her slim shoulders, and tilted back her head.

"The first years are supposed to be toughest anywhere," he said. "But they wouldn't have been tough for us anywhere but here."

"Not anywhere—" said Carla.

"I'm sorry for everything I said. My dad would have lost the money somewhere else. It doesn't matter. What does matter is that I love you more than ever, that's a fact."

"No more fights," said Carla.

"Not one."

"If there's a misunderstanding, we'll talk it over right away."

"Good. For instance, if you get mad thinking over something I've said at breakfast, wire me about it at the studio."

"I'll do it."

So they laughed again. That was over.

IT WAS like old times for about three weeks. Then Martha had her trouble. Little sister Martha had some trouble with a prince.

Dad Shores broke the news. He turned up at the studio about nine o'clock one night—all smiles.

"Well, sir," he said, "this is a great place. This is about the only place I know of where a Simmons could meet a prince of the blood and get engaged to him. How's it gonna be, Noel, old boy, to have a prince in the family?"

"Prince who?" shouted Noel.

"Prince Ganninni," said Dad Shores, proudly.

"I'll kill him," said Noel.

He left the lot without taking off his make-up, spent an hour searching for Prince Ganninni, found him in the Brown Derby, took him outside, broke his nose—and made the first page of every newspaper in the world. . . .

"All right," said Carla, with the black headline on her lap. "You've gone Hollywood."

"That guy's been engaged to everybody out here. He's a bloodsucker. He's a snake. People pay him off. I wasn't gonna pay him off. I'm trying to save fifty thousand dollars and get out of here."

"You're a celebrity, can't you realize it? If you hit a property man you'd get in the papers."

"I didn't think about the papers. You don't, at a time like that."

"Read on," said Carla, coldly.

It was rumored, said the paper, that recent hints in the gossip columns were possibly explained by Noel Shores' manhandling of the prince.

"If I go away now," said Carla, "it will merely give credence to the story."

Noel was stunned.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'm going back on the stage. I'll leave here before I go mad, too. Come and see me sometime."

He learned, two hours later, when the studio had finally sent a boy to find out what delayed him, that Carla had been saying all these things to bring him to his senses. She thought at the very least he was going to have a nervous breakdown. He couldn't make her understand that whipping Prince Ganninni was a perfectly rational thing to do.

"I can name fifty men who'd like to do it," he explained, desperately.

They made up again. But they couldn't laugh very often. There was a strain in their relationship which neither of them, try as they would, could dispel. Suddenly, meaninglessly, they bickered about little things: which car to take, dinners they didn't want to go to, clothes—and money. Carla pulled up short.

"Tell them you're taking a vacation," she pleaded. "We'll go to Palm Springs for a week."

But before they could get away, a wire came from Carla's people: they were on their way from Indiana for a little visit.

"They think I've married a prize fighter," Carla said. "They want to see with their own eyes."

The Cromwells, however, didn't see much of Noel. The day before their arrival Prince Ganninni started suit for ten thousand dollars damages for assault. The lawsuit, a new picture, and some retakes of the last one were all happening during the Cromwells' visit. Noel could be home only occasionally, for meals. He did have one evening with Dad Cromwell in the library, when he tried to explain how things happened in Hollywood. They came out warm friends.

The day after the Cromwells left, Prince Ganninni won the suit.

Noel explained to Carla that he hadn't wanted to bring Martha into it.

"People would talk about her," he said.

"You'd rather have them talk about me?" suggested Carla.

The breach was so wide, then, that they couldn't bridge it. For a week or two they tried desperately, but they failed.

Carla left for New York.

She hadn't been on the train two hours before humble telegrams began to arrive from Noel. She didn't answer any of them—until Omaha. In Chicago she turned around and came back.

"I couldn't," she said, walking in on him as he was having a lonely dinner. "I love you so."

When everything was patched up, he told her:

"I was gonna come and get you next week, anyway. I've rented a beach house at Santa Monica. We'll live there for a while and not see anybody."

"You're a darling," said Carla. "Look. I figured it all out on the train." She took a notebook out of her bag. "Two months more and we'll have fifty thousand. Or near enough. Then your new contract comes up. Well! We won't sign it. We'll go to Italy and write a play."

"That's what I've always wanted to do," Noel said.

She didn't think about it then, though she remembered it afterward. It was an odd answer; she should have realized that something was wrong.

A MONTH later he won the Motion Picture Award for the best performance of the year, in a picture he hadn't seen, himself.

"They told me it was making money," he said to Carla. "But, gosh, I didn't know it was anything like this."

He sat staring at the letter from the Award Committee. It was all made to look very impressive. It *was* impressive.

"I'm—I'm impressed, myself," he grinned.

"Now you're a great actor." Her eyes were inscrutable.

"Don't be silly, Carla. But it means a lot out here."

"Yes, I suppose it does. It means more money."

"Sure—"

"But we don't need more money."

"Might as well get it while we can."

She took the letter from him, read it, and handed it back.

"You'd rather have more money than be married to me?"

"You know I wouldn't."

"Then skip it!"

"You can't mean that, Carla."

"I mean it very sincerely, Noel."

"But, darling—the next contract should be worth—"

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"Let them go hang with their new contract."

"I can't do it."

"You mean, you won't do it."

"I can't."

Very quietly, Carla said:

"We've nearly fifty thousand dollars now. It's all we aimed for. We came here for just one purpose—to do what we both wanted to do. Well, will you?"

He simply repeated:

"I can't."

She gently touched his hair.

"My dear," she said, "I perfectly understand."

THAT evening when he came home from the studio, she had gone. All the hats, the shoes, the dresses that he had enjoyed looking at in her closet, even her trunks, were gone. Downstairs on the living-room table he found a note:

"Darling:

I don't know that I can tell you how sad it makes me, nor if I can show you with any greater clarity what is sure to happen to us if we stay here. It's because I hope that sometime—some way—we can recapture what we had that I'm going home. Afterward, I'll be in New York. Please write me. Soon. I still love you with my whole heart.

"CARLA."

He sent telegrams to two different trains.

CARLA DARLING WE DIDN'T TALK IT OVER ENOUGH.

Then:

I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU.

He waited for answers. He waited a whole day. Then he phoned her home. She had not yet arrived. He reached her father at his bank.

He tried to explain.

"I can't walk out on a picture. They're fighting about new contracts, too. It's fabulous. Everything's in a mess. Tell her to wait there. Tell her to call me."

She didn't call.

In the middle of a contract conference with the producer and his agent, Noel amazed everyone.

"Nuts!" he said suddenly.

He put on his hat and walked out. They ran after him. He told them what he thought of Hollywood, the agents, the producers, motion pictures, and things in general. He took the first elevator down.

He phoned Indiana again.

Yes, Carla was there. No, she wouldn't come to the phone unless he had given up Hollywood for good. He hung up.

He walked in the hills for a while and thought it over. Instead of calling her back, he took the next plane east.

Carla's people were deeply concerned.

"He always plays those rough men in pictures. Was he like that around home, too?" Carla's mother asked.

Carla told them that Noel was probably the sweetest man around a home, really, that any girl could find. She explained what was wrong. The facts that loomed up out of her recital were: that he was a big softie, that he was too kind to people, that he was too successful, that he wouldn't quit when he had saved fifty thousand dollars, because he wanted more.

"It was what we had agreed on," she said hesitantly.

She noticed that her father's face looked flushed. He cleared his throat.

"Come into the study, Carla," he said.

He was several minutes getting to the point. Noel had insisted that it be kept an absolute secret. It had been—well, it had been an unforeseen thing at the bank. Not illegal. But it would have been very embarrassing. He had sold property. He had raised what money he could. It wasn't enough. And out there in Hollywood, in the library that night, he had told Noel.

Noel had loaned him some thirty-eight thousand dollars. . . .

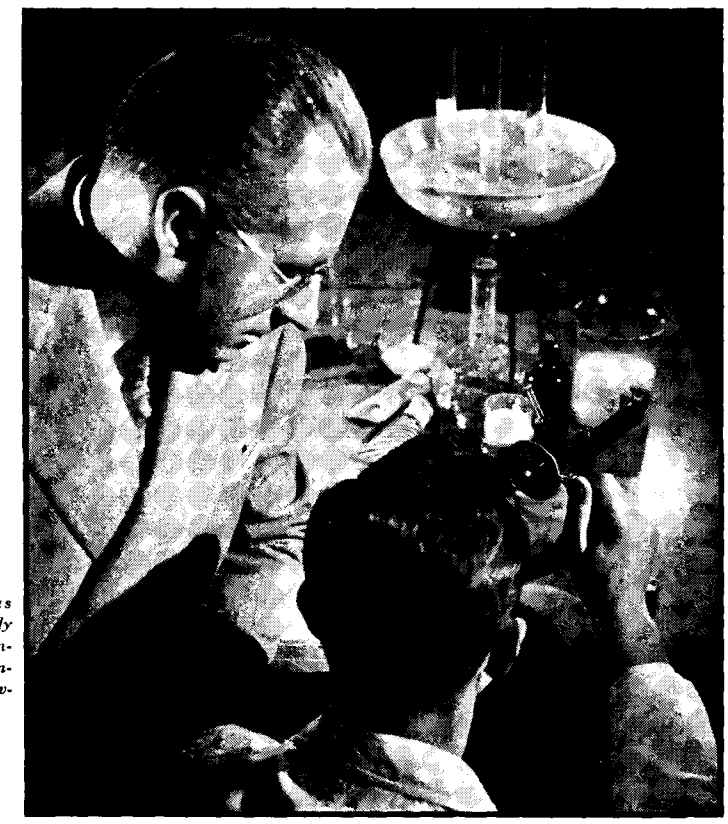
"Telegraph office," said Carla banging at a receiver. "No—give me long-distance. . . . Oh, never mind, long distance. . . . I want the airport!"

THEIR planes might have passed somewhere in Kansas. When Noel, breathless, finally arrived at Carla's home, all he found there to interest him was a telegram from his Hollywood agent. American Pictures had made a new proposal. Three pictures a year—to be made between May and October.

He wired back:

WILL SIGN ANYTHING CARLA APPROVES STOP CALL HER TOMORROW AT HOME STOP AM RETURNING TONIGHT STOP JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME ALL I WANT IS TO GET FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS CLEAR AND GO TO ITALY AND WRITE A PLAY.

"The manager likes your manners and asks you to please sit next to the window" Erwin Franken



W. G. Mennen has made a scientific study of shaving. Now he answers—frankly and impartially—a vital shaving question. . .

"Be frank, Mr. Mennen" *they said*

"which do you really think is best

LATHER OR BRUSHLESS?"

My laboratory and your face give the answer.

W. G. Mennen

"NOW that I make both Lather and Brushless Shaves, a lot of men want to know which one I really recommend. After all—there must be *one* that's best, they say.

"My answer, gentlemen, is based on 26 years of shaving study.

"There is no such thing as ONE best shave for ALL faces. Whether Lather or Brushless is better for you depends on your shaving habits, your type of beard and—most important—*your type of skin.*

"That's why I make both. Both are America's fastest *whisker wilters.* Both take *all* the fight out of *all* of the beard. Both end razor pull, yank or scrape!

"But only your skin can decide which is best for YOU—Lather or Brushless.

"For example, if your skin is *oily,* you should use Mennen Lather Shave. It loosens deeply-imbedded oil deposits, flushes out your over-active skin.

"If you have a *dry skin,* I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream, not a grease, containing special ingredients which soothe tender skins.

"If your skin is *normal,* then it's a question of convenience—do you like to use a brush or don't you?

Send for my "Skin Tester Kit"

"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin Tester Kit'... containing good-size tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

"In the 'Skin Tester Kit' I've also included trial sizes of Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer and a new Mennen Double Edge Blade. I'm offering you this kit for only 10c! But please send for it only if you will make the test. No professional sample hounds wanted!"

After the Shave

Mennen Skin Balm, a wonderful, cooling skin tonic—in a tube. Gives real protection to your face. Non-greasy! *Mennen Talcum for Men* — the man's powder. Doesn't show. Kills "face shine!"

MENNEN

2 types: LATHER SHAVE and brushless SHAVE

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Brushless Shave, Lather Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-20.

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Summer Suit No. 3

Summer Suit No. 4

RESULTS OF WRINKLING TESTS ON PALM BEACH AND OTHER SUMMER SUITS

SHOWING HOW PALM BEACH SUITS RETAIN THEIR SMOOTH LINES. Each of these summer suits, made of four totally different summer fabrics, was subjected to precisely the same mussing treatment. Two sets of photographs were taken: (1) immediately after mussing; (2) after hanging the suits up overnight. The Palm Beach Suit not only wrinkled or mussed less than the others...but also showed truly amazing facility in the matter of "automatic recovery". *(Examine these actual photographs. In each case photo on left shows results after hanging).*

Little McGraw

Continued from page 9

a million dollars after the game. But he wasn't. He was awful mournful.

"What's wrong?" I said. "Why are you so worried?"

"They took the Boss to the hospital with appendicitis. Jack Sutcliffe's acting manager."

"We're in first place, ain't we?" I said.

Willie rubbed his back and tears came into his eyes. He looked so tired he could hardly stand up.

"We won't be there long, O'Smith," he said. "We start a road trip Thursday—with Sutcliffe acting manager. We got trouble. Clubhouse trouble. The Cubs will pass us."

I asked him what clubhouse trouble was and he said the team didn't want Sutcliffe to boss them. He was okay as captain on the field but not so good as manager. "He thinks he's the twelve apostles and Connie Mack," Willie said. "He don't know when to bear down on Joyce and Leavenkamp and the other hooligans and when to lay off of them. He's a college guy like Lawton."

IT LOOKED like a good crack to make to tell Willie how I knew he won the game. I told him he sure was Little McGraw and I had learned a lot today. But Willie had his mind on the team. He always had his mind on the team.

"We'll win this pennant if we don't go to fighting ourselves," Willie said. "This is a big crisis in my career, O'Smith. It's a big responsibility."

He looked so awful worried I got scared. I said: "You hadn't ought to think so hard, Mr. Procheski. You'll get a nervous breakdown or something."

Willie hunched his shoulders up and clenched his fists. He looked terrible fierce.

"You got to love baseball, O'Smith, and you got to love your team, and you got to hate every other team in the league except the Phillies. That's *fight*, O'Smith. I love them guys"—he kind of grinned—"but if they go to fighting each other—I got to stop it. I got to!"

I got excited and I said: "What'll we do, Mr. Procheski? Let me help you."

He started for the car line.

"I'll think of something," he said.

I ran after him. I wanted to show him I was studying hard to be a mascot, so I said: "Tell me one thing, Mr. Procheski. What did you tell Springate to make him use the hot bat?"

Willie said: "I promised to put the evil eye on French if he used that bat. He laughed because he don't believe in evil eyes. That relaxed him and he socked it on the nose. Get it?"

Little McGraw, what I mean. He sure knew his stuff. I didn't believe what Willie said about the team fighting themselves, at first. But it turned out just like he said it would.

They went on the road trip and started losing. Mr. Stockton wrote it in the Post that there was clubhouse trouble. They came back tied with New York for second, with the Cubs two games ahead in first place.

I was outside scrubbing the walk the morning the team got home. I sure felt low. With Willie Procheski out of town I wasn't getting any place in my career. I did not have any good mascot to study and Sam and Bud and the kids kept ribbing me about the team.

Well, all of a sudden, an ice truck stopped in front and Willie Procheski climbed out. I sure was surprised.

He looked sick. He was thin as a rail and his face was twisted up. He had on a new suit and was carrying a satchel.

"O'Smith, I want to talk to you serious," he said. "Where can we go and be strictly private?"

That gave me a swell excuse to ask Sister Cecelia if I could take Mr. Procheski, the famous mascot, into the back garden to discuss baseball affairs. Sister Cecelia did not take it so big, but when she saw Willie was limping and looked awful hot she said yes and she would have Norah send us some lemonade.

I sure was surprised in the garden. Willie Procheski said: "You said you would help me if I needed it, O'Smith. Are you still game? Have you got *fight?*" I said, "Yes." Then he told me the team was in its biggest crisis. Bromkovic wasn't speaking to Lefty; Springate had made a pass at Sutcliffe in Boston; the whole team was shot with fights and bad blood.

"I'm going to get kidnapped, O'Smith," Willie said, spitting it out. "It's the only way. We're starting a five-game series with the Cubs tomorrow. It's them or us for first place. I'm going to get kidnapped."

I stared at him.

"Kidnapped?" I said. "Hully gee, Mr. Procheski! Who's gonna kidnap you?"

He kind of grinned, but his eyes were plenty black and bright.

"It's a plot, O'Smith," he said. "I'm not gonna be kidnapped really. I'm just gonna lay low for five days and make out like Chicago gamblers and maybe two or three Cub players have snatched me. Get it?"

He saw I didn't get it, so he said: "That'll get them sore at Chicago and the Cubs. They'll forget about scrapping each other and go to fighting the Cubs."

I got it.

"Little McGraw!" I said. "What a man! But where you gonna hide?"

Willie grabbed me by the shirt and looked at me man-to-man.

"That's where you come in, O'Smith," he said. "It's gonna be tough, laying low for five days. I got to have grub occasional and the sports sheets." He stood up and hobbled around. Then he said: "Do you know of a good place to hide?"

I was scared. Getting mixed up in this was not going to be so good.

"Gee, heck, Mr. Procheski," I said. "I know plenty of places, but I'm scared."

Willie shook his head awful sad.

"I thought so," he said. "You can't take it. You don't love the team."

THEN he put it up to me cold turkey. He said he didn't aim to be a mascot all his life. He said the Boss would promote him to fourth assistant trainer some day. He said if I helped him he would teach me and work me into the job of mascot.

So we went to find a place for Willie to hide in. I thought he should hide in the attic above the boys' dormitory. He said that wouldn't do because there would be too many kids around. Then we looked in the old carriage house. Willie said that was too close to the garden. Finally we came to an old root cellar at the 'way back end of the lot. It was half caved in and covered with Jimson weeds and there was water in it and rats and maybe snakes.

"This'll do," Willie said, kind of weak. "You can sneak up the alley and slip me my grub and nobody'll be any wiser. This'll do fine."

It was a swell plot. Willie said he would disappear tonight and sneak into the root cellar with some grub and

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blankets. He would get a colored friend of his to throw Willie's mascot cap out of a car traveling at high speed at a busy intersection. The mascot cap would have a note in it saying that Willie had been snatched by gamblers and mentioning two Cub players under suspicion. Willie would write the note himself, so the team would know it was straight stuff. We arranged all the details swell and Willie gave me some money to buy grub and papers for him.

I would of backed out at that, but Willie wrote the note out and showed me that he had put in it a line saying Clarence O'Smith should mascot in the Cubs series.

We shook hands on it.

"John McGraw," Willie said.

"John McGraw," I said. It was to be our password.

AT FIRST everything worked out fine, except I couldn't sleep much, I was so excited thinking about Willie laying low in that root cellar. In the morning I thought I would go and ask him if he was all right. But there was a big hurrah in the papers. Reporters came out to question me, and my name was in the afternoon papers, and it said: "Clarence O'Smith, Mascot Procheski's friend."

But when I went to the ball park to be mascot instead of Willie, I could tell it was not so good. Mr. Gilligan took me into the office in the clubhouse and asked me a million questions. The sports writers asked me a million more questions. I tried to remember what Willie told me, but they knew I was lying. Mr. Gilligan finally let up on me and took me to the dugout. All the players started asking me a million more questions.

I could tell that not many of the team believed the Cubs had snatched Willie. Only Lefty Hannegan and Bromkovic and Pete Screwball McGeeheney really believed it was the Cubs. I felt so bad I could not do myself justice as mascot. I couldn't do anything only pick up bats. I could not get my mind on studying mascotting because I was thinking about Willie laying low in the root cellar.

Willie's hunch looked like it was wrong, too. Pat Malone pitched for the Cubs and he was plenty good. Pete Screwball McGeeheney pitched for us. He was sore at the Cubs and so was Bromkovic and I think Springate was sore at them. But Pete was too sore to pitch good ball and was trying to bean the Cubs, so Mr. Gilligan, who was still half sick from appendicitis, had to yank him in the fourth. And in the fifth, Bromkovic got into a scrap with Gabby Hartnett on account of accusing him of kidnapping Willie. They were both put out of the game. The Cubs won it 7 to 4.

Mr. Gilligan got me into his office again and said: "Clarence, I think you know the straight of Willie's disappearance. The police can't find him. You are a good Catholic boy and I want you to stop lying and tell us where Willie is." I bawled a little, but I would not tell, so Mr. Gilligan got mad and said I could not be substitute mascot for Willie. He was awful worried about Willie and he said: "I don't know what crazy notion Little McGraw got into his head, but I'd give this ball team to have him back." Some players were hanging around and he looked at them hard and said: "Little McGraw has more sand under his finger nails than you quitters ever owned!"

I beat it as fast as I could. I was sick at my stomach. I went the long way around to the Home and bought two ham sandwiches and pop and chocolate bars and hid it all in my shirt. I didn't even remember it was Friday. I was in a terrible hurry to see if Willie was okay.

I sneaked up the alley and got down by the mouth of the root cellar and said: "McGraw."

"McGraw," Willie said. "Quick. Duck in."

It was dark in the root cellar and the roof was too low to stand up. Willie was laying on his side on top of some wet blankets. He was shivering and coughing.

"Did we win?" he said.

"No," I said, "they beat us 7 to 4."

"Let's see the papers," he said.

I had only one paper with play-by-play. Willie read it with a flashlight.

"Bromkovic socked Gabby Hartnett!" he said. "Get it? They're fighting. They'll win tomorrow and sweep the series." Then he looked at the front page at his picture and kind of grinned.

But I couldn't see Willie going through another night in the root cellar. It was an awful place. I told him everything that had happened all day. I said his hunch was not any good. Only a few players believed the Cubs had snatched him and the rest were still madder at each other than they were at the Cubs.

Willie shook his head. His teeth kind of clicked and he looked pretty sick.

"Screwball tried to bean Charley Grimm, didn't he?" Willie said.

"And Jurges too," I said. "But that's neither here nor there. You can't stay here any longer, Mr. Procheski. You'll catch the pneumonia."

He wouldn't pay any attention to me. He kept saying: "They're fighting. That's the stuff. We'll take all the other games."

I started to bawl. I was scared. I thought: "If he gets sick and dies it'll be on my immortal soul." I begged him to come out of the cellar. But he got awful sore. He grabbed me by the arm and shook me.

"If I can take it, you can, O'Smith," he said. "If you think it's any picnic in here you're nutty. But we've got to go through with it. We'd be the laughingstocks of the league if they caught us. Besides, we've got that series for first place to win!"

He talked me out of it. He asked me, finally, to rub his back for him. He said he got cramped not being able to stand up. I couldn't rub very long. I heard the vespers bell. I left him the grub. He said, kidding: "I should eat ham on Friday. Why didn't you bring me a steak?"

BUT I couldn't stand it in the chapel with the sisters looking at me. I got to thinking of Willie Procheski staying another night in the root cellar. After vespers, I went straight in to Sister Mary Martha and told the works.

Mother Superior sent for Mr. Gilligan.

It turned out Willie already had got the pneumonia. Mr. Gilligan took him to the hospital. They wouldn't let me go, but I carried on so they let me go later that night. They had Willie unconscious and the door closed. The hall was full of players standing around. Mr. Gilligan came out of the room and talked to the team.

He said: "He did this to try to get you mugs together. It was a goofy stunt, but there wasn't anything goofy about the heart back of it. How about a little handshaking up and down the line? You can do that much for Little McGraw. He was willing to die for you."

So I guess Willie Procheski's hunch was the right one, after all. We won all the other games with the Cubs and went back into first place the next week. Willie sure is aces again and I bet his career as fourth assistant trainer will be just as famous as his mascotting. I don't think I'll ever make as good a mascot as Willie. There is only one Little McGraw.

An artist friend volunteers a message—

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.,
Troy, N. Y.

Dear Fellas:

Some months ago I headed an Expedition to Africa to shoot Mr. and Mrs. Mohnson Jartin.

You have, of course, some idea of how hot it is in the African jungle. And, as if the torridity weren't enough, Nature gave lions, etc., to the jungle and outrunning them brings on perspiration.

One day a lion had been chasing me so long we both gave up and sat down. We saw the humor of the thing and began laughing right heartily. It was the beginning of a confidential friendship. After I'd shared eight sandwiches and two Eskimo pies with Leo, I said, "Leo, how can you chase people in such hot weather and not perspire so much your skin shrinks?" "Ho-HO!" said Leo, "I do perspire, but we are wearing the new Arrow SANFORIZED-SHRUNK skins down here now!"

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Mohnson Jartin passed by and I reached for my gun. I tried to raise it to my shoulder -- and couldn't; My shirt had shrunk so much I was shirt-bound! You should have heard Leo guffaw! The Jartins saw me, levelled their guns -- and I scooted behind Leo -- knowing the Jartins shoot lions only in self-defence! The Jartins then left in a huff and Leo said, "When you return to New York, buy a coupla hundred Arrow SANFORIZED-SHRUNK Shirts and you will never be shirt-bound again!"

Which I did -- and now I can play vigorous Ping-Pong for hours, perspire to my heart's content, and never lose a game, thanks to my shrinkless Arrow Shirts!!!!

Veddy Sinsilly,

PATTERSON MACHAMER.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

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B.V. D's SPECIAL "HOT WEATHER" VALUES May 25th to June 23rd

Best Clue Missing

Continued from page 17

women's shoes. We saw the manager.

"You able to tell what become of a pair of shoes you made?" O'Malley asked.

"We probably can. If you'll give us the markings in the shoes I can find out what store they were sent to. The dealer may be able to tell who bought them."

"We ain't got the markings."

The manager looked as though he thought we were crazy.

"You can tell us what stores you send shoes to?" O'Malley said.

He gave us a list.

"These places take all your shoes?"

"Yes; except that if a pair is imperfect and doesn't pass inspection, we sell them at a reduced rate to our own employees."

"Yeah? You keep a record of who bought 'em?"

They did. We looked through the names but Hanlin's wasn't among them.

"Nothing in that, I guess," O'Malley said.

We drove back to Manhattan.

"You better forget the shoes," I said. "They don't mean anything."

It was a couple of days before I saw him again.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"It just stands still. Her aunt has told all she knows. Hanlin can't prove he didn't do it and we can't prove he did, and so he just don't talk. He's the kind of guy anyway that thinks all cops are his enemies. That lawyer she worked for is seventy years old and all he knows is that she always came to work."

"At least, you've stopped worrying about the shoes."

"No; I been to shoe stores all around where she lived and where she worked and showed her picture. I thought maybe her shoes was new and some guy might have been with her when she bought 'em. But now I got so many cops laughing at me about her shoes, I just don't say anything."

"They've kept the laughter inside the department," I commented. "Her shoes haven't been mentioned in the newspapers."

HE WAS going to some more shoe stores and I wouldn't go along, but the next morning I found him at headquarters.

" 'S nice day," he said.

It wasn't. It was drizzling rain. We went in and saw Hanlin.

"The police found the shoes," O'Malley told him.

"Maybe you'll let me alone, then," Hanlin replied. "How was I to know what become of her shoes? And you kept asking me."

"So you did find them," I said when we had got outside.

"No; I just said that to see what he would say. When you said yesterday the papers hadn't mentioned her shoes, you had an idea. You didn't know you had it."

We went to see the lawyer she had worked for.

"The police found the shoes," O'Malley said to him.

"*What* shoes?" the lawyer asked, not comprehending.

We went down to the street.

"Well, now," O'Malley said, "I got to do a lot of telephoning. Can I do it from your place?"

We went to my place. He had a list of numbers and he called one up.

"The police found the shoes," he said. He listened and hung up and called a second one—"The police found the shoes." Each time he asked for someone by name, and he got all but one or two of them. He called about twenty numbers. I didn't see any sense in it.

He looked at me and grinned. "One more," he told me. This time he called a Long Island police station and gave them some instructions.

"Come on! We got to move."

We got a car and drove out on Long Island. It was a street of little houses. There were some cops standing around not doing anything. We rang the bell of one of the houses and a blond woman, looking frightened, opened the door and we just walked in past her. A suitcase was partly packed on a bedroom floor and a man about thirty years old was sitting on the edge of the bed with his face buried in his hands.

"O. K.," he said to us dully. "I thought maybe I'd go away, but I looked out the window and saw all those cops you'd sent there."

WE TOOK him to the station house. "What *is* all this, O'Malley?" I demanded while they were taking down the man's name and pedigree.

"We'll find that out now. This is the kind of nervous guy that talks. He's smart, and if you catch a smart, nervous guy in one thing he figures you know all the rest and tells it to you."

They took the man into the captain's room and the place filled up with cops.

"You know how it was we found them shoes?" O'Malley asked him.

"Sure." He stared at us with his dull eyes. "I guess I didn't put enough stones into them."

"How come you killed the girl?"

"You probably know as much as I can tell you," he replied, with his voice shaking. "I met her at the beach. Hanlin was there with some girls and I'd seen him at the factory and so I spoke to him and he introduced me. The next day I called her up and afterward we went together. She used to call up her aunt and tell her she was with Hanlin or somebody else, then she'd meet me. We always went somewhere we wouldn't see anybody we knew, like in the Bronx. She told me Hanlin didn't even remember introducing me to her. When we'd been going together for a while she found out I was married and she began to start trouble. The night this happened she said she was going to see my wife and tell my wife she had to give me up. I must have gone kind of crazy when she said that. Anyway, I grabbed her."

They locked him up.

"How did you figure this out, O'Malley?" I asked, as we were returning to Manhattan.

"It looked like she was killed where she was found, so her shoes not being there looked funny. Why would a guy, after he murdered a girl, take her shoes off and carry 'em away with him? It wasn't because the shoes would identify her, because he left her handbag. I wondered maybe was it because he was the one they would identify. It might be the guy was with her when she bought the shoes, or maybe bought 'em for her, and he was afraid they would remember him. But that wouldn't be Hanlin, because everybody knew he went with her.

"Of course I didn't know whether the shoes come from the factory Hanlin worked for, or where they come from. I just went around to shoe people and showed her picture to see if anybody remembered her. Then you said the shoes hadn't been spoke of in the newspapers, and that was an idea. I went back to the factory and got the names of whoever worked for 'em that had bought

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shoes in the last few months and got their phone numbers. I was trying to figure how the idea could be worked. Then this morning it begun to rain and it was Saturday; them people would be home. I figured if I called 'em up and told all of 'em the shoes was found, it wouldn't mean nothing to any of them except to some one guy if he happened to be guilty. He might act different.

"It worked out like that. Everybody thought I'd got the wrong number or it was some friend of theirs kidding 'em, except this one guy. His name is Minder, and he's got a good office job in the factory. When I called him up he tried to say something and couldn't, and then started to thank me, and then started to ask who I was, and then all at once hung up. When we went out to his place I didn't know if he was the right guy, but the way he acted made him worth questioning. He saved us that trouble because the phone call had cracked his nerve; but now I had suspicioned him we'd have got him anyway."

"Queer!" I said. "The precaution he took to protect himself was what betrayed him."

"That ain't queer. It happens to plenty guys that knock other guys off. What I hope now is we find the shoes. They must be in some lake in Van Cortlandt Park or near there. Minder's nerve is gone and he may tell us where to look for 'em."

The next day's paper said that they had fished up the shoes.

"This has been a clever piece of work," I told O'Malley.

"It come out all right. I'm glad it did. If it wasn't solved, I'd have been going around asking about them shoes until maybe they thought I was nutty and locked me up."

The Old Gentleman

Continued from page 16

No, they don't let Big Red go to the wars any more and he seems to accept the fact philosophically enough. He's just a stud horse now, but so great is he that his owner gets $5,000 for his services. They send him to the stud twenty-five times a year, which means that he more than earns his keep. Now he lets his sons and his daughters and their sons and daughters carry on his name. During his earlier years in the stud the get of Man o' War proved to be sensational. American Flag was the first of his progeny to earn fame. The next year it was Crusader, who in 1926 was the greatest money winner of the year. Mata Hari, that beautiful filly who led the last Kentucky Derby field for three quarters of the distance, is a granddaughter of Big Red.

Big Red lives in a barn that Sam Riddle built especially for him. There are four stalls in the barn and three pals of Big Red live there with him. Mars and Crusader are two of his favorite sons. Each is eleven years old. Both of them are owned by Sam Riddle. Then there is the seventeen-year-old Golden Broom, owned by Mrs. Walter Jeffords, Mr. Riddle's daughter.

When Upset Won

I wonder if Big Red ever thinks of a certain afternoon in August, 1919, when he looks at Golden Broom. That was the only afternoon in his racing career that Big Red's number didn't go up on the board first. Upset, to whom he conceded fifteen pounds, beat him that day and Golden Broom was another starter. Well, horsemen will tell you that bad racing luck beat Big Red that day—not Upset. There was an assistant starter working at Saratoga that afternoon. He didn't get the horses away together. Big Red was actually facing the other way when the barrier was sprung.

Golden Broom was a streak away from the barrier. A great sprinter, Golden Broom. Upset, too, got away fast and they were both well on their way when Johnny Loftus turned the big fellow around and got him started. Nobody can say that Big Red didn't run his heart out trying to make up those lengths which separated him from the field. He caught Golden Broom and the rest of them all right and ten lengths from home the big fellow's head was nodding at Upset's saddle girth. The crowd wasn't screaming encouragement to the big fellow. The crowd was praying for him. He almost made it, too, and he was only a whisker behind at the finish. But he was behind. They said that it was a bad ride by Loftus that beat Big Red. Let it go at that. Big Red got revenge a year later when he walked right away from Upset in the Preakness.

It is hard to believe, looking at Golden Broom now, that he ever raced with such a one as Big Red. Each of the four horses has a separate pasture. Golden Broom looks like a tired old man. When they lead him into the field he leans against the wooden bars which enclose it and promptly falls asleep. You never saw such a horse for sleeping as that Golden Broom, but as little Bobby says, "He was a good hoss, mister, but they ain't but one champeen."

Bobby knows. It is he who washes and rubs down Big Red after his morning workout. It is he who mixes the six pounds of oats, "hand of bran" and bunch of carrots that Big Red eats every day. It is he who talks to Big Red and it is Bobby who quiets him when visitors excite him. Big Red is a fine host. During the past year 30,000 people visited him.

One defeat could never dim the memory of his twenty glorious victories. There have been great horses in this country. There were those two marvelous horses of the early twentieth century—Sysonby and Colin, both owned by James R. Keene. There was the magnificent gelding Exterminator, which raced through six seasons to win $252,596 in purses. There were Luke Blackburn and Hindoo, kings of racing during the 1880's. Domino, Salvator and Artful were great, and Equipoise deserves to be listed in this august company.

Was Big Red greater than those? Who can tell? Is one sunset more beautiful than another? Was a moonlit night fifty years ago more bewitching than a moonlit night this month?

But I'll take the old gentleman when he was out there with his eyes flashing and his nostrils quivering and those steely, sinewy legs trembling just a bit. I'll take him when he was kicking mud into the eyes of the best horses of his day. Whether he was greater than the ancient kings we do not know. But he was greatest of our time and you'd know it if you traveled out to Kentucky and saw him standing in the middle of a pasture with the sun burnishing the chestnut of his coat until it shone softly golden.

Yes, he's just an old gentleman now but those old Kentucky gentlemen know how to grow old gracefully, and they never lose the proud look which is their birthright.

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You can choose them in colors that would shame a cruiser's flag locker. You can choose them in "*Sea Tweeds*," the Summer's new weave for nautical wear, and in that B.V.D. discovery "*Perl-knit*."

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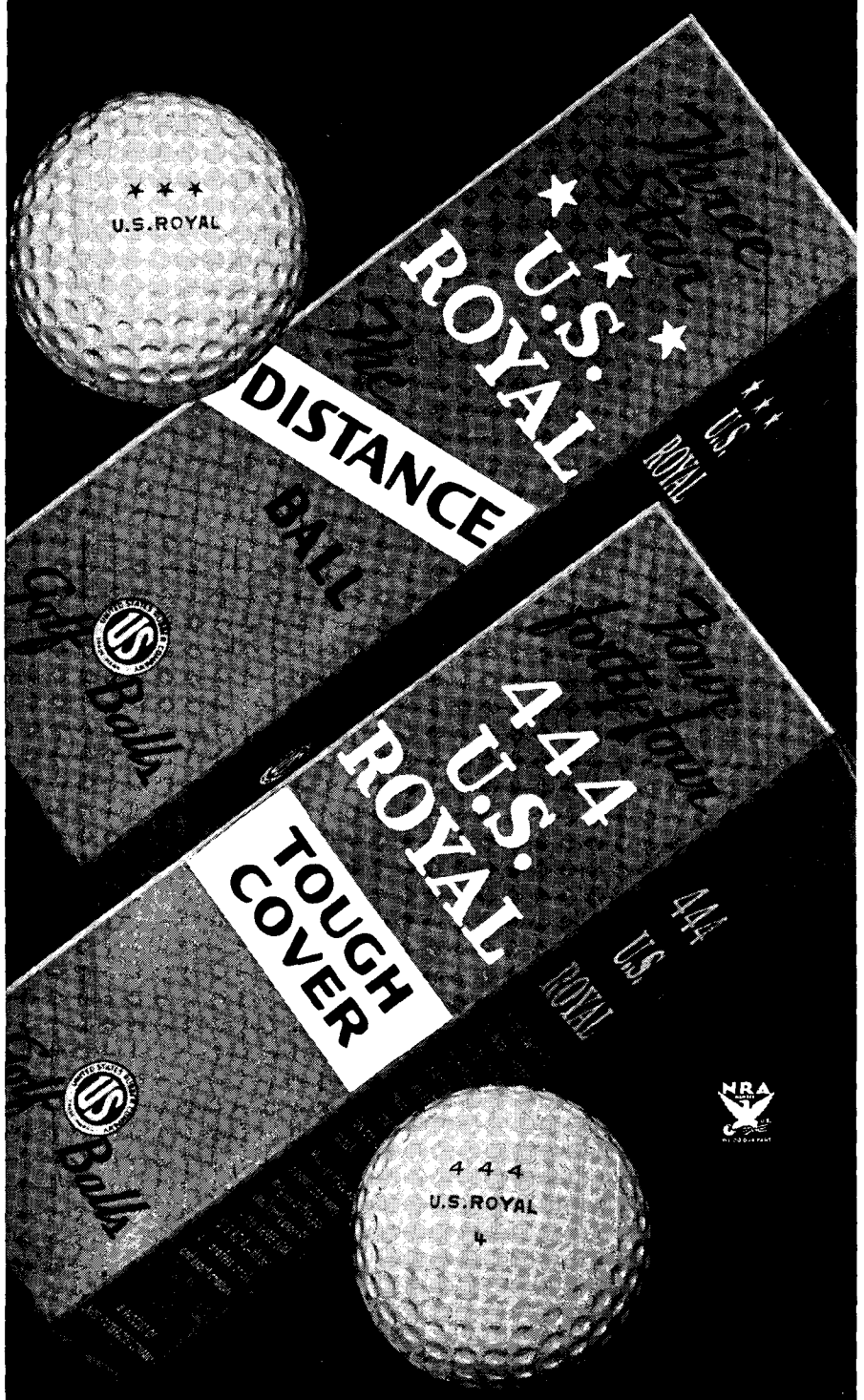

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U. S. FAIRWAY 50¢ — U. S. NOBBY 3 for $1

Golf Balls

Out of the Red

Continued from page 11

Anton stopped as if he had been struck. He knit his brows. He scratched his head. To his mind came a vision of what he had been in Bohemia, of what he would have been had he stayed there—a farm laborer, just a farm laborer, without hope of betterment, without ambition for change.

"By golly!" he exclaimed. "I go back to work."

That was a year ago. Anton went back to work. And the other day, when that same friend met him on the street, Anton Smetana told him:

"I got it all figured out. I work ten years. I save much money. I buy a little house. Then I buy a big house. Then I am sixty years old. I retire. I got it all figured out."

Chicago, too, is smiling. Merchants there, big and small, are showing profits. Mail-order houses are busier. Business men are stepping out again, taking risks. Retail sales are going up. Unemployment is going down. In the early part of this year there were 112,000 families less on relief than in March, 1933.

"Where Are We Headed?"

A big Chicago packing firm operated on a profitable basis in the fiscal year ending last March for the first time in three years. And, for the first time since 1929, a leading mail-order house in the opening months of 1934 earned a profit; it moved into the black to the tune of a million dollars, as against being in the red almost two millions, which was its record for the corresponding months of 1933. A big Chicago department store reported sales recently which were the largest in its entire history. Packing-house production for the Chicago district set a nine-year record at the beginning of this year. In short, according to a local authority, "all reliable measures of business progress point to improvement."

On the other hand, Chicago is a great citadel of kickers against the New Deal. Nowhere is the fear of "regimentation" and "dictatorship" livelier.

Disapproval of the Brain Trust was rampant. This was true principally of the higher reaches of business, but also, to some extent, of the little fellows. Even those who were crying to Washington last year for help, any kind of help, were acting as if the government which had then thrown them a life-line was now trying to hold their heads under water.

The opposition of the big fellows was summed up by one of them in these words: "The President's advisers are professors who don't understand the true relationship between capital and labor."

And the misgivings of the little fellow were expressed by a Chicago barber, who—ignoring the usual tendency to lay off the President—explained thus why he thought things were going sour:

"The trouble is that Roosevelt don't know a thing about the barber business!"

After wandering about Chicago, gathering pros and cons in enormous quantities, I found myself in the office of a wise veteran of business. He is over seventy. He has lived in Chicago all his life. He has done business there for more than half a century. He has weathered one crisis after another. And, through it all, he has remained cool, and kept in his eye a humorous twinkle. There, thought I, is one whose views about present-day Chicago should be worth having. So I asked him for them. And here they are:

"There's a big improvement around here in retail trade—that is, in consumer goods—but not in capital goods. Enormous amounts of public money have been pumped into Chicago, and some of this money has finally reached the class which *spends as it gets*, which cannot lay up capital. This class is increasing expenditures freely. It is a matter for argument whether the impetus given by all this public money spent on consumer goods has been sufficient to tide us over until industry starts up again.

"What is most needed is a marked revival of durable industries.

"The Wirt investigation brought the Brain Trust out into the light of public discussion. Where are we headed? There is a growing distrust of the Brain Trusters. President Roosevelt's personal popularity remains high, but there is a growing feeling that he has been misled by those around him. His integrity is unquestioned, also his desire to bring about improvement in the situation, but if he sticks to the Brain Trust his popularity may suffer.

"The issue between the Administration and its opponents will not be fought out in Washington, but in the grass regions; not by Congress but by the common people. They may rebel against what they are beginning to think is a movement to change the fundamental theory of representative government. The little fellow, formerly strong for having Big Business walloped good and plenty, is asking: 'Where do *I* get off in all this walloping? Am *I* going to get hurt?' So, even while congratulating himself on the dawn of recovery, he is keeping his fingers crossed. He is saying to himself: 'So far, in America, I have had a chance of becoming a Big Fellow myself. Are all these new-fangled ideas going to shut me up forever in the class where I was born?' "

At this point, just as gloom seemed to have taken charge, the old Chicago sage's eyes twinkled, and he concluded:

"But there is certainly a more cheerful feeling around here. The 'dole' atmosphere is gone. This, in itself, should help toward bringing real improvement.

Milwaukee Looks Up

No doubt about the greater cheerfulness in Chicago these days. One business man there, smiling happily, informed me:

"Doubling is decreasing."

"Pardon—"

"They're undoubling."

"Pardon me, I don't quite—"

He explained:

"More and more families who had been 'doubling'—occupying an apartment with another family—are moving into apartments for themselves alone. This is especially true of young married couples who, because of hard times, had gone to live with the old folks. Now the young husbands are at work again, and money is coming in, and they don't want to crowd and be crowded.

"The same thing is happening in business offices. Many business men got so hard up that they closed their offices and took desk room in somebody else's office. There everyone was so cramped for space that people were almost sitting on each other's laps. Now that things are improving, a lot of those who were forced to give up their own offices are renting premises again."

Another Chicagoan said:

"Smart money is back."

"Pardon—"

He elucidated:

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"Around here 'smart money' is the name for money belonging to clever guys who like to invest in something promising and cash their profits quickly. For a long time you couldn't find any smart money in Chicago with a telescope. But now it's bobbing up again."

Milwaukee, as its citizens take care to point out to you, is a place of diversified industries. But to the visitor Milwaukee is the American capital of beer. It is concerning beer that he asks questions; and, when the day's work is done, what he wants most for stimulation and enjoyment is beer.

With the return of beer to the realm of legality, recovery lifted its head in Milwaukee. The brewery monarchs there gleefully tell the visitor that their business is doing nicely. A few weeks ago the output was already nearly half what it was in record pre-prohibition years.

One of the leading Milwaukee breweries recently placed a single order for barrels with a local cooperage concern which restored to employment, at one swoop, no less than 1,450 men. The same brewery, which, at the peak of its pre-Volstead glory, had about 1,500 employees, has already restored jobs to over 900. Not even the high taxes levied on their product have sufficed to wipe the smiles from the faces of Milwaukee's brewing magnates. Though they are soaked $5 a barrel by the federal government, and all the way up to $4.80 a barrel by the various state governments, they still feel the thrill which came to them last year when their plants leaped to new life, when the vats filled again with frothing liquid, when bells rang and sirens blew, and thousands of citizens paraded the streets.

A Problem in St. Louis

If you want a word-picture of that night, and of the new vigor which has come to Milwaukee since that night, talk to Otto.

Otto is a portly guide at a celebrated Milwaukee brewery. Though he has been back at his old job of taking visitors through the place for more than a year, now, the bloom is still on his joy. "Dis whole blace," he recounts—pointing to a big open space between the brewery buildings—"vass, on dat night ven beer came back, full mid people. T'ousands vass dere, und dey cheer, und alvays dey yell 'Free beer! Ve vant free beer!'—und dey get it, too, for der brewery dat night has open house for der whole city of Milwaukee kept. Und vun man drives up in his car, und he buys two cases of beer, und he sdards back to his car, und der crowd closes in on him, und soon dere ain't vun single bottle left in der cases! Und all der people round him iss drinking his beer und der man he choost laughs, says 'Prosit!' und drives avay, midoud nodding."

Still chuckling at the reminiscence, Otto pilots the visitor through the brewery, with a zestful enjoyment which no amount of familiarity can lessen.

"Here," he says, "iss der cooler. Here iss der ice-machines. Ve used to had eight but now ve didn't had only siggs. Here iss beer midoud der hops, choost mid der malt. Here iss der big keddles—each keddle holds 450 barrels of beer. Und here iss der boddling department."

Otto looks at his watch—the visitor had told him he must be downtown by four o'clock—and continues:

"Ten minutes to four. Ve haff time for choost a leedle beer—choost fife or siggs glasses." And he leads the way to the brewery's private bar, where beer of the finest is on tap and visitors cannot pay for anything.

"Prosit!" booms Otto. "Habby days!" The old Milwaukee is back again.

St. Louis is recovering vigorously. Business in general is on the upswing. Shoe manufacturing, one of the principal local activities, is doing forty per cent better than early last year. Bank deposits are increasing. Retail trade is improving. And, as in Milwaukee, beer-brewing, a major industry in these parts, is working steadily toward prosperity. In so doing, it is spreading blessings all around. There is liveliness, for instance, in the cooperage and bottling industries; and among makers of beer vats and brewery trucks and general brewery equipment.

Unemployment is decreasing. In its relief work, however, St. Louis still faces a serious problem; its relief rolls are still filled with names. One reason for this—and it is true also of other cities—is that reëmployment of young workers is offset to a considerable degree by the appeal to relief agencies of older persons, long unemployed, who have finally exhausted all their resources. Also, in St. Louis, relief workers will tell you of another unfortunate truth (likewise not confined to their territory). In some lines of poorly-paid work, formerly monopolized by Negroes, the latter have been supplanted by whites who, when times were good, scorned such employment. This has forced large numbers of colored people on relief.

Some citizens of St. Louis resent "government meddling." They consider certain NRA provisions unjust. I was told of a woman who pressed dresses for fifty cents, though the code calls for a charge of seventy-five. She justifies herself by the fact that, across the street from her modest little place of business, is the main office of a chain-pressing concern, operating ten branches and a central plant, which charges the prescribed rate for pressing jobs.

"But that concern," she pointed out, "sends its delivery car to fetch garments at customers' homes, and returns them after pressing. I don't. I can't. My customers just bring the stuff here and take it away again themselves. They're willing to pay fifty cents for that, but they wouldn't pay seventy-five. If I obeyed the code regulations, I'd be ruined."

And the head of a big shoe-manufacturing plant said:

"If only Washington would lay off! It looks to me as if the Administration had sold out to the labor unions. Sometimes the news from Washington makes me feel like quitting cold, and letting labor, or the government, or both of them, run my business!"

Other St. Louisans, though, applaud the Administration. They think it is working to make impossible the return of the bad old days of domination by reckless banks, and similar big-business abuses. One merchant advocates not only the changes approved by the average foe of our banking structure but actually wants the complete destruction of banking as we know it, the transformation of banks into mere "loaning companies."

"There are two words," he said to me, "which must disappear forever from the American vocabulary: saloon and bank!"

California Sunshine

Letting one's eye rove to California, one gets the same picture; business improvement and much more cheerfulness combined with a feeling that the improvement is not quite marked enough yet to justify one-hundred-per-cent optimism.

Around Los Angeles, retail sales show a steady rise. In some cases, indeed, the increase in sales has been so astonishing as to make some think that the region is on the eve of a small boom.

(Continued on page 40)

EVERY PENNY

YOU SPEND FOR WILLIAMS BUYS

SHAVING CREAM!

Perhaps you don't quite know what that statement means. Listen!

Everything that goes into Williams is meant to make lather—and lots of it; meant to soften the beard; meant to benefit the skin. Ingredients are the choicest money can buy. A hundred years' experience has taught us that if you are going to give your face good treatment, you can't be too careful of what you put on it. Nothing ever goes into Williams that will cheapen it.

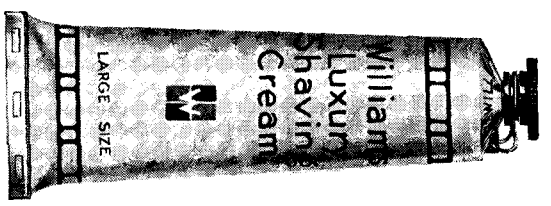
Nothing is *left out* of Williams that is needed in a shaving cream. We know how to put in the things that ought to be there . . . a difficult art. Just as many shaving creams fail because of the good things left out as because of the cheap things put in.

Every penny you spend for Williams buys Shaving Cream. A cream that is known—and has been tested—all over the world—in most trying climates, hot and cold. A cream that's *bought*—never has to be sold.

Economical too! A little goes a long way. Extra shaves—extra good shaves—in every tube.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams



Shaving Cream

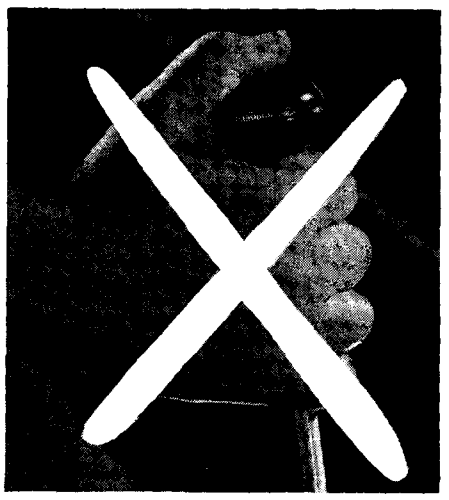
NRA

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. LaSalle, Montreal, Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEARSHIFTING ABOLISHED

BY REO—NOT MERELY MADE EASIER



● Many an automobile advertisement these days talks of "easier gearshifting."

This point would hardly be stressed if it were not acknowledged that gearshifting-by-hand is at best a bothersome task from which the motorist is entitled to relief.

The *ultimate* in relief, of course, would be to make it unnecessary to shift gears at all—*take the gearshift lever out of the car.*

That is precisely what Reo has done!

Gearshifting-by-hand is not merely made *easier* in the new Reo. It is ABOLISHED!

The REO SELF-SHIFTER—most important engineering advance since the self-starter—does *automatically* what drivers of other cars are still required to do *manually!*

Imagine how much SAFER Reo drivers are, with both hands free for steering—and with no danger of stalling in dangerous places on account of some slight mistake in shifting!

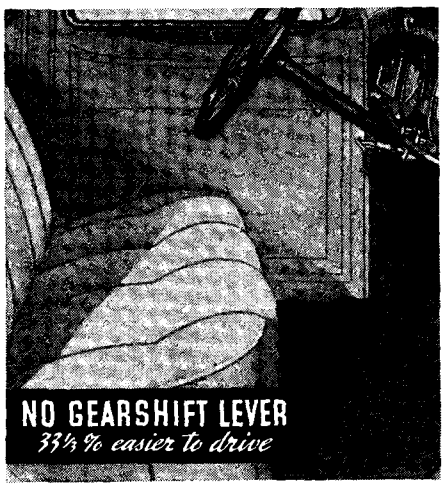
Thousands of owners have declared they could never again be induced to go back to hand-shifting. Nor would you—once you experienced the really astonishing advantages of the REO *SELF*-SHIFTER.

Standard Reo passenger car prices are now as low as $795 at factory, plus tax.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

WRITE today for copy of our interesting booklet, PROOF, containing enthusiastic comments of Reo owners. Also detailed explanation of Self-Shifter operation.

See and drive the new Reo Flying Cloud for 1934—a brilliant triumph in aerodynamic streamlining and long life construction. Amazingly low prices.



REO MOTOR CAR CO. LANSING, MICH.

(Continued from page 39)

Also, bank deposits are growing—and theater audiences are bigger—and women are buying new furniture and putting on new dresses and giving attention to houses which have long needed a general furbishing-up.

Hotel managers at Southern Californian resorts are going around wreathed in smiles. "Not only do more people come to our places," one of them said, "but they stay longer, and they're less restless, and they've got rid of a lot of silly notions."

At localities in California where people go to gamble, there is—to borrow the phrase of an enthusiastic gainer from the returning atmosphere of enjoyment—"a new gayety on the shining faces of the visitors." At one place the influx of people from outside was so great a short while ago that there were scarcely any vacant business premises and hardly a single room to rent. One young woman, who had landed a job at a local restaurant, was obliged to search for ten days before she could rent a lodging for herself.

As for San Francisco and adjacent points, there also gloom is running a poor second. A resident who knows the local situation well, having followed it at close range right through the depression and the ensuing months of semi-recovery, summarized his impressions thus:

"Californians have never made the mistake of looking on the Recovery Program as a clever expedient to end depression and restore prosperity. They have viewed it, and continue to view it, as a gigantic effort to reorganize the whole industrial structure of the United States on higher, finer lines. There are, of course, certain aspects of the NRA that the West has been disposed to dislike, notably an over-centralization of control in Washington, and the fact that the great industrialists of the Atlantic seaboard have formulated codes without reference to the desires or needs of the Great Open Spaces. In spite of all these irritations, the Pacific Coast is solidly behind the New Deal."

The South, like the rest of the country, has been basking for some time in the first warming rays of recovery. One observer, recently returned from a tour there, reports: "Twelve-cent cotton, plus the money the government has been pouring into Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, is responsible for most of the encouraging signs one sees in those states. One finds much gratification and lots of optimism in the retail stores and, to a lesser degree, among the smaller industries."

Thirty-three Per Cent Mental

Alabama, in fact, seems to be actually enjoying a comfortable boom; and the morale of the population, both there and in neighboring territory, is higher than at any time since 1930. There are other reasons for this besides the shovelful of public money dumped on this region, among them promptness on the part of mill-owners in supplying new stocks to meet the new demand, and the release of funds from "frozen" banks. The greatest improvement is in the retail trade. The whole cry seems to be "cheap production for quick turnover."

But, in the South as in other parts of the country, uncertainty and dissatisfaction are mixed in with growing optimism. The industrialists there, to use the words of one who knows Dixie, "look obliquely at the future."

The totals of persons on relief show no appreciable decrease. This is partly due to the difficulty of getting people off relief who have once been on it. "The relief family," explained a welfare worker, "has come to expect being carried until a definite job offers." Yet it seems undeniable that the South is much more hopeful today than for several years. In some districts the improvement is largely a matter of restored spiritual morale rather than sound economic regeneration. This bears out what a resident in another part of the country told me, in summing up the situation in his neighborhood: "Depression, you know, is thirty-three per cent in the mind."

Taking up another section: Farms between Dover, Delaware, and Cape Charles are not checkerboarded with unplowed areas, abandoned in compliance with the government's scheme of restricting production. Also, these farms are in excellent shape; they are not covered with tumble-down, unpainted shacks, as in parts of the South. One Negro in this region said: "People round here would never have known there was a depression if the bankers and the business men and the landlords and the newspapers hadn't told 'em about it."

America's Garden Spot

In North Carolina much benefit has been derived from government funds. But doubters tell you that the influx of easy money from Washington did little toward restoring prosperity to the average citizen by stabilizing cotton and tobacco prices. And little benefit has gone to the Negroes. In general, though, the situation with regard to tobacco and cotton has improved. One cause of this is that the distribution of government funds has put a large percentage of North Carolina's borrowers on a cash basis. Moreover, the devaluation of the dollar has enabled American cotton to keep its supremacy in the world's markets, while at the same time it has enabled cotton producers to pay off debts incurred while prices were around their present levels. Other factors also have helped toward recovery: the application of the provisions of the textile code, the results of code application to small industry and small business, and—last but by no means least—the enthusiasm pumped into the average citizen by the actions of the Roosevelt administration.

Louisville is unique among American cities in that it had a boom during the depression. Thanks to the fact that local tobacco magnates had the idea, in the black days of 1932, of making cigarettes to sell at ten cents a package instead of the usual price of fifteen cents, the Louisville cigarette industry leaped upward with sensational strides. When business in the rest of the country was stagnant, the ten-cent cigarette output of Louisville was paying the government a revenue of $3,000,000 monthly—about twenty-two times as much as before the boom. The effect on the pockets of Kentucky's tobacco-growers—and, indirectly, on many other people around Louisville—was most salutary. And there are 12,000 men and women at work in the local cigarette factories, two thirds of whom were taken on as a result of the boom—a phenomenon so remarkable in those gloomy times that Louisville promptly became known as "the bright spot of the depression."

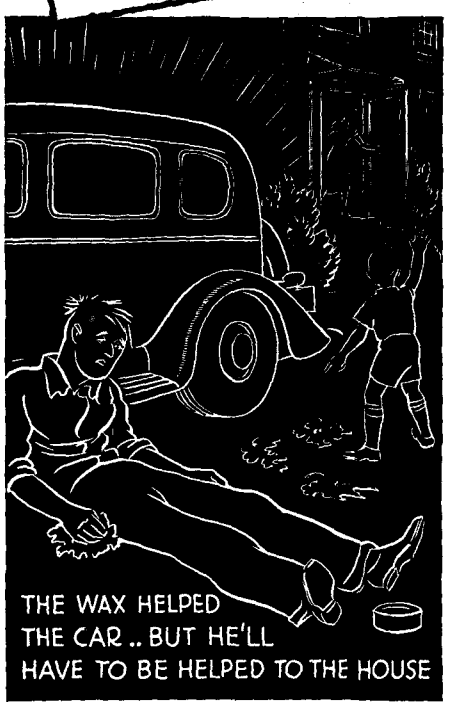
And then there's whisky. Louisville and other Kentucky towns are again distilling whisky legally, to the accompaniment of rejoicing resembling the beer-fest going on day and night in Milwaukee. Among Kentucky distillers there is little tendency to criticize Washington methods. Any regulations, no matter how drastic, are tolerated—even welcomed!

"We're good boys," said one distiller in Louisville. "NRA is all right with us. We are back in business again, after fourteen years of being out in the cold, and are we glad? *"I'll say we are!"*

Cincinnati was not hit as hard by the

NRA WE DO OUR PART

CUT THE PHYSICAL COST *of keeping your car polished—*



TUMBLER *preserves both your* pep *and your car's* looks *because it cures*

LACQUER OXIDATION*

Before Lacquer Oxidation was revealed, recognized and dealt with scientifically, polishing a car was in the class with carrying out the ashes—*all* polishes did their work by laborious rubbing. Now manual labor is minimized forever! Now the Tumbler formulas, based upon the discovery of Lacquer Oxidation, do the cleaning and polishing jobs *scientifically* and *safely.* Tumbler Haze Remover rids the surface of oxidation as no amount of muscle motion could or would remove it. Tumbler Polish brings back that natural brilliance in a way that must be seen to be appreciated. If your car needs polishing more and more often, change your polishing method before it is too late! Manufactured by J. A. Tumbler Laboratories, Baltimore, Md. and J. A. Tumbler Laboratories, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

IMPORTANT — If after you have cleaned your car of oxidation with Tumbler Haze Remover, you wish to wax it instead of using the fast and effective Tumbler Polish, then order Tumbler Auto Wax. Tumbler makes the hard job of waxing *easier.*

* Oxidation of iron causes rust.
Oxidation of silver causes tarnish.
Oxidation of lacquer causes *dullness.*

TUMBLER
AUTO BEAUTY PROCESS

Tumbler Haze Remover—a scientific liquid; safely and quickly removes Lacquer Oxidation.

Tumbler Polish—a scientific liquid; restores original lustre; retards Lacquer Oxidation.

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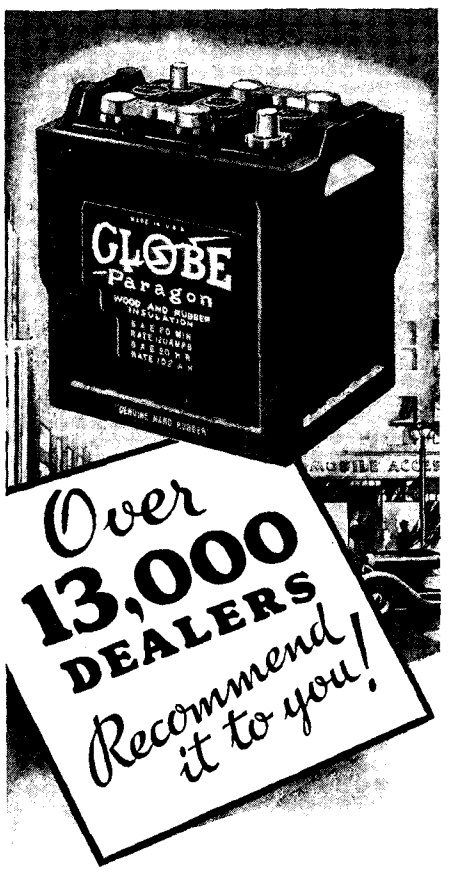

GLOBE dealers are located from coast to coast. Many of them have sold various makes of batteries for years. They *know* batteries. They have chosen to sell GLOBE Batteries on the basis of *performance.* These dealers *know* they can back the product with a personal recommendation.

Ask a GLOBE dealer about *Spinning Power*—a GLOBE feature. When you step on the starter a GLOBE Battery *spins* your engine, instead of turning it over lazily. *Spinning Power* gets you away to a quick start in any weather.

Shielded Plates are another GLOBE feature. They add months to the life of a battery.

For quick, sure starting—bright lights—long, dependable service—investigate GLOBE features when you need a new battery.

GLOBE-UNION MFG. CO.

918 E. Keefe Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

Factories and Branches in 18 cities—thousands of dealers from coast to coast.

©1934, G-U Mfg. Co.

depression as many other places. For Cincinnati is a community of calm. Its citizens don't believe in plunging. They see no point in getting "out on a limb" and then having the limb snap and drop them in the soup.

Successive generations of inhabitants with calm Teutonic blood in their veins have built a foundation of thrift under Cincinnati: Local industries are largely home-owned. Local relief agencies have kept the worst evils of unemployment well in hand. The Cincinnatians, having a strong aversion to unpaid mortgages and similar fancy trimmings, found themselves in a good strategic position for meeting and beating hard times. While other cities which long ago outstripped the "Queen of the West" in wealth and population stood some awful punishment, Cincinnati just drew on its savings—incidentally, it went through no really serious local banking crisis—and waited for the storm to blow over.

"In good times," a local banker told me, "places like Cleveland and Detroit and Chicago laugh at us. In bad times we laugh at them."

On the way to the Atlantic seaboard from the Middle West I stopped at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Lancaster makes watches and linoleum, the farmers roundabout grow a variety of crops, including tobacco; and all the folks of Lancaster County have been, for two hundred years, so thrifty in their habits, and had piled up so much quiet wealth, that their home came to be known as the "Garden Spot of America." Since then, a certain county in California and another in Illinois claim to have wrested that proud title from Lancaster, but Lancasterians won't believe it. Pushing away obtrusive statistics submitted by Californians and Illinoisans, they still chant: "We live in America's Garden Spot."

Right or wrong, they certainly closed ranks when the depression came and fought it like heroes. Indeed, had it not been for the closing of the local banks, you are told in Lancaster, the region would hardly have known that a crisis was gripping the land.

But by a cruel quirk of fate it was their habit of thriftiness which brought the fact home to them! For generations they had saved up money and put it in the banks. Business languished, they turned to the banks for money to tide them over the emergency, and—the banks shut their doors!

Now, however, some of the Lancaster banks are back on their feet, others are paying something on the dollar, and business is picking up most encouragingly.

A Healthy Symptom

In Philadelphia unemployment has decreased. Retail sales have shown big gains. Output of manufactures has improved. Building activity has taken on new life. All this is making the inhabitants of the Quaker City and its surroundings look toward tomorrow with bright anticipation.

The recovery evident in their city inclines Philadelphians to look even upon their labor troubles with a smile. And they certainly have had their share of such troubles!

Between November 1, 1933, and the end of last March Philadelphia was the scene of no less than 184 labor disputes running all the way from minor bickering to major strikes. But, as one observant native son took care to point out: "Such quarrels—even actual strikes—are a sign of returning prosperity. When times are really rotten, workers are so glad to have any kind of a job that they don't let out a peep; all they ask is not to be laid off. But the moment things get better, they get to thinking that their employers are cutting melons behind the scenes, and decided that some slices of the fruit must come their way. So they start arguing about wages. It's a healthy symptom."

Philadelphia's local Labor Board has been working overtime to settle these disputes. And it has succeeded in patching up nearly three quarters of the lot. Those responsible for getting employers and employees to smoke the pipe of peace take pride in the fact that nearly all controversies have been adjusted in a manner satisfactory to both parties.

Recent months have brought a fresh crop of capital-and-labor skirmishes to Philadelphia. It is involving so much work for the Labor Board that sometimes five or six hearings must be held on a single day—a regular traffic jam! When I was at the board's headquarters, the door suddenly flew open and an impressive procession of some thirty stalwart men filed in.

"Er—who are you, gentlemen?" inquired a young woman secretary, furtively consulting a list before her.

"We represent the employees of the Excelsior Restaurant Chain," solemnly replied one of the visitors.

"But—er—wasn't your hearing set for tomorrow?"

"No, ma'am. It was set for today." The solemn man didn't budge an inch. All his fellow stalwarts crowded resolutely around him. Some of them growled nastily to each other. But the young lady was equal to the occasion.

Follow Your Nose

"Your employer hasn't arrived yet," she said. "We cannot discuss your problem until he does. Kindly step this way." Having politely herded them into an inner room and shut them up there, she telephoned to the boss of the restaurant chain (who had received the impression that the hearing was not until the next day), and got him to promise to come over within an hour. She just managed to get back to her desk and compose herself before the door flew open again and another procession of large and grim huskies filed in.

"We represent the Typesetters' Union," growled the foremost.

"Certainly. Step right this way." They were ushered into the board room. And—while cooks and waiters and dishwashers sat patiently in that inside room—the typesetters recited their grievances, made a date for a second hearing, and grimly filed out. Hardly had the last of them disappeared down the corridor before the door flew open a third time and in bounced the boss of the chain restaurants, quite out of breath. In another minute his employees were seated around the board-room table, facing their boss and the Labor Board's squad of arbitrators.

"Whee, a close shave!" gasped the young woman in the anteroom. "Suppose that restaurant bunch and those typesetters had got all mixed up with each other! A little diplomacy goes a long way." And she returned cheerfully to her work—a good example of the spirit pervading Philadelphia in these first months of national recovery.

When I finally got back to New York my head was a jumble of bewildering impressions. In trying to sort them out, the words of one of the dozens of business men whom I had met and questioned leaped uppermost in my memory.

I don't remember who he was. I don't recall what he was. I don't know in what city it was that I talked with him. But it doesn't matter.

He had just told me that business was better.

"What makes you say so?" I asked.

He rubbed his chin reflectively for a moment. Then he replied:

"Business *smells* better!"

You'll get greater tire mileage

IF YOU'LL HAVE SMALL HOLES AND CUTS IN YOUR CASINGS FILLED WITH··

BOWES SEAL FAST

PATENT PROCESS

TIRE REPAIR MATERIALS

Authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" Dealers are equipped with a special gun which injects gum rubber into cuts and holes in your casings under great pressure and keeps dirt and moisture from rotting the fabric.

WHEN YOU SEE THIS SIGN

you are assured of reliable, guaranteed tire service by Authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" service stations . . .

Bowes "Seal-Fast" Corporation

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DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

A few territories open to good salesmen who can finance themselves and prove ability to run their own business. Dept. C.

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Zip—

from suit to trunks!

● Do you prefer trunks—or a complete athletic suit? They're both yours in the Jantzen Topper!

Zip—six seconds—and you transform suit to trunks or trunks to suit. A new feature—the Sunaka support—insures smooth front appearance, perfect fit and day-long comfort.

Suit yourself perfectly, and every member of the family, in a Jantzen. There's a model to fit every taste and purse. The Topper 6.50. Other models 4.50 to 7.95. Trunks 2.95 to 5.00.

Jantzen

MOLDED-FIT swimming suits

Jantzen Knitting Mills (Dept. 222)
Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors, featuring new 1934 models. Men's ☐ Women's ☐

Name _____

Address _____

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 19

Fey was worried.

He had not said anything to the doctor, but through glasses from a darkened bedroom window he had been studying an old match seller whose place of business on the Embankment almost immediately faced these flats.

Sir Denis, before leaving on that mysterious affair which still occupied him, had told Fey to watch this man and to note what he did. The man did nothing for five minutes or so, merely remaining seated against the parapet. Then he stood up.

Since Fey had assumed him to be a cripple, this was a surprise. But almost immediately the match vender sat down again.

Fey continued to watch.

One of those derelicts who haunt this riverside thoroughfare came shuffling along, paused for a moment, talking to the man seated on the pavement, and then retraced his steps.

FEY had been wondering, right up to the time of Dr. Petrie's arrival, if this had been a mere coincidence, or if it had been a signal to a second watcher that there was something to report. For the entrance to the mansion was visible from that point, and Fey was disposed to believe that Sir Denis, in spite of his disguise, had been recognized as he went out that way, and that the news of his departure had been passed on.

His theory was confirmed shortly after Dr. Petrie's departure.

At about the time that the doctor would have been walking down the steps, the match seller stood up again . . . and again the derelict shuffled along, spoke to him and disappeared.

The match seller was in his usual position again, now, but Fey from time to time slipped into the adjoining room and inspected him through binoculars. Had orders not forbidden it, he would have slipped out and had a closer look at this suspicious character. However, he had discovered something.

The apartment was under close observation—and tonight the enemy was aware that Sir Denis was not at home; aware, furthermore, that Dr. Petrie had been there and had gone. . . .

Dimly Fey detected the sound made by the opening of the elevator door, and knew from experience that someone was alighting on that floor. He stood still for a moment, listening.

The doorbell rang.

He went out into the lobby, placing his pipe in an ash tray on a side table, and opened the door.

Fleurette Petrie stood there, her hair wind-blown, her face pale!

Fey's heart leaped. But his face betrayed no evidence of his joy.

"Oh, Fey!" she exclaimed, "thank heaven I have got here!"

"Very pleased to see you, Miss Petrie," said Fey composedly.

"Is Sir Denis in, Fey?"

"No, Miss Petrie. But your father was here less than twenty minutes ago."

"What!"

Fleurette seized Fey's arm.

"But where has he gone, Fey?"

"He rang up the Commissioner, Miss Petrie, and then went across to interview him."

"He may still be there. Could you possibly get through for me, Fey?"

"Certainly."

Fey bowed and went out into the lobby. Fleurette, tingling with excitement, crossed the room and stared out of the bay window down at the misty Embankment. She retraced her steps, and stood by the lobby door, too anxious even to await Fey's report. He had just got through to Scotland Yard, and:

"Yes, sir. Sir Denis Nayland Smith's man speaking. Dr. Petrie left here recently to call upon the Commissioner, and I have something urgent to report to him."

"Bad luck," said a voice at the other end of the wire; it belonged to Faversham, the immaculate private secretary. "Dr. Petrie and the Commissioner proceeded to Limehouse not more than five minutes ago."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Thank you, sir."

"What is it?" Fleurette whispered. "Isn't he there?"

"Just gone out with the Commissioner. But excuse me a moment—" He spoke into the mouthpiece again. "Would it be possible, sir, to reach them at their destination?"

"Yes," Faversham replied; "it's some kind of store. I'll instruct the people downstairs to get in touch with the officer in charge. Do you wish him to give Dr. Petrie any particular message?"

Fey hesitated for a moment, and then:

"Yes, if you don't mind, sir," he replied. "Tell Dr. Petrie that his daughter has returned."

"What!" Faversham exclaimed. "Are you sure? Where is she?"

"She's here, sir."

"Good! I'll get through immediately; this is splendid news!"

"Thank you, sir."

Fey replaced the receiver and came out of the lobby.

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Petrie," he said.

He went into the adjoining room and focussed his glasses upon that spot far below where the itinerant match vender plied his trade.

The man was standing up—and at the very moment that Fey focussed upon him, he sat down again!

The same mysterious pantomime was repeated. The loafer shuffled up, exchanged a few words with the other, then slunk away again.

Fey placed the glasses on the table, and returned to the sitting-room.

"Excuse me, Miss Petrie," said Fey, "but did you by any chance go to the window a moment ago?"

"Yes." Fleurette nodded. "I did. Why do you ask, Fey?"

"I was only wondering. You see I am sort of responsible for you."

Very thoughtfully, but to Fleurette's great amazement, he went out into the lobby, took up a large brier pipe, lighted it, and began with an abstracted air to walk up and down the room.

A STIFLED boom of an explosion snapped the tension which had prevailed in Sam Pak's shop from the moment that the man from Kinloch's had finally been satisfied about the position of the charge, to that when, up there on the street level, he had pressed the button.

"Come on!" Gallaho shouted, making for the head of a descending stairway concealed behind the curtain at the end of the bar.

The stairway led to a kitchen in which was the ingenious door which in turn communicated with that long underground corridor. The masked door was open now and a length of cable lay along the passage.

"Wait for the fumes to clear," came a voice from behind.

"Fumes be damned!" growled Gallaho; then: "Hell! what's that?"

A black, jagged hole appeared in the

FAILURE OR SUCCESS—WHICH?

"BOOKS," said Dr. Eliot, "are the most constant of friends, the wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers. It is a mistake to suppose that a great deal of leisure is necessary. A few minutes a day, devoted affectionately to good books, will make the difference."

Charles W. Eliot, LL. D., for forty years President of Harvard University, Editor of The Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

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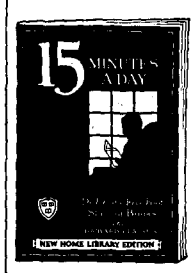

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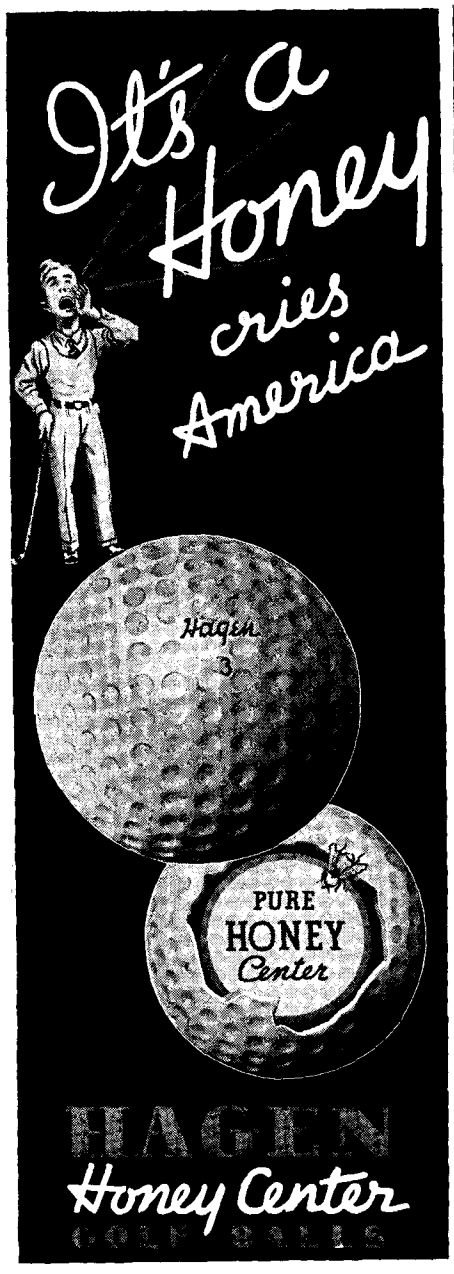

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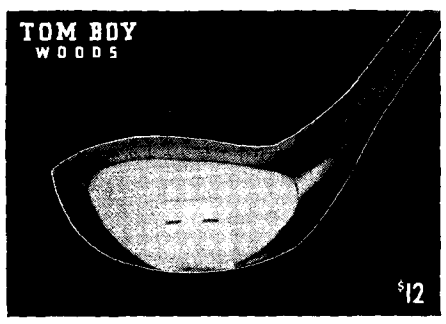

wall beside the iron door. A bluish, acrid vapor showed in the torchlight. But at the moment that the party led by Gallaho entered the passageway, there came from somewhere beyond the iron door a rending crash as if a battering ram had been driven through concrete.

Now, hard upon it, followed an awful sound of rushing waters echoing, roaring down into some unsuspected depth!

Part of the wall above and to the right of the gap collapsed, and water began to spray out into the passage. . . .

"I was afraid of this—did I not warn you?" The voice was Schumann's. "This place is below tidal level. It is the Thames breaking in!"

"God help them," groaned Trench, "if they're down there!"

IGNORING the vapor and the drenching spray, Gallaho, shining the ray of his torch ahead, ducked, and peered through the jagged opening.

"Be careful! The whole place may collapse!"

The spectacle before the detective was an awe-inspiring one.

Within a foot of his right hand, a smooth torrent of yellowish water poured out of some unseen gap, crashed upon a dim structure of wood and iron beneath, and from thence leaped out into the darkness of an incredible pit.

His iron nerve was momentarily shaken.

The depth indicated by the tumult of that falling water staggered him. Trench entered behind Gallaho.

"Stand clear of the water!" the latter bellowed in his ear. "It would sweep you off like a fly!"

He directed the powerful light downwards. There were wooden stairs in an iron framework. The torrent was breaking upon the first platform below, and thence descending, a great, shimmering, yellow coil, to unknown depths. Others were pushing through, but:

"Stand back!" Gallaho shouted. "There's no more room between the water and the edge!"

Trench pressed his lips to Gallaho's ear.

"This must be the shaft leading down to the tunnel," he yelled. "But no one could pass that platform where the water is falling."

Gallaho turned and pushed the speaker back through the opening into the passage. Startled faces watched them climbing through.

"Forester!" he cried. "Up to the room in the wooden outbuilding. We want all the rope and all the ladder you have!"

Gallaho turned to Trench.

"Did you notice the heat coming up from that place?"

Trench nodded, moistening his dry lips.

"And the smell?"

"I don't like to think about the smell, Inspector," he said, unsteadily.

At which moment:

"Inspector Gallaho," came a cry, "you're wanted on the telephone upstairs."

"What's this?" growled Gallaho and ran off.

It was possible to make oneself heard in the corridor, and:

"I believe this place leads down to hell," said Trench. "If so, it will run the Thames dry."

"What's the inspector's idea about a rope ladder, Sergeant?"

"I don't know, unless he thinks he can swing clear of the waterfall to a lower platform. He's a braver man than I am if he is going to try it."

There were muttered questions and doubtful answers; fearful glances cast upward at the roof of the passage.

And now came Merton, the ex-A. B., trailing a long rope ladder. As he reached the passageway he pulled up, brushing perspiration from his eyes and:

"Here, I say!" he exclaimed, staring at the spray-masked gap beside the iron door. "I'm not going in there for anybody!"

"You haven't been asked to," came Gallaho's growling voice.

ALL turned as the detective inspector came along the dimly lighted passage with his curious, lurching walk.

"Any news?" Trench asked.

"The Old Man's on his way down." (The Old Man referred to was the Commissioner of Police.) "Dr. Petrie's with him—the girl's father."

"Whew!" whistled Trench.

"The queer thing is, though, that the girl's turned up."

"What!"

"She's at Sir Denis' flat; they had the report at the Yard only a few minutes ago."

He divested himself of his tightly fitting blue overcoat and, turning to Merton:

"I want you to come through there with me," he said, "because you understand knots and ropes, and I can rely on you. I want you to lash that ladder where I'll show you to lash it."

"But I say, Gallaho!" Forester exclaimed. . . .

"Unless, of course," said Gallaho

(Continued on page 44)

"I hope he is all right—but that's last Tuesday's paper"

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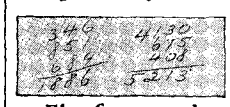
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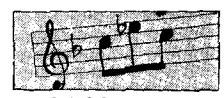
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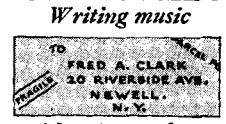

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(Continued from page 43)

ironically, "you consider, Inspector Forester, that this properly belongs to your province."

Sterling groped his way through darkness in the direction of the foot of the stairs. The roar of falling water was deafening. At one point he was drenched in spray, and hesitated. A small ray shone through the gloom, hitherto unbroken except for stabs of yellowish light through chinks in the furnace door. He turned sharply, aware from the pain in his chest that he was fit for little more.

The light came nearer and a grip fastened upon his arm. Close to his ear:

"Around this way—we can't reach the steps direct."

The voice was Nayland Smith's.

A pocket torch had been among the latter's equipment, and now it was invaluable. Using it sparingly, Nayland Smith indicated the edge of a great column of water which was pouring down into the pit, so that anywhere within ten feet of it one was drenched in the spray of its fall. A rushing stream was pouring down the tunnel, the entrance to which they were now passing.

EVEN as Sterling, horrified as he had never been in his life, stared along that whispering gallery, a distant lantern went out, swept away by the torrent.

Then they turned left; and, stumbling onwards, presently Sterling saw the foot of the wooden steps. But Dr. Fu Manchu was not there.

His lips close to Sterling's ear:

"It's only a matter of minutes," shouted Nayland Smith, "before the water reaches that ghastly furnace. Then . . . we're done!"

Spray drenched them—a sort of mist was rising. The booming of the water was awful.

Into the inadequate light, penetrating spray and mist, of Nayland Smith's pocket torch there stumbled a strange figure—a drenched, half-drowned figure moving his arms blindly as he groped forward.

It was Murphy!

Suddenly he saw the light, and sweeping his wet hair back from his forehead, he showed for a moment a white, blood-stained face in the ray of the torch.

From that white mask his eyes glared out almost madly.

Nayland Smith turned the light upon his own face, then stepping forward, grasped Murphy's arm.

Far above, a dim light shone through the mist and spray. It revealed that horror-inspiring shaft with its rusty girders, and the skeleton staircase clinging to its walls: this, eerily, vaguely, as a dream within a dream. But it revealed something else:

That ever-increasing cataract descending from some unseen place, spouted forth remorselessly from one of the upper platforms!

No human being could pass that point. . . .

Nayland Smith, staring upward, flashed the feeble light of his torch in a rather vain hope that it would be seen by those at the top of the shaft; for that at long last a raiding party had penetrated, he was convinced.

The light above became obscured in ever-increasing mist; it disappeared altogether.

Much of that stair which zigzagged from side to side had remained mantled in impenetrable shadow during the few seconds that light had shone through at the head of the pit. If Fu Manchu and those of his servants who remained alive were on the stairs, they were invisible.

To one memory Nayland Smith clung tenaciously.

Dr. Fu Manchu at the moment that his killings had been interrupted, had descended three steps and extinguished the lamps. Somewhere, hereabouts, there was a switch.

Feverishly, nursing the limited power of the torch, he began to search for this switch. The din of falling water was numbing: one's brain almost refused to function. Murphy and Sterling were groping up the steps; he signaled to them to proceed higher. He continued his search for the switch.

Suddenly he came upon it and turned.

There was no result.

The explosion had disconnected the power.

He glanced back before beginning to climb. Water was creeping up to the first step. Spray and mist obstructed his view of the furnace.

Smith started up the stairs.

He was planning for the imminent catastrophe, not thinking any farther ahead than the moment when the rising water should reach the furnace. He had placed the direction of the fall, and knew that except at one point where the waterspout came perilously near, the stairs were navigable to within one stage of the top.

Beyond that point, progress was impossible—and the volume of water was increasing minute by minute.

His feet were wet when he began to mount. The tunnel must be full, now, right to the dead end. It was only a question of time for this forgotten shaft to be filled to its brim.

Sterling was breathing heavily and Sergeant Murphy was giving him some assistance, when Nayland Smith caught up with them on the stairs.

He shouted in Sterling's ear:

"Did that yellow swine crock you?"

Sterling grasped his arm and gripped it strongly, pressing his lips to the speaker's ear.

"It's only my wind," he explained; "otherwise O. K."

Smith, who had momentarily snapped his torch on, snapped it off again, nursing the precious light. Fighting against the brain-dimming clamor of falling water, he tried to estimate their chances.

He guessed that now the tunnel would be full. The flood would rise in the shaft at least a foot a minute. Failing inspiration on the part of the police, ultimate escape seemed hopeless.

But he was thinking at the moment of that white hot furnace when steam was generated. That one point on the stairs which almost touched the waterspout was the only possible shelter. That an explosion there in the depths might wreck the entire shaft was a possibility which could not be overlooked.

Up they went, and up, until the spray cut off by an iron girder lashed them stingingly. Nayland Smith pressed the switch of his torch.

Sterling had sunk down upon the step—Murphy was supporting him. Smith bent to Murphy's ear.

"Stay where you are!" he shouted.

He groped his way upward.

"IS IT fast?" shouted Gallaho.

"It's fast," Merton shouted back, "but you're not going down there!"

Gallaho bent to Merton's ear.

"Mind your own bloody business, my lad," he roared. "If ever I want your advice I shall ask for it."

Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho climbed over the hand rail and began to descend the rope ladder, his bowler hat firmly screwed on to his bullet skull. Immediately, he was drenched to the skin.

Steam was rising from the shaft. The touch of the water was icy, numbing. But he knew that unless the ladder was too short he could reach a point of the

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staircase just below that ever-increasing cataract and follow it down.

The ladder proved to be of ample length. Gallaho gained the wooden steps, flashed his powerful torch, and saw that he stood near the waterfall thundering down into those unimaginable depths.

A faint light flickered far below.

Gallaho, his torch in his left hand, held well clear of his body, directed its ray towards that spot of light visible through the mist.

At first, what he saw was no more than a moving shadow, then it became concrete; and in the light, haggard, staggering, he saw Sir Denis Nayland Smith!

Gallaho ran down the intervening steps, and as the light showed more and more clearly the lean, angular features, the detective saw the ghost of a smile break through their haggardness.

An unfamiliar wave of emotion claimed him. He threw his arm around Sir Denis' shoulder, and shouted:

"Thank God I've found you, sir!"

Smith bent to his ear.

"Good man!" he replied.

"The others, sir?"

Nayland Smith indicated the steps below and, Gallaho lighting the way, the two began to descend. A sheet of water swept the point at which Smith had left Sterling and Sergeant Murphy.

Their situation had become untenable and they had mounted halfway up to the next platform. Smith's chief worry was concerned with Sterling, who was obviously in bad shape. But the sight of Gallaho afforded just that stimulus which he required. And the detective, throwing an arm around him to help him upwards, and recognizing that he was nearly spent, had an inspiration.

Bending close to his ear:

"Stick it, sir!" he shouted. "Your friend Miss Petrie is safe and well in Sir Denis' flat!"

The effect was magical.

Nevertheless, the rope ladder, now nearly submerged in the ever-widening waterspout, taxed Sterling to the limit. Murphy followed up behind. Merton, at the top, when collapse threatened, at the critical moment craned over and hauled Sterling to safety.

Nayland Smith came next, Gallaho truculently having claimed the right to bring up the rear.

He had earned that perilous honor.

THE men in the brick passageway broke into unorthodox cheers; nor did Forester check them.

"All out!" cried Nayland Smith. "Anything may happen when the furnace goes!"

The passage already was an inch deep in water, but they retreated along it, Gallaho and Nayland Smith last of the party.

They had reached the masked door in Sam Pak's kitchen when the furnace exploded. Steam belched out of the corridor as from a huge exhaust. The ancient building shook.

Nayland Smith turned to Gallaho and very solemnly held out his hand.

(To be continued next week)

Woman of Honor

Continued from page 22

journey's end. It comes so—slowly with a creeping cold that freezes all resistance in its path—and one is terribly alone forever. But it is awful—it is awful suddenly to know that consciousness is going for the last time. Quite awful to do nothing about it, quite awful just to lie here and be slightly anxious. Terribly bad taste. Like kicking a man in the chin and snapping his neck as you'd snap a twig between your fingers."

The asthmatic cough of the motor was nearer and Georges was back out of the white mists. The cab driver shoved back his leather cap and pursed his thick lips.

Philip took a deep breath and walked the few feet across the sidewalk to the cab door.

"Go," he said, "to the Avenue d' Iena. I do not remember the number—but I will point out the house. And go fast!"

SONJA BIBESCU is a woman of several legends, all of which are amusing and most of which are true. One of those divine creatures who live to create desire and mold it to their own private profit in ways best known to themselves—but ways far more powerful than the ways of the captains and the kings, although very much less obvious except to the memories of those who have known the desire and made their desire known—with success.

It is known that Bibescu was killed in a *salle d'armes* in Budapest in 1925. One of those things that sometimes happen—regrettably. When the police arrived on the scene, Bibescu had already bled to death from a saber cut that had severed the carotid artery. Regrettably the blade of his opponent had been snapped into a jagged point in a parry and the point had cut in under Bibescu's mask.

Quite naturally the police were sent for at once—for it was a well-known *salle* with a respectable reputation to uphold. The circumstances were made a matter of official record. It was not noticed that Bibescu's right arm was cut to the bone below the elbow, as well, or if it was, that wound was assumed to have been sustained in an attempt to parry the fatal cut. Nor was it remarked particularly that his opponent was quite pale and done, and on his feet merely through the offices of the brandy he had drunk to stay him against the three wounds he himself bore, newly bandaged, beneath his hastily buttoned jacket.

But there were those who whispered that the duel lasted one hour and twenty minutes—five minutes longer than that editorial affair fought in Milan in 1928—and that Bibescu had not only wasted his fine Hungarian honor but his rather dashing young life as well.

Certain it is that there was that summer, in Basle, a young man who was recuperating from an automobile accident—for a surgeon attended him twice a week to dress his three wounds while between visits he was nursed by a young woman who very closely resembled Sonja Bibescu.

It has to be written that way, because in 1925 Sonja was not yet well enough known for the casual observer to be sure of her identity. Besides, it is legend—so why be accurate? The charm of legends lies always in the furbishings rather than the facts.

It is legend that Nicholas Truphême deposited five thousand of City of Brussels municipal bonds, when they were two points over par on the Bourse, to Sonja Bibescu's credit with Barclay, Ltd., in London and that he shot himself a week later in Algiers. That in 1927.

That business of the snowed-in Balkan paranoiac who chucked his moth-eaten throne half a dozen times in 1928 and

(Continued on page 46)

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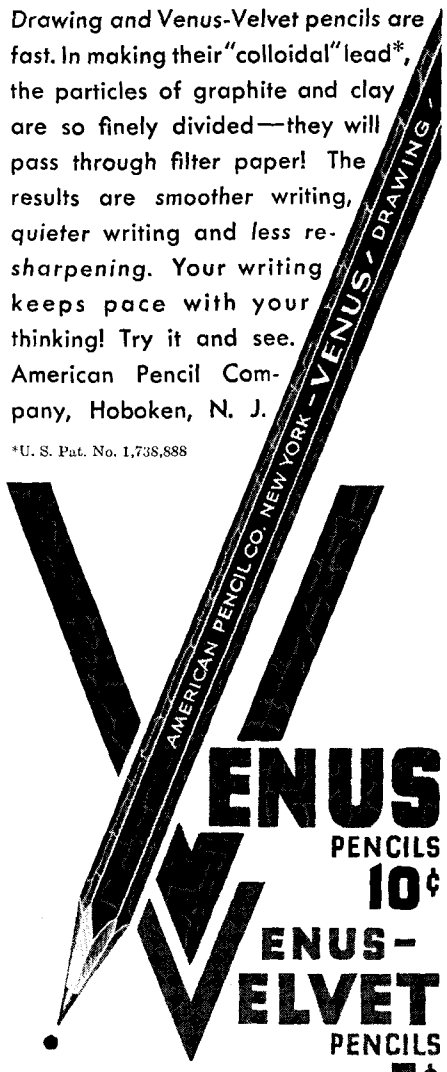

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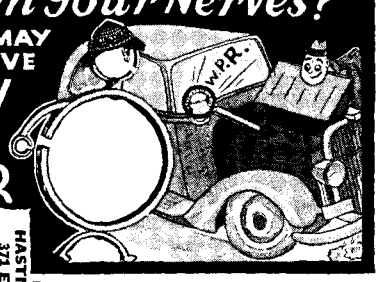

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(Continued from page 45)

chased Sonja all over Europe and North Africa has been greatly overdone in print, however.

Billy Bouvier of the Paris Herald swears it was all a publicity stunt to sell face cream in America. You can't blame a woman for the actions of the people who chase her as long as she keeps on moving as fast as she really can. And in that case Sonja did—kept on into a year of obscurity—which was the only way she could shake the royal hophead.

When she came out, she had the little man with the mustache. Not officially, for he was quite married and he had a political future. Nor yet unofficially, for he was discreet because of the feeling he had that a career was stirring within him. One means to imply that he was probably quite insanely and murderously infatuated with the Bibescu, but that she was not too genuinely impressed.

SHE was about thirty-four. He was older. It cannot be supposed that she saw anything more in him than the furtherance of her rather neurotic ambition for a power which she only intended to use for her own amusement. Perhaps also, through his connection with the Oppenheimers, she saw money, which never seems to have been very far out of her mind at any time.

Whatever it was, she was somewhere in that picture, from the end of 1929 on, until he took the government. Three times she left him, emphatically, finally. And each time she came back to him because it was either that or a little round blue hole between her eyes and she knew it.

She never got beyond the frontier on the wings of her fear, until the Left Wing arrested her in her flat in the Reichstadtstrasse at two A. M. and compelled her to dress at the point of four Lugers.

There is no doubt that she would have been found somewhere on the borders of the Prater or the Augarten the next morning, cold, bruised and disordered, with her eyes open and dusty, if she hadn't begged a moment's privacy.

In that moment she was down the fire escape in the rear and into the window of Karl Falkenheim, who had been living for months in hope—on a pilot's pay. He got her through the gardens and out to the airdrome. He was arrested in Paris a week later by *Agence Simone* for stealing property belonging to Deutsche Lufthansa and returned for trial. The trial was conducted by the Left Wing and was private. It is supposed that he died, which is probably just as well, for before he was Karl Falkenheim, the Lufthansa pilot, he had been Rittmeister Freiherr Karl Wilhelm Franz von und zu Harrach und Falkenheim, of the 20th Uhlans and the Flying Corps with a score of fifteen and a *Pour le Mérite*, which has no cash value beyond the minimum collector's price.

Sonja could not be arrested. She had stolen nothing and France was too busy with her own political upheaval to be bothered with an attempt to prove her an accessory.

So she found herself free, foot-loose and quit of an attachment that had become not only odious in itself but quite fearsome in the fringe of insanity that surrounded it. It was a pleasant relief. She enjoyed it to the fullest.

She fell insanely and murderously in love with Eric Cleed.

She was thirty-nine. Cleed was thirty-three and his reputation was known and he sustained it. Furthermore, if that were not enough, he had eight millions of dollars and he was an American. America was a few thousand miles away from the people who still caused her to fear carefully closed doors when they were closed behind her, and windows, with the shades not drawn, when the lights were lit of an evening.

Miraculously, there was no mark of any of this life or any of this fear upon her. She was thirty-nine, but she had approached thirty-nine along the leisurely avenue of wealth, which is to say that she was a fascinating woman still in the full blossom of her life, and knew it.

A fascinating woman.

She was in black velvet, with a silver yoke that framed her exquisite shoulders and gave her again that faint suggestion of the *religieuse* that she had

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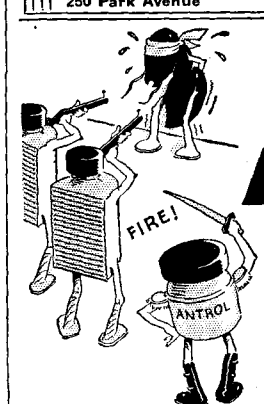

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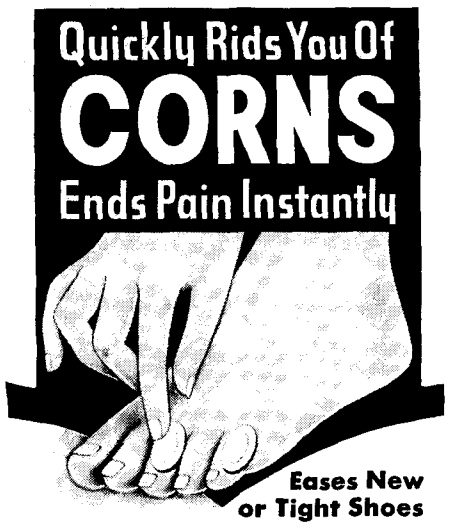

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had at breakfast on the liner. There was that about her, an air of innocent simplicity, that still stayed with her in spite of the legends. A woman one might go quite completely to hell for and not mind the journey—nor the cost of the one-way ticket.

She wore one ring—a lozenge of alexandrite in platinum—and there was a comb in the blue-black wealth of her hair, a high comb of tortoise. And there was a small, square emerald in the pink lobe of her right ear. And she was smoking a cigarette with a cardboard mouthpiece which she had pinched once each way to keep the cotton pellet from her throat. Now all that is quite what Sonja Bibescu was, so there is no use toning it down in any way—but there is so much of that sort of thing that is phony in this age of grace that it seems reasonable to quote Billy Bouvier again.

No one ever broke the Bibescu out of it. No reporter ever said, "Come on now, Bibescu—let's have the low-down on Nick Truphême," for whatever she came from, there was that in her quiet gray eyes that is older than the waters of the Danube—that is as hot as the Magyar blood in anger and as cruel as spurred boots—and no man ever tempted it or stood up before it.

THE shades were drawn on the windows and the curtains pulled across them.

The Bibescu was trimming her lamps—a splash of yellow across the silver things the floor waiter had finished assembling. A splash of blue echoing a dozen times into the depths of the two cheval glasses that blazed at each other from opposite walls of the tiny salon.

Eric Cleed tapped once, briefly, with his gloved knuckles and came in with an easy grace. He was always at ease.

He crossed to Sonja and touched his lips to her hand. He put his hat upon the table and slapped his gloves into it. He took off his overcoat. He bent over the silver dinguses, his hand hovering uncertainly above them. He took a small pickled onion and a ripe olive and he commenced to unwire the cork of a bottle.

"Quite cozy here." He nodded around to the walls of the room.

"It is," Sonja said.

The cork popped into a napkin and he filled two glasses with the wine. It was Moët. He sat back across the arm of a chair, swinging one leg.

"Sonja," he said, "you are an amazing creature," and he smiled up at her, "fabulous and amazing."

"You think so? That is pleasant for you—you like amazing creatures?"

He laughed.

"They are refreshing."

"So what has happened?" She came toward him.

"A very pleasant four weeks," he said.

"I do not understand."

"Will it be necessary for us to go into painful details? I thought it was evident to you that you had intruded slightly when you came to London. Sonja, you disappoint me. I am not an old man yet. Must I be more explicit?"

"What is this thing which you are trying to tell me?" She was standing over him, her fingers spread at her sides, her cheeks slightly pale and her lips parted.

"First of all," he said, "you will have to stop talking so loudly. It will be better to keep all this between ourselves."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

"Sonja," he said quietly, "would you like me to empty the wine cooler over you? I will do that—and you'd better believe that I will, for that is an attractive gown you are wearing and it would be a shame to spoil it; and if that hasn't any effect on you, I will hit you once right under the left ear and put you to sleep. I don't like scenes and I won't have them. I'm much too old for that sort of thing. And I don't want it known that I am here, seeing you. I carefully arranged so it would not be known by the way I came up. So you are to talk more quietly. Am I clear? Please sit down."

He put his glass upon the table and took out his cigarette case, holding it open for her but she did not look at it. He took one himself and placed the open case beside the glass.

"So," she said. "How has this happened—all since you left me at the station a few hours ago—how has it happened, I want to know!"

"It hasn't—since I left you at the station," he said, "it has been happening ever since you followed me to London."

"You say that to me?"

"Look here, Sonja. Let's put it quite baldly but as decently as these things can be put. They aren't new to either of us. We've run our course and that is simply that. Now you can go ahead and try to make me feel badly if you want to, but what's the use? That's always a rotten way to wind things up."

"What has done this to you—I must know. It is imperative that I know."

"Several things."

"Tell me."

He shrugged. "Expediency—for one."

"I do not understand."

"Let us put it this way: There are too many people interested in you for it to be quite comfortable for one person to be favored at the present time. Especially when that one person enjoys rather an official goldfishish slot in the scheme of things."

"No one is interested," she said. "These are lies you have been told."

"I refer to a gentleman in Vienna," he said. "And to his friends who would protect him by eliminating you."

"But that is nonsense; we are in Paris—not in Wien. That is all finished."

"That's quite true—but nevertheless my wife was fired at this morning on her way down from Cherbourg by car, so it seems to make very little difference that we are in Paris, do you see?"

"No—I do not see that but I do see that it is this wife of yours—" Sonja sucked in her breath.

"EITHER," Eric said, "she was fired at in a somewhat crude attempt to put her out of the way in the hope, perhaps, that you and I would find the way clear to a more permanent union, which seems rather ridiculous inasmuch as there has been no reason to suppose, for my part, that I have been involving myself with you any further than the simple matter of temporary amusement calls for—and that in no obvious way that could possibly stimulate our homicidal matchmaker to his actions this morning. Or else Mrs. Cleed was fired at in the belief that she was Sonja Bibescu. She came ashore from the same ship. She wore sables and a starched linen bib effect and a small toque. So did you. With Sonja Bibescu dead, you see, the possibility of her ever returning to—"

"You are not telling me the truth!" Sonja said to him. "Eric, you mus' tell me the truth!"

He made to fill her glass with wine but she covered it quickly with her slender hand. He filled his own.

"It is this wife of yours," she said. "You love her!"

"I wish I did." He shook his head. "And perhaps I do. I don't know. But I do know this, if you want frankness. I had no intention of being involved in any way when she returned to France. I sent for her to return." He shrugged. "We took her boat last night in Southampton, unfortunately, to avoid getting

(Continued on page 48)

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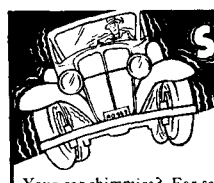

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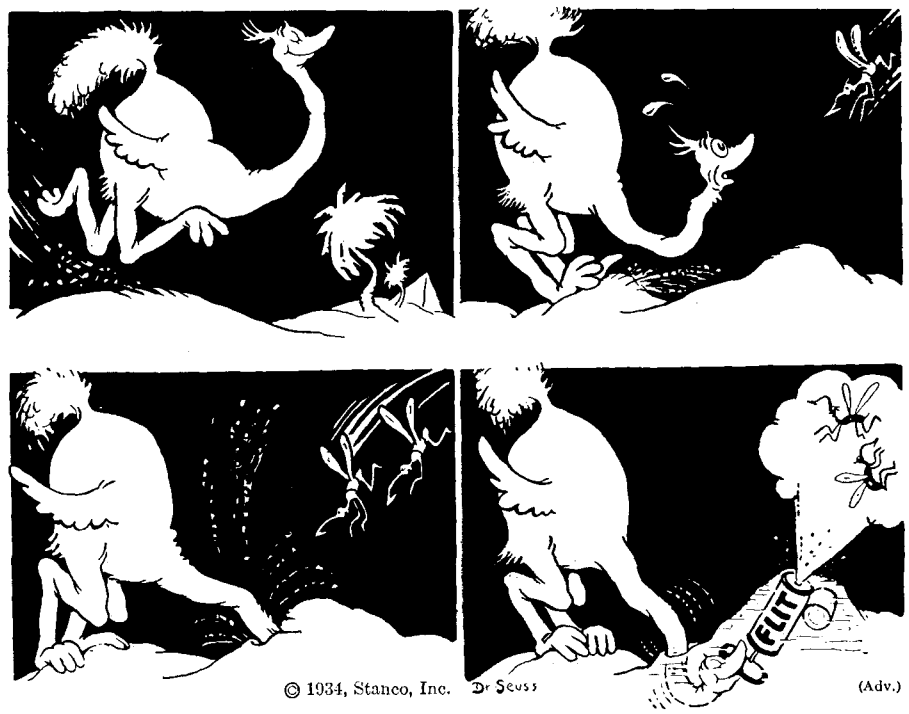

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(Continued from page 47)

you airsick or seasick on a Channel boat. She does not understand such things."

"So she has forced you to come here and do this to me! Well"—Sonja stood up and turned her back as she paced across the room—"that is a most interesting thing. I enjoy Americans greatly. They are such fatuous children at heart. They cannot ever have a wife and an honest mistress too. Affairs, yes, by the hundreds, cheap, sordid, snatched moments. But a mistress—no. Why is that? That is not right. No—but that is what they do—because their wives are virtuous and they cannot mix virtue and love." She laughed. "Show me a virtuous woman when the man she loves is not! Show me one, my Friend Eric, and I will give her the lie to her face. Show me your own wife. She has sent you here to me—but where is she tonight? Tell me where she goes when you are not with her!"

"I never make my wife a subject of conversation, so, unfortunately, I wouldn't answer your question if I *could*."

"If you could! But you do not know—she may be somewhere in someone's arms laughing at you."

"I shouldn't blame her."

"Ach!"

"LOOK, Sonja, you must keep your voice down. Mrs. Cleed had nothing to do with my coming here. She is not particularly interested in me as a husband, for rather excellent reasons. I came because I rather like my post here in Paris—and my job—and at five o'clock this afternoon it was rather bluntly put to me by one in unquestioned authority that if I did not come, I would be relieved of my post. Now am I clear? It is highly expedient that I do not see you any more." He drained his glass. "Let's be quite sensible. You have no letters of mine—you have no promises—you have no lien of any kind—"

"You expect me"—her voice was throaty and low—"to sit here and look at you and let you say these things to me?"

"Frankly no," he said. "I expect you to scream perhaps—or perhaps even to draw a very pretty little pearl-handled automatic and point it at me—or make an attempt to slip that paper knife between my fourth and fifth ribs."

"But, Eric—you do not understand." She was looking full at him, her body slumped back against the chair cushion, her hands laid lifelessly along its arms. "I cannot go on—without—you. You do not believe that? But it is true!"

He looked startled. There was something so desperately genuine in the tone of her voice. "That is why I followed you to London—I was helpless to do otherwise. That is—why—please—" she waved a hand to her wineglass and he filled it for her. She coughed slightly and wet her lips. "You do not understand this thing I have for you."

"Oh come," he said, "really, Sonja! You are a woman of the world—"

"My God!" She put a hand to her throat, staring at him. "That is how I know, you fool! That is how I know. But look you—what you are wasting! You cannot do this thing for *any* reason! You and I are two people cast in the same mold—we belong together. Look at the priceless thing you will have. Someone who knows all the cruelties you know—the cruelties of life that your heart and my heart are so sick of. Together we can leave them behind forever and know that they can never catch up with us again, for we know them now for what they really are—"

"Really, Sonja, there is no use."

"Of course not." She sank back in her chair. "There never is. What fools we are ever to think there is! Poor fools, crying bitterly in the silences with no one to hear us and no one to care." She slapped her hands on the chair arms and stood up. "Of course it is goodby. That is the tragedy of life. It is impossible for two people ever to burn with the same intensity. Always sometime, sooner or later, one burns out—then it is goodby. Goodby!"

She raised her hands above her head, elbows bent and fists clenched until her knuckles were blue with the tension. "Oh, my God, Eric—goodby!" she whispered. "There is no rest for me. There can be none. Are they right, do you suppose? Am I a bad woman? Am I?" She stood back against the table, her hands gripping it behind her. "Am I, do you suppose? What a ghastly joke on me at last." There was laughter in her throat but her eyes gave it the lie. "Sonja—Sonja—you are a bad woman! All your life you have been bad. God made you to have men want you—and now he pays you out." Her voice broke. "Take your chips and cash them. Take them, I say! This wheel is closed. Go now, Eric, quickly, *before I do kill you!*"

(To be continued next week)

"You won't find nothin' there, buddy" William Steig

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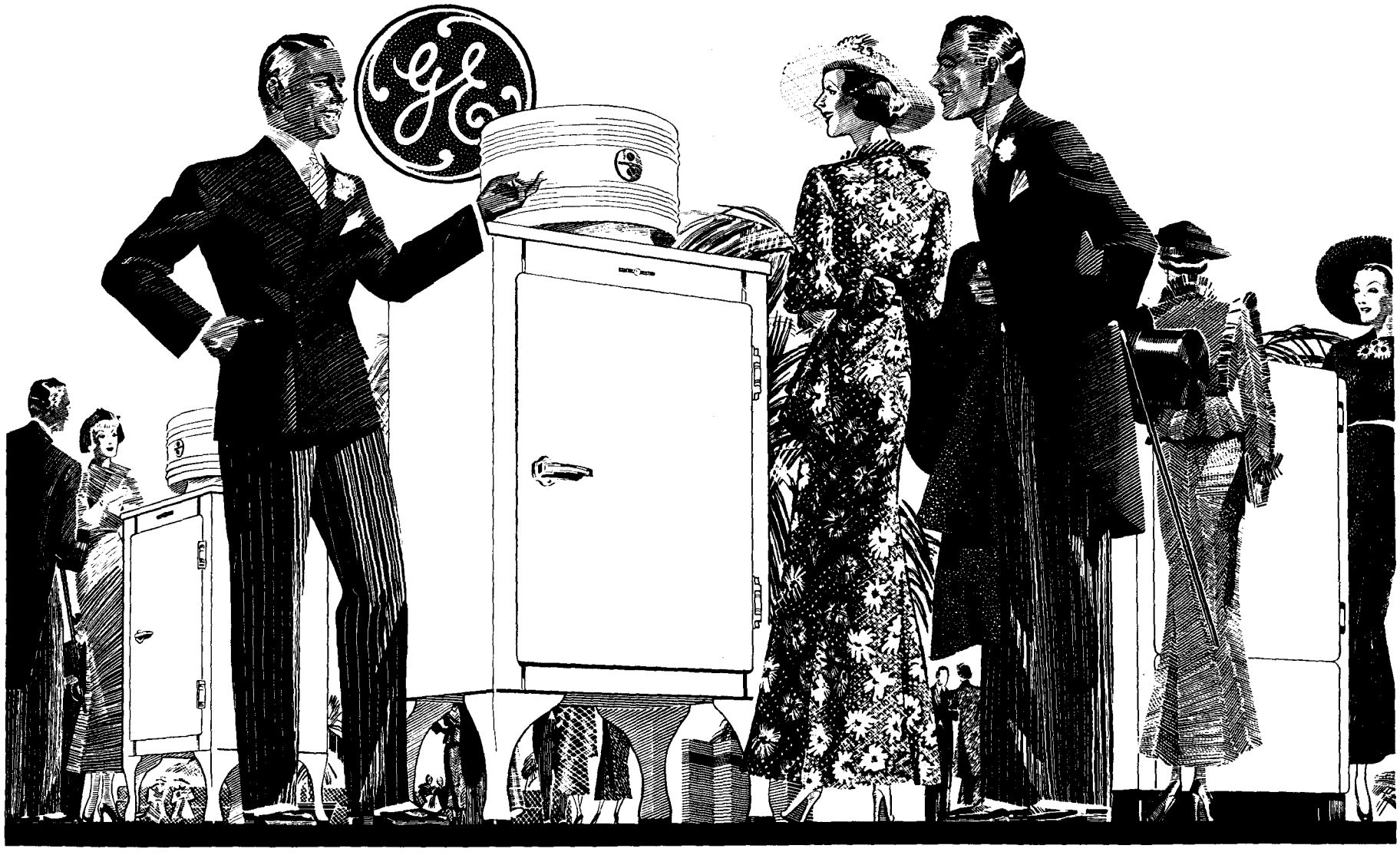

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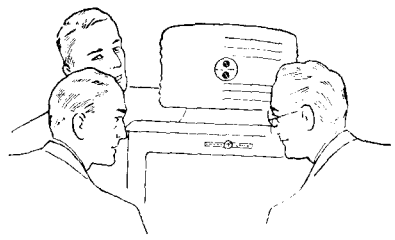

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Don't Play Cards with Strangers

CONGRESS is regulating the stock exchanges with the purpose of restricting speculation, and state legislatures are making betting at race tracks legal. On the one hand the national government is trying to outlaw gambling in securities while various states have definitely approved betting on horse racing. As a people we can do contradictory things at the same time.

It is, however, not a sign of stupidity to try to separate gambling from saving or investment. Anybody who bets on a horse race knows that he is gambling and not investing. The buyer of a security does not always understand how much of a chance he is assuming.

The purpose of federal licensing and national regulation is to protect the men and women who buy securities for investment. How much protection can the government provide?

Obviously nobody and no institution can safeguard a determined gambler. If a man insists on taking chances, regardless of what he trades in, he can ordinarily find a way. Bishop Cannon admitted trading in stocks and stumpage. Others bet on a rise in the price of silver.

Most people who buy stocks and bonds hope that their purchases will prove profitable but they are not gamblers. Safety is the important consideration even though profits are universally welcomed.

Stock market control by the federal government will unquestionably limit the activities of professional speculators. The government will prevent much of the hocus-pocus in security trading.

Professional traders, however, are not chiefly responsible for drawing the general public into speculation. Recall the last Florida boom. People from all over the United States invested money in land speculation. Many gamblers exploited many innocents but the Florida boom was bigger than the gamblers.

Or consider the vast rise in stock prices during 1928 and 1929. Gamblers then, too, did their worst but the stock boom was not inspired and engineered by the professional traders.

Better laws and better enforcement of laws then existing would have mitigated some of the most disastrous results both of the Florida land boom and of the later stock boom. Something more fundamental than the licensing of security dealing would, however, have been necessary to prevent those booms.

Back of any widespread speculative movement is credit. The control of margin lending for stock purchases will obviously limit the credit available to speculators. The general rates of interest charged for borrowed money are, however, far more important than the specific margins allowed by the government in the control of credit.

Interest rates are governed by business conditions and the central banks. In this country the Federal Reserve System acts as the central bank.

Twice in the last fifteen years the Federal Reserve System has sought by raising the rediscount rate to restrict an excessive rise in security prices.

At the end of the World War the Reserve Board did increase the rediscount rate. By so doing it earned the lasting enmity of Western farmers whose commodity prices toppled. Much of the difficulty which the Reserve System has faced in recent years goes back to this episode.

Again from 1926 to 1929 danger signals in the stock markets were obvious. Demands were made for a raising of the rediscount rate. For a time other considerations caused the Reserve Board to hesitate.

General business conditions were involved. A raise in the rate threatened prosperity, in the judgment of some. It put in jeopardy recovery policies in other countries.

The Reserve Board was naturally reluctant to raise interest rates at a time the government thought inopportune. In remembering this we do not necessarily conclude that the Reserve System failed. It is clear, however, that the flow of credit, quite as much as immediate stock exchange regulation, will affect future speculative booms.

In a word, we can't expect protection through exchange regulation against the temptations created by booms which are stimulated by conditions outside the stock markets. We can expect—and we shall doubtless have—protection against unscrupulous traders in the exchanges.

According to an estimate of the Twentieth Century Fund, from a third to a half of the savings of the American people, from 4 billion to 6 billion dollars in normal years, flows into the security markets. It is guessed that between 9 and 11 million men and women own stocks and half as many own bonds. In addition, banks, trust companies, savings institutions, as well as colleges, hospitals, churches and other similar institutions, own in behalf of the public they serve vast billions in bonds and stocks. Clearly these savings of the nation should be protected.

Government regulation will handicap the gamblers and prevent many of their familiar depredations. Regulation, however, can only prevent abuses. Licensing of stock exchanges will not determine economic conditions.

Nothing that the government can do will diminish the necessity for the exercise of all the prudence and all of the intelligence which any investor possesses or to which he has access.

The government says what must not be done. We shall have to build up agencies in the field of investment which will give honest, disinterested and informed advice concerning what we should do. The conservative insurance companies have served us well. We shall be better off if, during the years ahead, we establish similar agencies to protect us in our personal savings.

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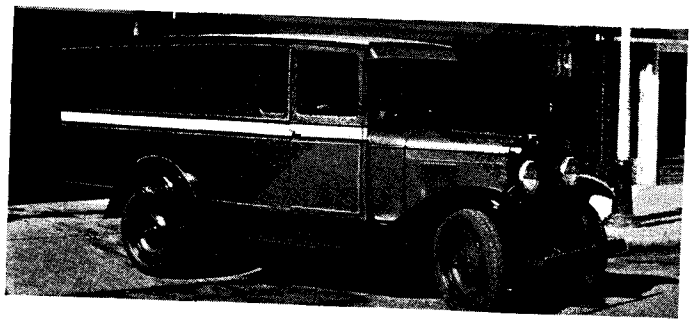

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